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THE WOFFORD COLLEGE JOURNAL IS EDITED AND PUBLISHED SOLELY BY THE STUDENTS OF WOFFORD COLLEGE. THOSE WHO ADVERTISE IN THIS MAGAZINE ARE LARGELY RESPONSIBLE FOR OUR SUCCESS. SHOW THEM THAT YOU ARE AWARE OF THIS FACT.

COLD SPINACH

By Bertrand P. Ramsay

List of Characters

Mr. George Gillespie, a plantation owner.
Amanda, his only child.
Mammy, a freed slave, Amanda's old nurse.
Thomas Erwin, Amanda's lover.
Robert Smith, a neighbor's son.
Joe, Mr. Gillespie's brother.
Mose, an old negro, a freed slave.
Wiley, a boy, a freed slave.
A Doctor.
Mrs. Gillespie.

Time—A mid-summer afternoon, about ten years after the war between the States.

Scene—The back garden of a South Carolina plantation home. On the left is the latticed back porch of Mr. Gillespie's colonial home. The porch is entered by a latticed door, which is closed by a spring. The porch is a few steps above the ground. A walk, from the front of the house, comes around the back corner of the porch. At the back, left center, is the one-room kitchen, separated, in the colonial fashion, from the dwelling itself. The kitchen also is several steps above the ground. The door of the kitchen is open, and an old cane-bottom chair is leaning against the wall of the kitchen, a little to the left of the door. A driveway runs from the steps of the latticed porch in front of the kitchen and around to the barn, the roof of which is seen through the trees, right center. In the center, a little forward, is a large tree supporting a swing, and one or two flower beds. On the right is a snake fence, behind which is seen a wood. A large poke-berry bush is noticeable near the fence. As the curtain rises, Amanda enters from the latticed porch, carrying a bag on her right arm.

Amanda—Good-bye, Daddy.

Mr. Gillespie (coming to the door-step)—Yes; good-bye, dear child.

Amanda—And you say that you will be gone no longer than five-thirty?

Mr. Gillespie—Well, child, I have business to attend to. No longer than it takes me to ride down to Mr. Trimmier's to give him this paper and come directly back; but, of course (teasingly), if you really wanted me to stay longer . . .

A.—Oh, Daddy dear, I hope you didn't think I meant— Be sure to come back in time for supper. I wouldn't have you think—

Mr. G.—There, there, Amanda. You knew I was only teasing. (A pause.) Do you feel quite well, child?

A. (slowly)—No—no; I don't think I am sick. Why?

Mr. G.—Nothing; only I thought you were looking a little puny lately.

A.—Me? (a forced laugh). Daddy, do you still carry that old pistol under your coat?

Mr. G. (severely)—Why should **you** ask **me** such a question? What difference does it make? (condescendingly, though still with an unmistakable air of proud superiority) I must. You know I carry on a lot of business. Often I have valuble papers with me.

A. (apologetically)—Yes; I know. But somehow— I was just wondering.

Mr. G. (frowns, and after a pause)—Why don't you kiss me, Amanda? I am waiting, you know.

A. (laughing a little feverishly)—Oh, is that it? (Kisses him.) Good-bye, Daddy.

Mr. G. (goes, and is heard walking through the house. He calls back)—Amanda?

A.—Yes, Daddy.

Mr. G. (imperiously)—If Brother Joe comes over, tell him to wait till I come back. I sent word for him to drop over this afternoon; I must talk to him about selling that bottom land to Mr. Lawson.

A.—Yes, Daddy. (He goes. Amanda listens until she is sure he has gone. She moves across to the kitchen, singing)—

"If wishes were horses,
Beggars might ride;
Oh-o-o—
If beggars might ride,
I should not be walking."

(While Amanda is singing, Mammy is seen approaching slowly on road from barn. Amanda is heard moving about in the kitchen. Mammy goes up the kitchen steps. A pan falls on the floor and Amanda chokes a scream.)

Mammy (standing in the door with arms akimbo)—Lawdy, Miss 'Manda, you skeart me! But as I says, Miss 'Manda, if airy thing happens this week you can lay it to the Lawd, 'case I had all my wash ahangin' on the line an' He blowed 'em down. Yassum.

A. (nervously)—Is—is that you, Mammy?

Mam.—It sho be. And don' you go drappin' no pans 'case o' yo' ole mammy. I ain't agwine a do you nothin'.

A.—No, Mammy; I know **you** wouldn't. But I—it burned my fingers.

Mam.—What you doin' there, Miss 'Manda?

A.—Why—just boiling a little spinach, Mammy. That's all. For Daddy. (Thomas is seen to peep through the bushes behind the snake fence.) You know how Daddy likes spinach—cold spinach for supper.

Mam.—Lawsy, Miss, why don't you tell yo' Mammy?

(Thomas quietly conceals himself in the bushes again.)

A.—Now, Mammy, don't you scold Miss Amanda. You see, I wanted to fix this myself—just for Daddy. So run along, Mammy. Go smoke your pipe or take a nap.

Mam.—Yassum. (Goes to left on path toward front of dwelling. Amanda comes to door of kitchen and calls after her.)

A.—Mammy, are there any eggs here?

Mam. (coming back toward kitchen a little way)—Yassum; they be in the salt chist.

A.—Those big things! They're goose eggs, aren't they?

Mam.—Yassum, Miss 'Manda; they be goose eggs.

(Amanda turns back into the kitchen. Mammy, instead of continuing around the house as she had started, returns and seats herself in the chair near the kitchen door. She lights her pipe and falls asleep almost immediately. Presently, a low whistle, like that of a bird, is heard from the woods back of fence at right. Amanda answers from the kitchen. After a little, she comes out humming, "If wishes were horses—" Noticing Mammy, she breaks off the tune abruptly.

She pauses in the center of the garden, thinking and evidently agitated. She passes over to the fence and whistles twice. Thomas comes through the bushes.)

A.—Thomas!

Thomas—Is your father here?

A.—No; he has ridden down to see Mr. Trimmier about some papers.

Th.—When will he be back?

A.—At half-past five.

Th.—It is only after two now. Is anyone else here?

A.—Only Mammy there, and she sleeps very soundly. Thunder couldn't wake her. (A pause, during which Amanda looks away from Thomas and plays with her handkerchief.)

Th.—May I kiss you then?

A. (blushing)—Tonight. (Looking at him.) Tonight you may kiss my face. (Gives him her hand.)

Th.—Not now?

A. (after hesitating)—Now, too, if you wish. (They embrace.)

Th.—Do you remember, Amanda, when we used to play together in this garden, and swing sometimes?

A. (dreamily)—Almost.

Th.—What do you mean, Amanda? "Almost!"

A.—You know, Thomas, I was very young then—not many months over four. Sometimes it seems that we have always been playing in a beautiful garden, not exactly like this one. Sometimes it seems that I have always known you. And then again, I think I have never known you. I think I shall never know you—not even if I shall live with you and think of you always forever.

Th.—But you do know me, don't you, Amanda?

A.—I don't know.

Th.—Could you love a person you did not know—a stranger?

A.—I love **you.** I love **you** all the more, because—because it seems so strange.

Th.—So often, Amanda, I think of the days when we used to play together here. You were so little and lovely then. You are little and lovely now.

A.—I scarcely remember.

Th.—But you remember your mother, don't you? She has always been so kind to me.

A.—I hardly ever think of her. Father never takes me to see her, you know. Why should he? I have never seen her but once or twice. I have never wished to see her. Why should I? She never comes to see me. She doesn't love me. How could she? How could she have left me here if she loved me, when I was a mere baby—just four and a half years?

Th.—I am sure she does love you, Amanda. She is a dear little lady, and quite a comfort to my mother, I know. She does all our sewing, you know.

A.—Does she speak of me sometimes?

Th. (reluctantly)—I have never heard her.

A. (straightening up and tossing her head)—See there!

Th.—But, Amanda—

A.—Do you know what I think of when anyone talks about my mother?

Th.—No; what do you think of?

A.—Do you see those poke-berry bushes?

Th.—Yes. Well?

A.—I always think of those.

Th.—That's strange. What makes you think of them?

A.—Why, one Sunday after mother left, Daddy took me to walk. I was picking flowers. I started to break some poke branches because I thought them pretty and red, but Daddy told me not to. He said they were poison. I told him that I had seen Mammy cut the leaves and cook them, sometimes. I remember it very distinctly. He said, "When they are young and tender they are good and good for people to eat, but when they grow old and bear fruit they are full of poison and deadly." And then he said, "Some people are like that."

Th.—Amanda! . . . And do you think he meant your mother?

A.—I'm sure he did.

Th.—But, Amanda—even if your mother did take the money, you know she gave it back. Do you really believe she took the money?

A.—Father says so. Do you know what I think?

Th.—No. What do you think?

A.—I think I am growing old—like the poke-berry bush.

Th.—I have never heard you talk so strangely. What do you mean, little one—"growing old" and "like the poke-berry bush"? Do you mean that you won't—will not go tonight?

A.—Thomas! (Looking steadily at him.) You know I don't mean that. (A pause.) Why did you come here this afternoon?

Th.—Why, I just— How can one stay away from you, dearest?

A.—You may find out. Suppose my father had been here. Suppose he should see you here. Do you know what would happen?

Th.—Amanda?

A.—He would kill you.

Th.—Oh, no; he wouldn't do that, Amanda dear. Of course, he isn't fatuously fond of me. We might have some unpleasant words. He would lock you up in the house and guard you for years and years. He loves you. He loves you too much. That is why I come secretly.

A.—Secretly? Would this be very secret if my father were here, and should suddenly come striding out through the back porch? He would kill you as quickly as that (snaps her finger). But he won't.

Th.—No, of course he won't—because he isn't here.

A.—You do not understand what I mean.

Th. (smiling)—No?

A. (a pause)—Do you know what I was doing when you came?

Th.—You were in the kitchen. What were you doing?

A.—I was boiling poke poison.

Th.—Amanda! For what?

A.—For my father. I shall give it to him tonight for supper.

Th.—But, Amanda, you must not do that!

A.—Are you not going to marry me tonight?

Th.—Yes; but—

A.—Then what?

Th.—Why, I shall take you home with me and you shall live there. Don't you see?

A.—Oh, yes, I see. I shall live there. But you?

Th.—Why, so shall I. Your father loves you; he will forgive you anything. You don't know how much your father loves you.

A.—You don't know how much he hates the Erwins!

Th.—But, Amanda dear, you must not do it. It is wrong. You love me too much.

A.—Can one love too much? Thomas, we grow old; we cannot escape that. And as we grow old we become like the poke bush, "Full of poison and deadly." There is but one way to destroy the poison of the poke-berry.

Th.—How is that, Amanda?

A.—Destroy the bush.

Th. (after a long pause)—Amanda, promise me that you will not do it. It is wrong—very wrong.

A.—But Thomas— Is it wrong to love?

Th.—You must promise me, dearest. Do you not love me?

A.—Yes, I do indeed love—but—

Th.—Then you must promise that you shall not do this awful thing.

A.—**Awful?** Yes, Thomas, you were right—

Th.—Then you promise?

A.—You were right. I love you **too much.**

Th.—Then you promise, don't you, Innocence?

A. (slowly)—Yes—(a galloping horse is heard off-stage.) Hush! Hide! I hear some one calling. Daddy! No, Uncle Joe. Daddy expects him. (Amanda crosses and seats herself in the swing. Thomas hides. A man comes in on the walk from the front of the house.)

A. (aside)—Oh, Bob Smith (rising and approaching him.) Good afternoon, Mr. Robert.

(Mammy awakes.)

Smith—Good afternoon, Miss Amanda. I met Mr. Gillespie down at the forks and he asked me to tell you that he thought he would call on the Timmons while he was down that way, and perhaps have supper there. He will be home about dark.

A.—Thank you, Mr. Smith. Was there any other message?

S.—There was no other message, Miss Amanda. (He lingers.) May I stay a while, please?

A.—No, thank you, Mr. Smith. I prefer to be alone this afternoon. Will you have something to drink? Mammy will bring you a cordial.

S.—No, thank you—not without the pleasure of your company?

A.—I am sorry, Mr. Smith. I think I do not feel very well today.

(Smith lifts hat and goes. Mammy follows him toward the front of the house. Amanda calls after him.)

A.—What time did you say father will be coming back?

S.—Between eight-thirty and nine, I should think. (Amanda hears him ride away and then returns to the fence. Thomas is waiting for her.)

Th.—That was Bob Smith. What did he say?

A.—He said that Daddy is going to the Timmons for supper and will be back by nine.

Th.—Why do we not go now, Amanda?

A.—I was just wondering. I guess it must be your way now.

Th.—We could go now, and send the Rev. Johnson back to tell him.

A.—Yes.

Th.—That would give him time to think it over and cool down before morning.

A.—Yes.

Th.—Will you get your things ready?

A.—Yes.

Th.—Now?

A.—Yes.

Th.—Shall I help you?

A.—I can help myself. Wait here.

(Amanda goes through the back porch into the dwelling. Thomas waits on the fence, whistling softly. Within, Amanda is heard singing)—

"If wishes were horses,
Beggars might ride;
Oh-o-o—
If beggars might ride,
I should not be walking."

(While she is singing, Mammy comes around the house on the path from front of house.)

Th. (calling across the yard with bravo)—Hello, Mammy!

Mam. (with surprise)—Master Tom Erbin! You be onexpected.

Th.—Well, it's hard to tell what to expect these days, Mammy.

Mam.—Yassuh. As I was tellin' Miss 'Manda befo', ef airything happens this week you can lay it to yo' Lawd, 'cause I had all my wash ahangin' on the line and He blowed 'em down.

Th.—Well, I hope so; but it doesn't seem that the Lord overburdens Himself with responsibility sometimes— I wish you'd go around to the front of the house, Mammy, and see if you can find Miss Amanda there.

Mam.—Yassuh. I'll tell her you be callin'. (Mammy hurries off. Thomas whistles a rapid trill, signifying to Amanda that she is to hurry. Almost immediately after Amanda comes to the door, wearing a hat and a light cape, and carrying a traveling bag. They cross toward the fence. In the center of the garden Amanda stops.)

A.—Wait a minute; I must go back. I have forgotten my—my something.

Th.—Can't you get along just as well without it? Mammy was just here.

A.—No; I must have it. Mammy doesn't count.

Th.—What was it you left?

A.—My—my—

Th.—Hurry. We can get another. Let us go now.

(Mr. Gillespie is heard within the house.)

Mr. G.—Yes, Mammy—earlier than I expected. I found nobody at home. (He comes out to the latticed porch, calling.) Amanda! (He opens the door, sees the two standing in the middle of a flower bed. He draws a pistol from under his coat.)

A.—Daddy! (Mr. Gillespie fires. Thomas falls.) Thomas! (Amanda kneels down beside him. As she does so, Brother Joe comes running from behind the kitchen, on the driveway from the barn. Mr. Gillespie fires before he recognizes him.)

Mr. G.—God!

Joe (to Mr. G.)—Who told? (recognizing Thomas.) Thomas—**boy!** (Joe falls.

Mammy comes to the door as Joe falls.)

Mam.—O Lawdy, Lawdy, Lawdy! (screams as she descends the steps and covers her face with her apron. She falls on her knees.) It's the Lawd's doin's, 'case I had my clothes a-hangin' on the line and He blowed 'em down. Oh, pray de Lawd; the Lawd's doin's! O Lawdy! (She continues moaning and muttering inarticulately until Wiley comes in later.)

Mr. G.—Amanda, run to the barn and call Mose and Wiley—quickly. (Amanda does not move.) Run, Amanda, while I mount Betsy and ride for the doctor. (A pause. Mr. G. stamps his foot.) Amanda! (He runs toward the barn.)

A. (Amanda sits with a puzzled expression, looking alternately at the sky and at Thomas' face)—Too much love. Too much love. Too much love— (Looking at Thomas.) **Too much** love! (She kisses Thomas. Wiley comes running in from the barn. He stops mid-stage, gazing at the scene. Mr. G. follows him a little after, calling over his shoulder.)

Mr. G.—Hurry, Mose!

W. (running toward Mammy, still kneeling near the steps)—Mammy! (Mammy uncovers her face and reaches for Wiley.)

M.—Master George! (Covers his eyes with his hands.)

Mr. G. (stops Wiley before he reaches Mammy, shouting)—Here, bastard! Help Mose and myself lift—lift—this man into the house.

(Wiley comes back slowly. With much hesitancy on the part of Mose, they lift Joe.)

Mr. G.—Easy now! (They carry him toward the house.) Hold the door open, Mammy. (They carry him in. Mammy follows.)

A.—In a beautiful garden we have played together—in a beautiful garden full of weeds—full of poke-bushes—

Mr. G. (calling from within)—Amanda, come in the house now and make your Uncle Joe comfortable while I call the doctor. (Amanda sits quite still. A horse is heard galloping away from the front of the house. A very silent pause.)

A.—In a beautiful garden together—but I never knew him— Two strangers in a beautiful garden—two strangers. Oh, my God, when shall I know him? (She embraces Thomas passionately.) (Mammy's voice is heard from within.)

Mam.—The Lawd's doin's. (Amanda lifts her head dreamily, and releases for the first time her hold upon Thomas.) (Whispers are heard from the porch. Mammy opens the door and peeps out. Then she comes into the yard.)

Mam.—Better fetch him in, too.

(Wiley and Mose come out.)

Mam.—Miss 'Manda, wanta tote the other'ne in, too?

A. (absently)—The other what, Mammy?

Mam. (pointing to Thomas)—This'ne.

A. (without signs of interest)—Yes, please do. You had better— Put him on the bed in the guest chamber.

Mam.—Wid Mis'er Joe?

A.—Oh, is he there? Then put him on my bed. I shall not need it tonight.

Mam.—Yassum. (The three negroes take Thomas in.)

A.—"The Lord's doings. The Lord's doings."

(Amanda continues sitting as before. Voices are heard from within.)

The Doctor—Did he bleed freely?

Mr. G.—Scarcely any at all.

Dr.—He may not be wounded very severely then.

Mr. G.—I hope not. This way, Doctor.

(Presently Mr. G. comes to the door.)

Mr. G.—Why, Amanda, are you going to sit there all day?

A. (slowly)—"All day," did you say? It is nearly night now.

Mr. G.—Yes, child (coming into the yard.)

A.—Child?

Mr. G.—Yes, Amanda, dear. I daresay you cannot understand all this. Shall I help you up? The doctor says your Uncle Joe is very low.

A.—My Uncle Joe?

Mr. G.—Yes, dear child. You must come see him—you simply must.

A.—**Must!** (rising by herself.) I am not one of your slaves!

Mr. G.—"Slaves," dear? What—but you are all unstrung. Come, dear child; we have no slaves now. (He attempts to place his paternal arm about her shoulder.)

A. (flinging away from him)—You have no slaves! And what, pray, do you call Mammy, and Mose, and Wiley? "Your slaves," I say.

Mr. G.—They? Why, they have been free these ten years now. They remain here simply by their choice and my kindness. They might have gone with the rest if they had wished.

A.—Yes, they **might** have, indeed! They are free to go into the woods and starve. In that respect "all men are created free and equal." And women, too. But if they had gone, you would not have given them one inch of ground to live on or make a living. And if they had taken so much as an ear of corn from your fields, or a shoulder from your smoke-house, on the first dark night you would have covered your head with a sheet (as if that hid you from the sight of God), and pinned a red cross to your shoulder (as if that made you virtuous), and beat Mammy to death with a whip, and ridden away into the swamps to hang Mose and Wiley up with the rest. But instead, you keep them here and tell them what they may eat and what you shall give them to wear next winter, and what they must do, and how they shall think, and then you call them free! And I, too. You tell me that I **must** come into the house and that—

Mr. G.—But, Amanda, he is your uncle.

A.—My uncle!

Mr. G.—Why, yes, daughter.

A.—Your daughter?

Mr. G.—My dear little girl—

A.—Your dear little slave! But I am my mother's daughter.

Mr. G.—Whose daughter? What may you mean by saying that?

A.—That I am sick—oh, I am deathly sick of—

Mr. G.—Yes, dear child. I thought this morning that you were ill. Come inside. You will feel better after you have had a

bite of something to eat. You should go up to your room and rest a little. (A pause.)

A. (dryly)—Yes; I shall feel better after I have had a bite of something to eat.

Mr. G.—Yes, Amanda. Let's go in.

A.—I shall. I want to run up to my room first. (They go in. By this time the new moon has risen over the barn.) (Mose and Wiley, like ghosts of a departing era, descend the steps from the porch, cross garden, and go around the kitchen on road to barn. Mose, with bowed head and drooping shoulders, in advance, and Wiley, with fear-set eyes staring straight ahead, following immediately after. Mr. G. comes out as they go around the kitchen, and sits on the steps with his head in his hands. Mrs. G. comes around the corner of the latticed porch.)

Mrs. G. (softly)—George!

Mr. G. (looking up quickly. A pause)—Woman, why do you come here?

Mrs. G.—Because I am your wife.

Mr. G. (less harshly)—Yes. (Then fiercely again.) And a thief.

Mrs. G. (looking over her left shoulder through the branches of the trees.) George, the moon is shining brightly tonight. (A pause.) How is he?

Mr. G. (slowly)—Dead.

Mrs. G.—George, I did not take your money.

Mr. G.—Then, who did?

Mrs. G.—George, you have always loved your brother— Love him still. (A pause.)

Mam. (from within)—It's the Lawd's doin's.

Mrs. G.—How is the boy?

Mr. G.—Who? Oh, he too.

Mrs. G.—He dead, too? George, let us go in. (Mrs. G. goes in quietly. Mr. G. follows. As the door slams derisively behind them, Amanda comes around the corner of the porch on the path from front of house. She goes into the kitchen and comes out with a dish in her hand. She seats herself in the swing and eats from the dish. Mammy comes out from the porch, wiping her eyes and nose on the corner of her apron.)

A.—Haven't you gone to bed yet, Mammy?

Mam.—Lawsy, Miss 'Manda, you skeart me. I thought you was a hant. What you doin' out here, Miss?

A.—Nothing, Mammy. Just eating a dish of cold spinach.

Mam.—The one you was a-cooking this afternoon?

A.—Yes, Mammy.

Mam.—Lawsy, chile; I bet you is hongry atter all the goin's-on here today. Don' you want yo' Mammy to fix you sump'n?

A.—I am quite sure this will be enough, Mammy. Thank you. (Mammy moves down the driveway back of the kitchen. Amanda calls after her.)

A.—Good night, Mammy.

(Curtain)

A CIRCUS GIRL

By C. L. Eaddy

Twenty years had scarcely gone
  Since she a babe had been;
Twenty years without a home,
  This painted circus queen.

The long parade had almost passed
  Before I saw her face,
This painted doll with baby eyes
  That seemed so out of place.

She sat astride a steed milk white,
  And rode with languid grace.
A murmur thrilled the crowd at sight
  Of this painted doll-like face.

They couldn't see the cynic eye,
  Nor read her inward mind,
Nor see an aching mother's heart—
  To all this they were blind.

They couldn't see her tired soul
  Which she labored to suppress;
They couldn't see the mute appeal
  Of an angel in distress.

It's a cruel world that grinds us out
  As the mill grinds out its corn,
And fixes us, my circus girl,
  In the station where we're born.

WHEN "BILLY CUSSED"

By C. L. Eaddy

THIS IS AN absurd story, therefore it begins in an absurd way. The curtain opens with one character in the arena. The scene is set amongst a helter-skelter jungle of rails, poles, boards, wire, and whatnot, assembled with the apparent purpose of forming an "out-lot" or miniature pasture. I said there was only one character, perhaps to have said two would have been more correct, for "Billy" was a character—one of those anarchical characters always causing trouble. He butted into everything, nothing was unmolested in the field of "Billy's" activity. But since "Billy" was only a common goat with nothing in particular to distinguish him from other goats, we will put him aside with the single statement that he is to be the "goat" of this story, and not a character. There is also a purpose in this, for an absurd story must have a real, live character, who knows the world and can conquer it if it appears necessary in order to complete the tale.

This is a good introduction to our character. So now that he is introduced you can view him for yourself. But wait! You certainly must not let outward appearances influence your opinion of his worth. What if he is just an ordinary-looking boy of eight or ten years, with a mop of red hair on his apex, and an unusual number of large freckles on his laughing face? "One cannot judge a book by its cover," this is a worn-out saying, and therefore should not appear in anything except an absurd story. And, "within the oyster's rough outside the purest pearl is found," is also one of antiquity. No one who ever saw George even had the remotest idea that he was an honest-to-goodness namesake of the father of our country. Yet, in spite of all evidence to the contrary, his name was George Washington Stone. That he possessed all the virtues of his namesake, even to the miraculous feat of unadulterated truth telling, his mother could testify with all the ardor and vehemence of a devoted mother's soul, and his father deny with all the vehemence (plus the contents of a good lexicon of swearer's terms) and disparagement of an honest, understanding father's heart. These two were the only interested parties in this matter, however. For George passed it by as a matter of minor importance to take up the more serious subject of manufacturing goat harness, or some other of the thousands of boys' problems.

"What do I care 'bout what ole Washington said an' done? Ner whos pa he wus? I bet he couldn't make a pair er goat harness like me," he would grumble after getting out of hearing of the elder Stones.

George's occupation for a good part of each day was making goat harness, or rather re-making them, for "Billy" had an irritating way of breaking harness when he became tired of pulling George around in a two-wheeled cart. In fact, this is what we find George doing when the curtain rises. He sat there on one side of his cart mending that harness in a somewhat serious-faced manner, totally unaware of anything about him.

He had even forgotten "Billy," who stood with his head at half-mast, and chewed in that serious, goat fashion, while he looked on as the harness-mending progressed. Now "Billy" was not in the habit of being forgotten, nor was he going to permit it for any long duration of time. Accordingly, we are not surprised when he quit that wise way of chewing, to shake his head abruptly and begin to pick up his front feet and plant them solidly upon the ground again. Then, on being ignored after that warning, with a quick jump he proceeded to butt head-long into George's legs.

"G'wan, y'ole spotted hocus-pocus-buzz-around, er I'll make it hotter'n them bees did fur you when you butted over that ole beehive tother day, if you don't min' yer business."

Something in the idea of that beehive must have been bordering on the edge of the ludicrous, for George's face spread in a broad, uncontrollable grin of delight as he looked towards "Billy," who had already forgotten the momentary disturbance, and stood meekly chewing and looking on wisely, not seeming to get the point of the joke.

This little episode was scarcely over and equilibrium restored when a shrill, shrew-like voice called from a distance, "George! Geor-gie! Come on to this house, right now. Didn't I tell you not to go out there any more on Sunday? I told you to get ready for Sunday School, and Miss Baxley is already come for you, and there you are playing with that old goat. Come here, right now."

"Aw, Maw—"

"Come on! Don't talk back to me."

"But, Maw, don't make me go t'day, an' I'll go nex' Sunday without bein' tole. Honest, I will," pleaded the freckled-faced, red-haired prodigy.

"You're goin' today. So now," was the imperative and abrupt settlement of the question from the house-end of the radio broadcasting outfit.

Now, going to Sunday School was a comparatively new experience in the life of George Washington Stone. Heretofore, Sundays had meant to him the best day of the week, for the simple reason that he never had anything to do on those days. No school to go to, no stove wood to carry in, nothing to do except play with "Billy." Accordingly we do not wonder at his rebellion to this drastic change in his little cosmos. Nor can we find it in our hearts to rebuke him for the next words he grumbled in accompaniment to a woe-begone expression on his wry little face.

"Considdled ole Sunday School! 'Sall y'kin hear these days! Ole maids ought t'be killed anyhow. Don't see why the good Lord made 'em fur. They never do anything but go buttin' in other peoples' business."

Perhaps a word of explanation, while the harness is being laid aside and he saunters slowly towards the house to be washed and made ready for his new enterprise, will clear up the meaning of his last words a little. Half-Moon, being no mediocre country village in the estimation of its some three-score inhabitants, boasted of its one civil war veteran, Captain Spy, its one church and preacher, and its incomparable old maid (and not to be ignored—its cemetery, which

displayed two Woodmen tombstones, much to the pride of all. This was invariably pointed out to visitors with pride by the Half-Mooners.)

But to return to the old maid. This new character now enters—this time with misgivings and doubts as to the outcome of this tale, for with an "incomparable" old maid to bother into things no one can tell what will happen. And Miss Sally Pembroke was one of those unexplainable anomalies of nature, whom everybody thought "the world of" yet whom nobody loved—"A siccant virgin, virtuous and staid, a sniffling, chaste, impeccable old maid." And where nature's anomalies appear, the universe is likely to be put off-balance in that particular spot.

Miss Sally was unlike all the other old maids in the world in that she loved children, and loved them to the extent of consenting to be the superintendent and teacher of the Sunday School at Half-Moon. Accordingly, when she decided to wage a campaign to bring members into the Sunday School by having each member bring another the following Sunday, she took it upon herself to see that George Washington Stone was brought into the "right way." This morning she had come by for him, and his parents, who had become somewhat "settled down" for the past ten years, consented unanimously for George to accompany her. This was the reason for the abrupt break that we have just witnessed in the career of a diligent harnessmaker.

My readers very naturally suppose, now that we have brought together nature's anomaly—a strictly religious old maid, and nature's prodigy—an irreligious, red-haired namesake of the father of our country, that "business will pick up" at once. On the contrary we follow them quietly to church, she mincing along, prim and straight; he ambling along stiffly in his Sunday shirt; she trying to be conversable, while he, being awed by the new adventure, closed like a clam in its shell. Even through the long dreary hour of class lecture he sat there, a model of concentrated attention, and listened to the story of Samson and his adventures. Only once on the way back home did he open up from his box-like silence.

"You were a perfect little hero all this morning, Georgie. I am going to ask your mother to allow me to come by for you every Sunday morning," began Miss Sally.

"Yes'm," lifelessly.

"Don't you like Sunday School?" she then asked.

"Yes'm," this time with a half-note of doubt, while the spirit of his namesake must have frowned somewhere off there in the unknown—unless the absurdity of it could cause even a spirit to chuckle.

Then, being drawn out a little, he began to this effect:

"Miss Sally, did that 'er feller Samson axshully do all them things that you said?"

"Why, certainly he did, Georgie. And not only that, but lots more too," continued Miss Sally, pleased at the interest shown.

"An' he killed all them people with a jackasses' jaw?" he asked with innocent inquiry.

"Yes." Then baffled silence.

The rather crude expression, along with that unmoved, freckled face, dumbfounded

the sanctimonious Miss Sally.

" 'Ell, I just can't believe it," he said with a puzzled expression. " 'Cause looks like he'ud took somethin' bigger'n a jackasses jaw t'fight with."

"Why, Georgie, you musn't talk that way," hazarded Miss Sally. "You must believe the Bible and be content with the explanation that he took the jaw-bone of an ass, and not that other name you spoke, and slew his enemies."

"Well, we call 'em that now. An' looks like he'ud a took the jaw-bone of a mule er a horse, 'cause a jackass is littler'n a mule. I seen Jim Ward's las' week an' he ain't much bigger'n my goat, an' his jaw ain't any bigger'n my foot. Looks like he'ud a took a axe, or somethin'."

He probably would have gone on with his conjectures had not Miss Sally gained her equilibrium of thought long enough to interrupt by saying:

"But there were no axes then, and the animals were larger, too."

Then to turn the conversation to another line, she asked: "Didn't you say something about having a goat?"

"Yes'm," still puzzling over the thought of Samson.

"Do you have much fun with him?"

"Yes'm," opening up again.

"Animals are man's best friend, you know, and then, too, they are all so pure. Man should strive to be as sinless as animals are," Miss Sally theologized.

"Ain't it a sin fer animals to cuss, too?"

"Animals curse!" exclaimed Miss Sally. "Animals never curse, because they cannot talk."

"Yes'm. But my goat he cussed t'other day," explained George in a solemn-faced, matter-of-fact way.

"Why, George Washington Stone, what do you mean by such talk? I shall have to report you to your mother for such if you continue," reprimanded Miss Sally.

"Well, honest-to-goodness he did. En it wus when he butted over the beehive, too. 'Cause I seen him an' heard him, too."

"Well, if you persist, pray tell me how it happened then?" she condescended, her curiosity rather getting the best of her.

"Well, the ole goat, he went 'round buttin' everything till he butted over the ole beegum where the bees wus swarmin', an' they flew all over him—jus' a swarm uv'em." At this juncture that round, hitherto unemotional, face lit up with something akin to frenzied glee at the thought of Billy and the bees. "An' Billy lit out hard as he could across the yard, vip-vip-vip till he got to the fence an' jumped V-I-P across it an' stopped to walk. An' the bees lit on him. When they did he wiggled his tail an' one stung him. An' he clamped his tail down hard an' caught some bees under it. I reckon they muste'r stung him under there, 'cause he jumped up high an' said out loud: 'G-o-d-e-r-m-i-g-h-t-y.' "

"George Washington Stone!" This was an iceberg exclamation.

" 'Course most people would uh said he just blated 'b-a-a-h-aa-h-i-ih.' But I know how he talks, an' that's what he said. Honest-tuh-goodness it is," he finished.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 45)

THE RENT

By Harold M. Patrick

'Tis bad to be all worried up,
  And never sleep a wink;
And never have a bit of fun,
  Nor ever even think
Of being like the other folks,
  But ponder and lament,
That staring at me all the time
  Is that infernal rent.

I'm never sick, I'm always well,
  I never take a pill;
I never call a doctor in,
  Because I'm never ill.
But somehow I don't feel just right,
  There's something on my mind;
I never feel just like I should
  With so much rent behind.

It worries me; it's killing me,
  Each day I'm growing worse.
Soon something must be done, 'tis sure,
  Or I will ride the hearse.
But ah!—a plan—my tailor can
  Relieve my discontent.
I'll send the blooming pants to him,
  And let him mend the rent.

A NIGHT ON "HIGH TOP"

By S. J. McCoy

THE WARM, bright, piercing June sun, covering old mother earth with a veil of effulgent and majestic glory as it stands half-way on its march from subordination to dominance, seems to crowd out all thoughts of past or future in the minds of students, just as it causes the darkness to retreat before its pressing steps. It is then that students instantly forget about the monotonous meeting of classes, the risky attempts to outwit professors, and the humdrum of college life in general. On the other hand, they plan very little for even the semi-distant future, but are happily satisfied to recreate themselves and, in a few cases, to put into practice their knowledge of how to learn. Many of them attend summer conferences and it was on an occasion like this that three hundred and fifty-eight of us found ourselves assembled.

On June 25th, we assembled at Blue Ridge, N. C. We were not satisfied merely to get away from school, but had sought utmost recuperation among the mountains. The Student Y. M. C. A. Conference was being made a great success. For seven days we had struggled with questions of universal significance. Leaders and lecturers of world-wide fame were seeking to direct and mold the thought of the youth of our land. During interviews with them, and during their lecture periods, we were constantly listening to the wells of thought and advice as it poured forth from their souls. Moreover, the fellowship with other students in such an atmosphere, and the exchange of ideas with them concerning the life of different sections, college customs and problems on the many campuses represented, made impressions on us that were planted deep in our lives.

Again, besides all this was the recreational phase of the Blue Ridge activities. During the afternoons we had nothing to do; tennis, basketball and volley ball courts, baseball diamonds and swimming pools were centers of intense activity. Hikes to sites of interest were especially popular, and every student wished to come away able to tell of some thrilling experience that he had had during his ten days' stay. It fell my fortune to become acquainted with two other delegates who were extremely anxious to get in with me and help to "pull' some new stunt—new to us at least. We did—and this is the subject of my article.

The adventure which appealed most strongly to Bartow, "Eagle" and me was that of spending the night on one of the nearby peaks. To many of the fellows present this was no new experience, but to us it was. We overcame by our determination all fears brought forth by others' warning against the potential dangers in an adventure of this sort; we had set aside this Wednesday night, and as the day wore on we looked forward with quite a bit of pleasure to this new experience.

At six o'clock we had supper; at seven, while the sun was slowly gliding down into the bosom of the mountains, came the daily

hillside meeting; the discussion groups met at eight, and by nine we had completed the work of the day. We were not long in getting ready to begin our climb. We sped away to our rooms and soon emerged from the hall, each with a blanket rolled and tied over his shoulder, and a large stick, which we intended to use in climbing and in encounters with snakes, although we agreed that the first one of us to mention snakes would be kicked back down the mountain by the other two.

The trail was narrow, crooked and steep, as most mountain trails are; but, worse than all this, it had been raining for several days and the path was one continuous line of slippery clay, consequently we had not gone far when the rapid pace with which we had begun was checked, and we were panting as only one would pant after a five-mile race. After about thirty minutes of this climbing, it seemed that rest was imperative.

"I'm petered," said Bartow.

That was sufficient. Almost simultaneously we fell to the ground and sat speechless for a few moments.

"What time is it?" asked "Eagle" between pants.

I reached for my watch, but my fingers stopped; a watch was unnecessary. In the valley below we heard the long, steady blasts of a bugle as it blew "Taps," the sound penetrating that pure mountain air, echoing and re-echoing over the hillsides—his question was answered, it was ten o'clock. The bugler finished. Nobody spoke. Instead, all of us sat spell-bound by the beauty of what we had just heard. After a long spell of quiet, we arose one by one and started on up the mountain.

The last part of the trail was indeed the roughest part. The night was dark, and it was with exceedingly great difficulty that we climbed by the roots, trees and rocks. "Eagle" seemed to be the "goat." His "number tens" seemed to hit squarely in all the slippery places and catch on all the roots. Thus we had to stop several times and wait for him to pick himself up and re-pack after he had made some of his noble but ungraceful sprawls and plunges.

Finally, however, we were nearing the top. The summit of the peak was reached, and there were three sighs of relief as the luggage fell to the ground with a heavy thud. Again there was quiet as we paused, this time to behold the view that lay before us. Here we stood on "High Top," which is four thousand feet high. Before us stretched the Swannanoa Valley and on the other side rose a chain of peaks—"Graybeard," "Black Mountain," the "Seven Brothers," and the "Craggies"—standing in majestic silence, their broad outlines lending to the oppressive calmness of the night. Three groups of lights could be seen in the dark valley below us—one at the Blue Ridge Assembly Grounds immediately in front of us, another at Black Mountain farther towards the middle of the valley, and still another on the extreme right, at Ridge Crest. To gaze through the darkness on these sights was wonderful; to stand on the top of this mountain and realize—although you could see nothing except mere forms—that we were above everything else for probably more than twenty miles around;

this was something, unintelligible as it was, that has not yet faded in our minds.

Then we turned to make our beds. We thought that one blanket apiece would probably not keep us warm, so we decided to co-operate. It was indeed cold up there, and since we had stopped climbing our wet shirts were beginning to make us uncomfortable. These we pulled off and hung up in some bushes to dry. Spreading one blanket on the ground between two boulders, we decided to sleep three abreast, and in this manner use the other two blankets as cover. Thus our bed was made and we retired.

For probably half an hour we lay gazing into the heavens, trying to go to sleep; as for my part, the attempt was proving to be a miserable failure. However, "Eagle" must have dozed a little, for suddenly he uttered a shout—

"What's that at the foot of the bed?" he yelled.

Of course Bartow and I became interested, yet we only saw one of "Eagle's" feet that had worked out from under the blankets. After a short time we succeeded in persuading the frightened fellow that it was his foot, and made him promise that he would shut up and sleep a little. After readjusting my sweater, which I used as a pillow, I retired once more and was soon producing stove-wood under the supervision of Morpheus.

The dripping of the morning dew, the gradual retreat of darkness, and the "chirps" of the early birds had all been active long before we awoke. When I opened my eyes the first thing that I saw was the sun, blood-red through the morning smoke and fog, rolling majestically up the mountain side and out into space.

Just as quickly as we had started our hike the night before, we were up and ready to start back. Casting one glance over the valley, in which all could be seen now, we sped downward; and in about fifteen minutes we were back at Lee Hall.

Only one thing prevents my calling this a perfect "stunt." Evidently "Eagle" had been restless while I slept so well, for as we were going up to our rooms on the third floor he drawled, executing at the same time a great yawn: "The next time—anybody says 'High Top,' to me—he'll have a—fight on his hands."

RIGHT NOW

By W. Clough Wallace

The last of the flowers has shattered,
  Which gay mid-summer has borne,
And the leaves that the wind has scattered
  Lie jostled about the lawn.

The goldenrod blows on each hill-top
  Where brown sedge tells of the frost,
And chill winds blowing with ne'er a stop,
  Breathe of the summer that's lost.

The chestnuts and acorns are falling,
  And hick'ry nuts cover the ground.
The wild ducks and robbins are calling,
  And the squirrels are scurrying 'round.

The rabbits and 'possums are lis'nin'
  For the baying of the hound,
And the partridge makes a whis'lin'
  As he flies at every sound.

For Autumn now has full charge and care
  Of all of nature's tresses;
And thank the Lord that we also share
  In Autumn's fond caresses.

LAZINESS

By Robert Marsden

NOW, when y' cum t' think erbout it, pretty nigh all th' big men o' th' country is late sleepers. Th' reporters on th' Washington noospapers all say thet th' president don't never git out er bed till 'roun' 'bout eight o'clock. 'Course, th' day is a funny one, but the' say thet even ole Gawge Washington never got out o' th' hay till six an' a half, an' jus' look at him! He has his face stuck on th' stamps an' everybody knows him. Some folks say thet Lincoln uster git up eroun' five-thirty, but I'll bet y'u my ole grey mare that when he go t' be the chief executor o' this here country he never thowed off th' civers till th' clock passed seven; an' his name's in every mouth an' on every tongue, and his mug is slapped on th' pennies. Then ther's a national holiday fer 'im.

Ef y' go up t' them 'ere mountings whut the' calls th' Adirondacks, y' can see a man stirrin' 'roun' eny day at th' dark hour o' four A. M. Ef the' ever sees th' sun rise frum the' beds the' think thet t' day is lost, an' go mopin' 'roun' like a snake whut's erbout t' shed hit's skin. Th' ole back-woods mountingyear, he ekes out a bare subsistence frum th' rocks, an' he gets up 'fore th' sun peepes over th' corn tops, an' then he receives nothin' like whut th' president is presented with at th' end o' each twelve months. Then, th' ole Southern planters whut rides all over the plantation 'fore ole man sun discloses his red face never git no satisfaction out o' life. So y' see thet all th' folks whut gits up early ain't happy.

Now just compare these lines whut is recorded above. But 'fore y' do thet, I wants y' t' lissen t' this: ole Sam Johnson wouldn't never rise till four o'clock, Post Mornin', when he reached th' height o' his fame. There ain't no doubt whutever but whut he would have come t' thet position a heap earlier ef he hed just started on thet habit some years sooner. There's a lot o' other big men thet did th' same way when the' got t' be great men, an' its suttin thet the' wuz made bigger by stayin' in bed late after the' reached th' pinnacle. Great writers are alluz slow with their copy. Sam Johnson, th' same fellow whut stayed in bed till four, wuz in constant fear of th' printer's devil 'cause he wuz th' fellow whut come after th' manucrip' when it wuz supposed t' be ready.

Summin' it up, y' gather thet all great men are lazy. Calvin Coolidge never gits up till eight. Gawge Washington uster stay in bed till seven. Abe Lincoln never would rise till seven-thirty. Then, th' greatest o' all of 'em, Sam Johnson, would turn his toes t' th' wall till four in th' afternoon. So great has been th' realization o' my principle, thet Congress is seriously thinkin' o' passin' a law thet forbids everybudy frum gettin' up till 'leven o'clock.

LETTERS OF A FIRST-YEAR MAN

By A. K. Lamity

Dear Hocus,

I guess you been wondering about how 'tis with me since I checked out from Pa's "spear of influence," as our history Professor would say, but as you know, Hocus, Pa not being of a military nature always used a hickory stick instead of a spear. Well, I been doing fine with certain reservations, which I will describe in plenty time, just be patient!

I steamed in on the Carolina Special last Monday was 2 wks. ago at 5:20 P. M. in the afternoon. I struck up a acquaintance with another Freshman which was likewise labeled Wofford College. He was green as me and ignorant as you, Hocus, which is a combination hard to beat, eh? We finely found the way over here and blew in just in the nick of time, as some of the Sophs called it. They was more trunks in the lobby of Carlisle Hall than Babe Ruth knocked home runs year before last, and I do not know what would of been done about getting them upstairs if it had not been for the aforesaid Freshman and I.

Well, we two was persuaded to oblige the Sophs by carrying their baggage up for them. Six of the trunks did not have to be carried only to 2nd floor, which is the best piece of luck coming my way since I left home. That night I had a dream to the effect I was carrying trunks up the Golden Stairs. Just as I got the last one up the doorkeeper slammed the Pearly Gates shut right in my face, and I and the trunk took a tumble. I woke up about this time and found myself falling, for a fact, no joking! In about a ½ hour I hit the floor, and then come the mattress and then the bed all on top of me. I looked about and saw a pair of white pajamas disappear out the door. I forgot to lock it, see?

Well, I fixed up the old bunk and locked my door and went back to bed. I wasn't sleepy though, in fact, I did not go to sleep again till 9:30 or after. I laid there a long time thinking about you folks back home, and old Charlie and Susie and Spot and the puppies. Then I thought about all them punkins getting yellow; and lordy, Hocus, how I longed to hear once more the croak of them frogs on Terrapin Creek!

Early the next morning a couple of guys with wrenchs come around to take out my radiator. (The radiators up here, Hocus, are used to keep a room warm instead of a Ford engine cool, see!) These two aforesaid guys offered to sell it to me, being as I would have to buy one later and I could have this one cheap, as it had been used before, & save them the trouble of taking it out. They first asked five $ for it, but I kept on jewing them down till finely I got it for three. I sure got the best of them guys, Hocus, because a new radiator costs ten $, and this one is good as new. I made them sign a paper to the effect the radiator was sold to me, in case they ever get sick of their bargain and want to swap back. I'll show these guys up here they are doing business with a business man in a businesslike wa,

Hocus, just watch me!

After while another guy come along selling bath tickets at ten c. each. I hit him for a bargain too, & got a bundle of 12 for one $. I figure they will last me till Christmas, although they will actually be 13 Saturdays, but I can skip one O. K. It makes me laugh to think how I bested these guys up here when I bought that radiator and them bath tickets. They are sure losing money on me, Hocus, I bet you they wish I would go home and stay.

This here place where we stay is a big building about as long as from the big hickory over to the cornerstone and 3 storys up. They have rooms on both sides of the hall, mine is fourth from the end of the 3rd floor hall on the right as you come towards it. This place has all conveniences and labor-saving devices, as for a sample, shower baths, & etc. On the first floor is the dining room where we eat, if they got anything we want. We answer the dinner bell 3 times a day, but quite frequent it turns out to be a false alarm. Tell that to ma, hear? When I went up to the Treasurer's office to articulate the first day, he charged me twenty-five $ a month in advance for that board. I guess it does take a heap of money to run a college, but what they do with all that we pay for board, Hocus, is sure a misery to me.

Well, I must stop now on account of I got a essay for Prof. to write in english tomorrow. Write me when you got some spare time, hear?

Your pal,
Kay Lamity.

P. S.—I wish you would tell Pa about them 2 aforesaid bargains I made. He thinks I am a ½ wit when it comes to spending money. K. L.

DAYS

By J. T. Hair

A spirit haunts another day's decline.
The region king, his golden cohorts strewn,
As night seeps round sweet nature's draped throne,
Sinks, o'er the quick'ning half a world to shine.
Each morn a satin petal, pure, divine;
Each eve the petal fallen 'neath a stone.
It from the flow'r of time, but not alone,
Is torn into the past's entombing shrine.
But though the fruitful stalk be cruelly shorn
Beneath the tread of man's tyrannic kings,
The years whose codes of destiny do scorn
The puny sway on earth of mortal things,
I shall not grieve. Perhaps some distant morn
Reality to dreams and visions brings!

BOBBY'S INVESTMENT

By D. L. West

THE FIRST WEEK in September had sorely tried the unusually blithesome spirits of Bobby Creighton. To any student of infantile phenomena the reason will be obvious when he learns that Bobby was ten years old, and that school had been in progress a week. The day being Friday, school had let out not to take in again until Monday. It seems, therefore, that Bobby ought to have been in a cheerful mood as he trudged homeward. But he wasn't. The teacher had kept him in a few minutes after the others had left, and had given him a sound lecturing—all because he had tied an inkwell to the pig-tail of that big, fat Stillson girl; as if there were any harm in doing that. Consequently, resentment surged in Bobby's breast against the teacher, against the Stillson girl, against school, and against the world in general. The square set of his rosy chin, the angry glint in his round, blue eyes, and his manner of violently slamming his books against perfectly innocent telephone posts, as he walked along, were the visible signs of his hearty displeasure with the general order of things. In fact, Bobby was fast becoming a misanthropist.

Perhaps the only thing that saved him from such a fate was a flamboyant advertisement which had been pasted all across the side of McGee's old grocery store. In crimson characters of arresting proportions the sign bore this legend:

"Hill's Circus. The Greatest Show of All Times. Coming Monday. Two Performances Only. Buy Your Tickets Now. On Sale at This Store."

Underneath this startling announcement were pictures of lions, and tigers, and elephants, and trained seals, and acrobats, and beautiful women, and—oh, everything you see in a circus. Little wonder that Bobby forgot his grievances, to gaze with rapt delight at the wonderful panorama which the side of McGee's store now presented. Little wonder it was that the angry expression on his face gave way to a more pleasant one, permeated by sheer happiness. Who couldn't be happy, with a circus coming to town!

Bobby drank his fill of the wonderful pictures, and then raced home just as fast as his chubby legs would carry him. Breathlessly, he rushed into the living room, where his mother sat sewing.

"Mamma, gimme fifty cents," he demanded.

Mrs. Creighton looked at her young hopeful sternly.

"Bobby, how many times have I told you not to come into the house with your cap on?"

"But, Mamma—"

Mrs. Creighton was unrelenting.

"Bobby, go hang your cap up, this instant," she commanded.

Bobby had long since learned that women have lots of foolish notions, so he obeyed meekly. Returning, he repeated his demand with as much earnestness as before.

"Mamma, gimme half a dollar."

Mrs. Creighton looked surprised.

"What in the world do you want with a half dollar, Bobby?"

"I wanna go to the circus," replied Bobby.

"I didn't know anything about the circus. When is it coming?"

"Monday. It's got all about it down yonder on Mr. McGee's store. And I kin get my ticket down there."

Mrs. Creighton became thoughtful.

"But I gave you a dollar just the other day, Bobby, and told you not to ask me for any more money for a week. What did you do with it?"

"I bought a knife, and some marbles, and four ice cream sodas," said Bobby, at the same time exhibiting the knife and rattling the marbles in his pocket in proof of his statement.

"Well, Bobby, if you've spent it all, you'll just have to miss the circus. Maybe it will teach you not to be extravagant any more."

"Mamma, please gimme fifty cents. I wanna go so terrible bad." Bobby's pleading was piteous.

It gave pain to the mother heart in her to say "No," but Mrs. Creighton was very strict in matters of discipline.

"No, Bobby," she replied, "I told you I wasn't going to give you any more money for a week. If you wanted to go to the circus you ought to have saved some for it."

Bobby did not protest, nor did he burst into tears. Such expedients had resulted in disastrous consequences on more than one occasion, when he had tried them. Instead, he went out to the back porch, on which an autumn sun shone with a welcome warmth, to be alone with his disappointment. The family cat, Melissa, was curled up on the topmost of the flight of steps from the porch to the ground, napping peacefully. Bobby, espying the sleeping feline, dealt it a petulant kick, which caused the creature to arise and look at him reproachfully; and, then, seeing the ire in his face and fearing another attack from Bobby's pedal extremities, the cat scampered away and soon disappeared through a hole in the back-yard fence. Bobby sat down in the space thus vacated, and, resting his chin in the palms of both hands, his elbows on his knees, surveyed morosely the riot of weeds in the patch where his father had started a garden that spring. As he sat there, he might have reminded one of a chubby, curly-haired miniature of Rodin's famous chef d'oeuvre.

But it was not Bobby's nature to sulk very long. Soon the cat climbed cautiously back over the fence to ascertain whether her young master was still in a belligerent frame of mind. Bobby, upon seeing her, was sorry that he had treated her so cruelly, called her to him, stroked her soft fur, and soon had her purring contentedly. Before long they were both curled up on the floor, napping fitfully in the genial warmth of the afternoon sun.

When Bobby awoke from his nap he remembered something that had slipped his mind earlier in the afternoon. Arising, he hurried again to his mother.

"Mamma, kin I go to Aunt Mary's tomorrow?" he asked.

"Bobby, haven't I told you not to say 'can I go?' You should say 'May I go?' " cor-

rected Mrs. Creighton.

"May I go to Aunt Mary's tomorrow?" said Bobby dutifully.

"Of course you may, you little rascal." And Mrs. Creighton nearly smothered the "little rascal" in an impulsive, bear-like hug.

Aunt Mary was Bobby's maternal aunt, who lived across town in a suburb. She had no children of her own, and was always glad to have Bobby visit her, letting him do just as he pleased when he came. As her house was accessible by street car, Bobby was a very frequent visitor there. In fact, he considered it in the sense of a second home, where he liked to go for a change. There were lots of interesting things to do at Aunt Mary's, such as playing with Rover, the big shepherd dog, and fishing for the gold fish in the parlor with a bent pin on a string, and looking at the pictures of funny old men with long, stringy whiskers, which filled the two albums on the parlor table, and pecking away on Uncle Henry's typewriter. This last sport, though forbidden, was Bobby's favorite, and he zealously pursued it in spite of avuncular threats. Then, Gerald Holman lived next door to Aunt Mary, and no one could wish a better playmate than "Gerry," as Bobby called him. So you see, Bobby had a few reasons for wanting to go to Aunt Mary's.

When he was ready to leave next morning his mother gave him car fare both ways, and a solemn injunction to be home before dark. Bobby promised faithfully to do as he was told, and then, hearing a street car coming, raced out to meet it.

Arriving at his destination, he found that Aunt Mary was at home, but was so busily engaged in preparing a talk for her club that she failed to make the usual amount of fuss over his coming. This didn't worry Bobby, however, for he was as much at home at Aunt Mary's as anywhere in the world, a fact which he immediately demonstrated by capturing Aunt Mary's imported Persian cat and tying improvised paper moccasins on the animal's feet. Its antics in trying to shake off the unaccustomed footwear were very amusing indeed, providing Bobby with much hilarious entertainment. Soon tiring of this diversion, much to the relief of the cat, he went into the parlor to try his luck at fishing, but the gold fish wouldn't bite for some reason, so he decided to slip up to Uncle Henry's study and indulge in a little stenographic sport. He reached Uncle Henry's sanctum sanctorum without detection, but—horrors! he found that Uncle Henry had put a cover on his typewriter, and had locked it. It looked to Bobby as if a conspiracy had been formed to keep him from having a good time that morning.

Disgruntled, he went downstairs and out to the front porch. In the yard of the Holman home next door, he saw Gerry playing with Rover, Aunt Mary's big shepherd dog. His face brightened.

"Hey, Gerry," he called.

Gerry and Rover ceased their tussling to look in the direction of Bobby.

"Hey, Bobby, c'mon over here!" shouted Gerry in response, and Rover ran to Bobby to wag his tail in welcome.

Bobby strolled over on to the Holman lawn, and he and Gerry were soon having the time of their lives playing with good-natured

old Rover. They played together all morning with that seriousness and earnestness which only small boys can put into their play. Now they were playing policemen; again they were cowboy and Indian, or maybe storekeeper and customer. In short, they translated into make-believe the sum total of their childish ambitions. Their sport was broken up by the voice of Aunt Mary calling Bobby to dinner. Just before Bobby left, Gerry pulled a silver dollar out of his pocket and exhibited it proudly.

"Look'it, Bobby, what Mamma give me for going to the dentist," he exclaimed boastfully.

"Gosh!" said Bobby, taken aback by this sudden display of wealth. "What'cha gonna buy with it, Gerry?"

"A ball, and a bat, and a glove," replied Gerry, who seemed to be an ardent baseball fan.

"Well, I gotta go to dinner," said Bobby as he hurried off.

Dinner over, Bobby decided to walk down to the baseball park, which was only two blocks from Aunt Mary's. As the local club was playing its last game of the season on the home diamond, there ought to be a good game on. True, Bobby didn't have a ticket to the game, nor the price of admission, but what did that matter? He knew of a hole in the fence that was far better than even a seat in the press box.

The game had already started when Bobby reached his hole in the fence. As he made himself comfortable on an empty barrel, he heard the cheering in the grandstands assume roof-raising proportions. Peeping through the hole, he saw that the local "Babe Ruth" was at bat. He watched the pitcher wind up—deliver the ball—saw the hometown hero swing at it—heard the crack of ball on wood. "A home run! Hurray! No, doggone it, just a foul behind the bleachers." The pitcher was winding up again; Bobby heard once more the smack of ball against bat. This time the ball hurtled outfieldward, rising as it came. It was going to be a home run, and the ball was coming straight toward Bobby. Now it had passed over the fence, just above him, landing in an open field. Bobby ran to get it, but was outdistanced by a little negro boy. Seeing this, Bobby started to return to his post, but an idea that suddenly entered his mind deterred him. Approaching the little negro, he inquired:

"How much will you take for that ball, boy?"

"Ah don' know. What'll you gimme?" was the indefinite reply.

"I'll give you a nickel for it," said Bobby in his most coaxing manner.

The little negro looked dubious at first, but, doubtless considering a nickel in the pocket of more value than a ball in the hand, he consented to trade.

"Have you got a bat to sell?" Bobby next asked him.

"Sho is," responded the little negro. "Bats is the onliest thing Ah ain't got nothing else but."

"Well, run and get me one, and I'll buy it from you," directed Bobby, who had decided to invest the dime his mother had given for car fare in a scheme which he believed

would enable him to obtain enough money to go to the circus.

The little negro disappeared up an alley near the ball park, returning in a few minutes with a beautiful willow bat, worth two dollars at the very least. Bobby took the bat, looked it over carefully, and announced gravely:

"I'll give you a nickel for it."

"No, sah, I wants a quartah fo' dat bat."

The fact that the bat had the initials of the local club stenciled on one end caused Bobby to suspect something, and he decided to find out if it were true. If it happened to be so, he believed he could make the little negro come to terms.

"How many bats like this have you got?" he asked innocently.

"About a dozen," replied the negro.

"Where did you get them?" continued Bobby.

"Clumb over the fence one night and swiped 'em."

Bobby eyed the little negro sternly.

"Boy, do you know that you could be put in jail for that."

The little negro was terror-stricken.

"You all ain't gwine tell on me, is you?"

"Yes, I am if you don't let me have that bat for a nickel," was Bobby's ultimatum.

The little negro's pleading now became pathetic.

"White boy, please don't tell them cops, and you have that ole bat for nothing or even less than that."

He handed Bobby the bat, and Bobby gave him a nickel, promising not to tell the police. Bobby took the ball and bat to Aunt Mary's immediately, and lost no time in finding Gerry, to whom he showed the result of his afternoon's trading.

"How much will you gimme for 'em, Gerry?" he inquired.

"What'll you take?" countered Gerry.

Bobby did a bit of mental arithmetic before he replied.

"Let you have both of 'em for seventy-five cents. They're worth lots more, but I'm gonna let you have 'em cheap. Gosh, you'd have to pay a dollar and a quarter for the ball by itself, if you bought it in a store. And the bat'd cost more than that, too."

Gerry shook his head decisively.

"Nope, I'll give you half a dollar for both of 'em."

Bobby wanted to make enough out of his investment to buy a ticket to the circus and to pay his car fare home. If he let them go at Gerry's price, that would be impossible.

"Make it sixty cents," he urged.

"Nope. Fifty," said Gerry with a tone of finality.

Bobby put in a few moments of hard thinking, the result of which was that he conceived of another plan to get the dime needed for car fare.

"Aw right. You can have 'em for fifty cents," he said. "But wait out here a minute. I've got something else to show you."

He rushed into the house, and when he reappeared he held in his hand a glass of water, in which was a small gold fish. Aunt Mary had lots of them in the parlor, so Bobby was sure she wouldn't miss this one.

"Listen, Gerry," he began. "You told

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OLD-FASHIONED FLOWERS

By Bertrand P. Ramsay

It used to be that verbena grew here,
Sweet-Williams, and lavender,
And purple lilacs too,
And violets big and blue.
But what these flowers are
That grow here now,
And whose button-holes they're for,
I do not care nor know;
For, somehow,
I've grown an old-fashioned man,
And I love old-fashioned things
In the old-fashioned way.
And as I walk these walks,
Day by day,
I wish I'd meet someone that talks
In the old-fashioned way.
We'd walk these walks—
So hard, and stiff, and straight—
Till we came
To an old-fashioned gate
That opened on a lane
That led down and down
Over the soft warm ground
Till it came to waters still and deep—
And verbena would be growing there,
Sweet-Williams, and lavender,
And purple lilacs too,
And violets big and blue—
For, somehow,
I'm an old-fashioned man,
And I love old-fashioned things
In the old-fashioned way.

MARATHON

By J. N. Holcombe

AFTER PHEIDIPPIDES, the famous runner, had raced twenty-two miles from the battlefield of Marathon to Athens, carrying news of the Athenian victory, legend has it that he uttered three words—"Ours the victory!"—and fell dead from exhaustion.

As if by magic, the terrible sensation of anxiety and dread that had long gripped every Athenian heart vanished; and, in its stead reigned joy and relief—blessed relief—that the Persian hordes had been turned back. It was almost unbelievable! Could it be true that Miltiades, with his relatively small Greek army, had actually triumphed over the mighty Darius and his invincible host? Was it possible that the Athenians—their own mortal townsmen—had turned back the thrusts of the "Organizer," at the very mention of whose name the cities of the Greek peninsula were wont to quake with an unspeakable dread? When we reflect upon the circumstances surrounding those ancient victories, there is little wonder that those back home would become maniacial with joy—that old men, ordinarily dignified and demure, would revert to boyish pranks and puerile glee; and we can understand also how bereaved mothers, whose warrior sons had made their last charge on those historic battlefields, could appear publicly with proud smiles and radiant faces.

Quickly the news of Marathon was transmitted to those other cities—to Sparta, and Corinth, and Thebes—which hitherto had been resigned, in a spirit of numb despair, to inevitable Persian conquest. Then suddenly and decisively at Marathon the Athenians sounded the tocsin call of Hellas. By reason of her victory that day, Athens made the world her debtor by breaking the spell of that apathy which had characterized the other Greek cities. Around the armies of Persia there had sprung up a half-mythical legend of invincibility; and all the cities of Greece except Athens deemed resistance only needless bloodshed. The Persians—the mighty world conquerers—surely could not be stopped in their mad career of conquest by the puny resistance of a few Greek warriors.

But at Marathon the impossible had happened. The unconquerable had met defeat. The invincible had been beaten. Athens, the champion of Greek civilization, had triumphed!

It is true that Xerxes was yet to lead his gigantic army across the Hellespont; Thessaly was yet to pass into Persian hands, uncontested; Thermopylae was yet to take its place among the famous battles of the world; Salamis and Platea and Mycale had not yet finally and forever ended the Persian dreams of conquest. Yet, in its historical significance, it would be incorrect to say that Marathon is eclipsed or even equalled by any of those other contests.

At Marathon the Athenians had proved to all the cities of Greece the fallacy of their assumption that resistance to Persia was use-

less. On that battlefield the faith of the Greeks in their own powers and united strength was born. Never again, after that day, would the armies of Persia tread the soil of Greece uncontested at every step. The courage of the Athenians had saved the day, and had called the Greek cities to a higher conception of Pan-Hellenic unity by inspiring them with a new faith in their own united efforts to repel the Persian invasion.

Of all Greek contributions to posterity, only those are considerable which Athens bequeathed. Athens alone, though, could never have survived the Persian assaults; and, but for Marathon, she would have been compelled to resist the invaders without the assitance of her Greek allies. From a military viewpoint Marathon was relatively unimportant; but herein lies its historical significance: it enlisted on the side of Athens the aid of the other Greek cities, without which aid the cities would each have passed to its separate doom, and all things Greek would have been lost to future generations.

It is fearful to contemplate the possibilities that were so narrowly averted in that fateful year, 490 B. C. Persian victory at Marathon would certainly have meant the ultimate conquest of all Greece. When we recall that the age of Greek greatness followed the repulse of Persia, we can appreciate the worth of all that Marathon assured to the future of the world.

It is hardly conceivable that Persian influence would have entirely sterilized the seeds of Greek civilization that were soon to blossom into such a magnificent harvest. The yoke of Persian dominion could hardly have been sufficient to stifle completely the versatile Athenian imagination and endeavor. Nor yet is it any easier to imagine that Greek civilization could have developed fully under the influence of Persian control. We simply cannot conceive of the Athens of Pericles thriving in its eternal greatness under the baleful spell of foreign domination.

It was really Marathon which decided the issue between the Greeks and Persians. On that day it was ordained that the versatile, imaginative, cultural Athens would live on unmolested and uncontrolled by the material, inert, sluggish, but powerfully persistent civilization of the East.

But for Marathon there would have been no Greek civilization to influence the current of subsequent history. No Athenian art and sculpture and architecture and philosophy and literature would have been the bequests of that Greek city to posterity. No history of Herodotus; no poetry of Homer; no oratory of Demosthenes would have been the priceless heritage of later generations. No Venus de Milo would still challenge our imagination; no majestic ruins would still bear testimony to the "glory that was Greece;" no tradition of Athenian excellence in art and literature would still inspire noble aspiration within us. That these are ours, Miltiades and his relatively small army are due our thanks. None of these would have been preserved for us but for Athenian victory at Marathon.

"Ours the victory!" shouted Miltiades in reporting the result of Marathon to the Athenians. Still those words echo and re-echo down the centuries, as the drama of human

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A MOUNTAIN SUNSET

By H. M. Gilbert

HAVING WALKED steadily uphill for a considerable distance and therefore being almost out of breath, I decided to stop for a brief rest. "What matter if night be coming on?" thought I, "Camp is not far away." Soon, in a small open space, I saw a convenient rock, upon which I was soon reclining. The very coolness of the stone and the gentle breath of a mid-summer breeze sorely tempted me to refreshing sleep, but the slight chill of the approaching mountain night deterred me from this.

As I looked about me and then out across the nearby city onto the towering peaks, bathed in the effulgence of the sinking sun, the full beauty of the scene flashed into my consciousness at a single blow as it were. "Nowhere," thought I, "can be a more beautiful spectacle; no, not in all the realm of nature."

Slowly the sombre shades of night drew around, and purple shadows stole silently up the slopes toward the ever-lessening golden-colored summits. The topmost spires of the city, being suddenly illumined by a chance brilliant ray deflected by an obtrusive point, suddenly appeared as bejeweled islets shining forth amid a sea of semi-gloom. But before long these last heralds of a dying day disappeared almost as quickly as they came, and in departing hastened the oncoming night.

The fleecy, white clouds of midday, floating along in majestic splendor as ships of state, now assumed a golden, now a purple hue, and ere long, intermingling with the smoke clouds of the city's factories, were scarcely discernible from these. Then slowly the mountains in the distance piled one upon the other, higher and higher, in irregular rank, melted into one seemingly solid mass of gloom, pierced only here and there by the lighted lamp of some mountain cottage perched far up among piney crags. As I glanced upward the evening lights of the heavens too began to appear—an irresolute twinkle at first, as it were, then a bursting forth into the scintillating brilliance of many priceless gems until the entire canopy of the sky was besprinkled with azure points of light; and, night had come.

Then, and only then, did the realization dawn upon me that I had remained thus in silent admiration and wonderment for half an hour. Hastily regaining the trail, I set out, and in a few minutes beheld the flickering light of our campfire.

UNCLE JACK'S FORTUNE

By W. K. Wynn

IT WAS NOW Professor Hummel's time to tell a ghost story. The one that George had just completed was very mysterious, to say the least, and it was told in a very good style. But Professor Hummel had rightfully gained for himself a reputation of being the most entertaining relater of ghost stories in our town, therefore, we quickly settled down to this rare treat.

The campfire had stopped blazing and had waned to such an extent that nothing except the general shape of our forms could be seen as we lay in a small circle around the embers. The tent, which was pitched several yards from the fire, could no longer be seen. It was getting late and we all agreed that it would be useless to replenish the fire, since this was the last "speaker of the evening." Then, too, Professor Hummel said that a low fire would aid him more in telling his story than would a bright one. Except for the occasional hoot of an owl, which reverberated over the quiet river swamp, there was no interruption in Professor Hummel's story. He sat upright, took a live coal from the fire, with which he lit his pipe, and began his story in a low, mysterious voice:

"In the town of my birth, as in yours and all towns, there are two distinct communities: the community of the living and the community of the dead. The shadiest, the quietest and hence the most desirable site is usually given to the dead. It was my lot from early childhood to be the caretaker of one of those small, square sections, which to me contained the most sacred of all dust—the dust of my father. Youth is synonymous with all that is gay, vivacious, and happy, therefore, it is perfectly natural for youth to bear a distinctive dislike to sorrow, stolidity and dolefulness. I never went to Sunset Hill cemetery with as quick a step as invariably accompanied me to the woods or to the river. I could never go to the cemetery without having vividly recalled to my memory the walks, the camps, and the outings which I had once taken with the one who had been transported from our community to the shady one on the hill.

"There was one thing that had always been a mystery to the community of the living which was only known to the community of the dead: how was Uncle Jack, who worked in the cemetery, financially able to furnish his house so elegantly and also to own a small farm near the cemetery? Uncle Jack was employed by the city to keep all the drives, walks and other public property of the cemetery free from weeds, paper and foreign matter. This had been his job since time immemorial, as far as I was concerned. He was an old negro with apparently no more intellect than the average of his race, yet he obviously had more money than any negro of the city. Why? That was the question on every lip. Surmise after surmise had been made as to the source of Uncle Jack's fortune, yet no one was brought any nearer to the truth. Uncle Jack's answer to the question, 'why?'

was: 'I jess saved it.' This explanation satisfied all except a few of the more inquisitive. It did seem contrary to all reasoning that a negro of Uncle Jack's mentality could save a considerable sum out of a job which only paid him thirty dollars a month. But, as I have stated, all except a very few remained entirely credulous to his explanation. Those few believed that Uncle Jack had robbed a grave of some wealthy person who had embellished his clay with the pins and rings which were a part of his attire through life; and in so doing had tested the validity of the familiar aphorism that 'your money can't be taken with you.' The fact that no grave had ever been reported disturbed seemed not to be taken into consideration by the few who remained incredulous. When I became old enough to give consideration to Uncle Jack's fortune I did not find it difficult to remain his admirer. I knew that superstition was an innate trait of every negro and that it was an exceptionally strong one with Uncle Jack. It seemed highly improbable that Uncle Jack should remain in the cemetery after dark excavating the abodes of the dead for any amount of money. Spectural superstition is doubtless the most potent form—if it is possible to gradate its power —with the average negro. It seemed very probable that, living as negroes do, Uncle Jack could have saved enough out of his salary to appear rich for a short while. I felt certain that Uncle Jack was showing to the world every cent that he had, and if he should suddenly lose his farm and his elegant furniture it would be impossible for him to replace them. This was my explanation of Uncle Jack's fortune, and I did not fail to express it emphatically when I was asked.

"Uncle Jack and I had been friends for many years. He never failed to hold a conversation with me when I was at the cemetery working on our section. Several years before Uncle Jack died we became especially good friends. I went to the cemetery with less reluctance, for I had found it very interesting to listen to his negro philosophy while I worked. I remember that he would buy rats from me or from any one who would bring them to him. That bothered me for a while; why should he want all those rats? I concluded that it was merely an idiosyncrasy of his. He corroborated this conclusion by stating, when asked what he used the rats for, that he 'jess liked to have 'em around for pets.' It was obvious that he cared more for grey rats than he did for the white ones, which other people kept for pets. Was it any greater weakness to have one than the other? There were a great number of rats in the cemetery. Uncle Jack would set his traps in the obscure places and was well repaid for his efforts. Uncle Jack and I became such warm friends that I would often catch rats for him without charging him for them. He, to show his appreciation, would very often clean our section for me.

"It has now been five years since Uncle Jack died, yet, as far as I know, the way in which he secured his fortune has remained a mystery to all except to me. I learned his means of acquiring this wealth several years before his death, but my friendship for him would not let give my knowledge to the public, who were ever ready to condemn him as a

thief. I am uncertain to this very day whether a single hand could lawfully have been raised against him for the method which he used to procure his so-called 'fortune.' I did not wish, however, to give any one a chance to attempt such a thing, therefore, I remained silent on the subject. He has gone now; but I cannot make myself feel that he will lose a modicum of joy from his heavenly fortune on account of the means which he used to secure his earthly one.

"It was in the late fall and towards the close of the day; I had completed my task at the cemetery and had bade Uncle Jack good-bye. I walked slowly homeward, with the hedge clippers on my shoulder and the lawn mower trailing behind me. The sun had just set, and it seemed that he was making his floral offering to the dying day in the form of beautifully colored rays, which radiated from the west to the zenith of the heavens. My mind at once reverted to old Uncle Jack, whose strength was plainly growing weaker and weaker, he seemed to be wasting away as fast as the day itself. I had almost reached home when I thought of my pocketknife, which I had left on the curb where I had been cutting a piece of wood. I took the tools which I had with me home, and then went back to the cemetery for my knife. The bright colors had almost faded and darkness was lurking in every bush, tree and corner. I reached the cemetery and went immediately in the direction of our section. Just before I reached it I saw Uncle Jack kneeling, with his face close to the ground, directly in front of a large monument, which was situated on a section adjoining ours. My first impulse was to call to him, but his position and the time of the day made me reconsider and remain quiet. I reached our section without once taking my eyes off Uncle Jack, who had not moved a muscle during the time that I had been watching him. I thought once that he had died in that position, but upon drawing nearer I saw that his eyes were open and fixed on the ground immediately in front of him. Uncle Jack's expression and all that surrounded him, even to the minutest detail, savored of mysticism. I stopped; the old negro had not heard me approach. I felt that if I managed my actions right I should soon learn of all the mystery which surrounded his fortune. This I did by concealing myself behind some shrubbery which grew on our section. I was then so close to Uncle Jack that I could see the deep wrinkles in his face. I at once experienced that old familiar feeling which invariably accompanies sorrow, joy or excitement. My being was filled with all three: sorrow, for fear I should learn that Uncle Jack was a traitor to all the noble qualities which I believed him to possess; joy, because this doubtless had a direct bearing on the method which he had used to secure his fortune; excitement, because no environments were lacking which were conducive to the highest form of nerve-strain. As I stopped behind the shubbery the leaves themselves seemed to quiver with excitement. I heaved a silent prayer that I should not be disappointed in Uncle Jack's character; I had always believed that he was an honest, upright negro and I did not wish to know otherwise. I then turned my eyes away from the old ne-

gro and looked on the ground in front of him, where he had so definitely fixed his attention. Presently I saw appear at the corner of the large tombstone a small, dark object. I bent closer. Uncle Jack remained as still as the grave itself. At this time another small, dark object ran across the section with an incredible speed; I now recognized these as rats. I felt the welling in my throat subside, for I was certain that Uncle Jack was merely catching rats. I was in the act of laughing aloud when he made a slow, mechanical movement to his rear. I decided to repress my laugh a while longer so that I might see the method which he used to catch the rats. Now the old negro turned back to his original position with a small box in his hands. He slowly placed this box at the corner of the tombstone and lifted the cover; at the same time two rats jumped from the box. Now I was puzzled worse than at first. Why should he be giving the rats freedom? His last act, of course, disproved my previous supposition. My nerves grew tense again. After Uncle Jack had replaced the box behind him, he took a long stick and moved a little farther back from the corner of the tombstone. The rats which he had just released very quickly disappeared. I looked closely at the corner where he had placed them, and clearly saw a hole there which went diagonally into the ground at the corner of the stone. Uncle Jack remained motionless in a stooped position, with one end of the stick in his hand, while the other end rested on the tombstone. It seemed to me that he retained this position for hours, but I knew that the stillness of the night air and the nervous strain which I was in exaggerated time. Finally a rat appeared at the mouth of the hole, Uncle Jack grasped the stick more firmly as he raised it above his head. The rat lingered long enough at the mouth of the hole to allow me to see that there was something in its mouth. The negro bent closer in order to give the rat an inspection, and the rat slowly ran away without being disturbed by the raised stick. At irregular intervals there appeared several rats in the same manner as the first; each was inspected as carefully as was the first, and each was allowed to go undisturbed. Presently a rat dashed out of the hole and ran across the section without a moment's hesitation. With incredible dexterity Uncle Jack struck the rat across the back with the stick which he held in readiness. He then stepped nervously to where the rat lay and examined the object in its mouth. Then he slowly shook his head, took the dead rat by its tail and went back to the grave, placed himself in his original position with the box near to the hole, and lifted the cover of the box again, letting out several more rats. These rats ran about in a confused manner, then they also entered the hole as if it was the only place of refuge in that vicinity. Uncle Jack put the dead rat in the empty box and placed the box behind him, then he again took up his attentive position. I watched this unexplainable action of Uncle Jack for what seemed to be another hour, but what was more likely ten minutes. At the end of this time there appeared a rat with a somewhat white, long, narrow object between its teeth. The rat paused at the mouth of the hole as if deciding

the direction in which it would go. I bent closer at the same time that Uncle Jack did. I saw it all! I understood it all! It was as much as I could do to refrain myself from shrieking with horror. There, gripped in the teeth of that wary vermin, was a human finger in the state of decomposition. Uncle Jack struck the rat a death blow. He then eagerly ran forward, took the horrible thing from the rat's mouth, and to my speechless horror, I saw him slip a gold ring from off the finger. I was paralyzed with fright; I remained as motionless, and doubtless as cold, as the tombstone itself. I later saw the other rats come up from their gruesome feast, each bringing a bit of the gruesomeness with it. After Uncle Jack had examined each rat's morsel and found the morsel unembellished with any form of wealth, he let them go undisturbed. If Uncle Jack messengers did not choose to bring a ringed finger or other bit of jewelry from the death chamber they were allowed to go off to themselves that they might enjoy the more their terrifying feast. Apparently Uncle Jack's work for the night was over. He stood erect for the first time and surveyed the cemetery. He then took the box containing the dead rat and slowly hobbled homeward."

. . . . . .

"Let's turn in, boys; it's time for all good campers to retire." This change in Professor Hummel's voice suddenly made us realize that we were camping and not straining our eyes to see cemetery rats. With a few words, but much thought, we left the dying embers and rolled ourselves in our blankets for the remainder of the night.

AN ANSWER TO "IN FLANDERS FIELDS"

By J. E. White

In Flanders fields the poppies bloom,
And each guards a soldier's tomb,
Who dreaded more the tyrant's power
Than gloomy Death, the silent mower,
And died.

He died for you and died for me,
That we might evermore be free.
A noble sacrifice he made,
And the awful price he paid,
For liberty.

Sleep on, brave comrade, sleep in peace,
While round you turmoils never cease.
The race you've run, the fight you've fought,
And peace eternal you have bought,
With blood.

Had I a tongue of molten fire,
Or a pen that could inspire
The human race to noble deeds,
Then would I rear the priceless seeds,
You sowed.

TAPS

By E. B. Stevenson

THE BACKGROUND for this sketch is one of those small towns that dot the coastal plain with its fringe of trees and clumps of dwellings through which runs a dusty main street. To those who care to know the exact location of this young city let them consult the map of memory, for they have certainly known such a place in the days that used to be. It is a land in which a brave people meet the battles of life on a common ground of equality. If we would learn more about their lives let us be sincere and sympathetic, for sincerity is the key that unlocks their hearts, and sympathy the balm that insures a trustful confidence. All these and more are necessary if we wish to win the esteem of our chief character, for he is the personification of reserve and modesty. But ah, how sweet is such a confidence when once it is won!

The dim, worn lettering on the railroad sign which was suspended from the eaves of the station announced this place to be Piney Grove. Oh, well, there is nothing in a name after all, so let us hurry on. Around the little red station was a motley, jabbering, perspiring crowd of negroes, with a light fringe of whites forming an outer rim to the irregular half circle. All were eagerly awaiting the greatest event in their daily lives—the arrival of the branch line train. It was among such surroundings that I first encountered the character who is to figure chiefly in these lines. There he stood—a thin, khaki-clad figure, towering above the gaudy crowd. His carriage was erect, his face startlingly pale against the background of dark hair, his eyes, now dreamy blue, were idly traversing the two steel rails that ran hastily to meet the distant horizon. He was certainly a singular character in such a crowd, I mused—edging my way slowly toward him. His gaze never left the two steel rails until a dark object pierced the blue into which they disappeared. Then, "He will soon be with me again," he muttered through compressed lips.

"Beg pardon, what did you say?" I queried, eager to begin a conversation.

"Oh—er-nothing," he explained rather apologetically, then he turned to study again the approaching train.

"The train is late, isn't it?" No answer. Then I grew desperate. He must talk. The fellow annoyed me, staring at nothing except an approaching train. "You must be expecting an old friend," I hazarded. At the word "friend" he flinched. His face grew white, his mouth sterner, his lips tense under the current of repressed pain.

"Yes," he breathed after a brief struggle to control himself. "A friend that was dearer than life to me. Now he is—," he stopped, perhaps remembering that I was a stranger, then drew up like a turtle in his shell.

Just then the train arrived with screaming air-brakes and pounding of wheels. The crowd surged forward, leaving the two of us alone. All about us was a scene of confusion, the station agent bustled about importantly, the blue-coated conductor impatiently

consulted a fat silver watch, a tardy tourist ran breathlessly up the train steps with yellow hand-bags dangling behind him, and here a newsboy hurriedly gathered his papers under a ragged sleeve. Yonder a row of silent men drew a flag-draped casket from the baggage car and tenderly lowered it into the waiting hearse. All was still. Only the muffled pant, pant of the locomotive broke the sudden silence in which the crowd was hushed. A sigh, a moistening of loving eyes, and a stifled sob were the only evidences of life among the spectators.

It was soon all over. The train chugged away, the hearse moved silently up the street, the crowd dispersed, the station agent banged the office door behind him—after giving my companion and me a suspicious look. A white handkerchief suddenly appeared in a trembling hand, fluttered a moment in the air, then disappeared. "I won't go," a trembling voice whispered, oblivious of my presence. "I couldn't bear to hear the clods hit that coffin. That w— oh! God!" His hand clutched convulsively at his side, and he fell in a crumpled heap at my feet. "Poor fellow; the strain had been too much for him. I must get some help immediately," I thought.

I rushed into the ticket office, grabbed a cup of water, and hurried back to the prostrate figure, followed by the grumbling ticket agent. I began to work desperately over my patient, explaining the episode, betwen breaths, to the bewildered agent. Five minutes later the sufferer rose unsteadily and looked dazedly about him, protesting that he was all right again. He still protested when we lifted him into the agent's car. There he lay on the temporary couch that I had constructed—fully exhausted by his exertions.

As we bumped along over the rough streets the agent explained that "the fellar" was John Ferguson, a war veteran, who had been gassed while on the western front. After three months in a hospital in France he was sent home—a physical wreck. His mother, who lived in a little white house just beyond the city limits, had nursed him so patiently that he was soon able to walk to town each day. He had made such a trip today, and upon hearing of the return of his comrade's body from oversea he had made his way to the station.

We were now approaching the house, a snug little building resting in a grove of young oak trees. From a small flower garden on the south side of the house, Ferguson's mother, a little woman with gray hair and dim eyes, came hurriedly to meet us. She saw at a glance the meaning of our visit, and followed us silently into the room of her son, where she supervised the deposit of our burden on a large, white bed. In a moment she was at his side, rubbing his thin hands with her own wrinkled ones, while a few tears coursed over the wrinkles in her tired face. Just then the doctor, a quiet, reserved person, came hurriedly in and asked us to leave. The half hour which the physician spent in the room I spent in narrating my adventure of the morning to Ferguson's mother.

"He is resting peacefully now, but must not be disturbed," was the peremptory com-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 51)

Wofford College Journal
Established 1889

STAFF
Editor-in-Chief—W. K. Wynn
Business Manager—K. H. Smith
Advertising Manager—T. A. Myers
Literary Editor—D. L. West
Literary Editor—O. W. Lever
Literary Editor—F. P. Sims

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EDITORIALS

It has been said that if a person comes into an office with a feeling that he is fully competent to carry out the duties of that office, then the feeling itself becomes conclusive proof of his incompetency. As we, the members of the new "Journal" staff, take our assigned places, this thought becomes an invaluable source of inspiration to us. As a matter of fact, if this statement could be taken literally, and the degree of our competence be inversely proportional to our incompetent feeling, then "The Journal" would very soon replace "The Atlantic Monthly."

The progress of "The Journal" has been very noticeable; especially has this been true during the two preceding years. We are confident, however, that the apogee of its progress lies far in the future. We wish also to place our rung in this ladder with a thoroughness that will ensure safety, rapidity, and permanency for the feet of Progress. Although this is our first journalistic attempt, we have found a suitable simile for our position. "The Journal" staff is like the spur on the horseman's heel, and the student body is like the horse. What good are the spurs without the horse?—they are worthless. What good is the horse without the spurs? He doubtless remains a good horse; he eats, drinks and is healthy, but so long as he does only those things which he wishes to do and which require no particular effort to do, what has become of his progress? He is a good horse in the sense that he has four good legs, two good eyes, two good ears and all the other sense organs, but in no other meaning of the word is he a good horse. Before the spurs were applied the horse had all the potential qualities necessary to develop into a good race horse, yet these good qualities were never called into action. After the spurs were applied they made him exercise his good qualities, and irritated him into the realization that he could run. We ask, in all kindness, that we be not compelled to irritate the students with our incessant questions: "Are you going to write something this month?" or, "Where is your manuscript?" Do you think that the spurs get any particular enjoyment out of pricking the horse? Join "The Journal" staff and see what a prosaic task this constant spurring is.

The progress which we desire to make this year is by no means entirely up to the staff. You as students are the only source by which "The Journal" is fed. Let not the scarcity of the number of manuscripts submitted make it essential for the editor to accept them all in order to publish "The Journal." Give him a chance to refuse all except the very best, thereby setting a standard for our publication of which we shall be proud. The num-

ber of manuscripts refused determines the intrinsic value of a publication as much as the number accepted.

If each student would abide by the following "don'ts," we, as members of "The Journal" staff, promise you that we will publish the best college magazine in the entire country:

Don't fail to submit a manuscript for "The Journal" each month.

Don't procrastinate. Write in time to give your work the necessary revision.

Don't stop writing because your manuscript was not published. **Never** give up.

Inducements

"The Journal" is offering three prizes this year to encourage every one to write for our college publication. The first prize is forty dollars, the second prize is twenty dollars, and the third prize is ten dollars. This contest is open to all students of Wofford College who succeed in having published at least six of their manuscripts in "The Journal" during this college year. These manuscripts will be graded on the percentage basis. Those getting the three highest grades will receive the prizes offered. It takes six manuscripts to qualify you, then the more you have published in excess of this number determines to a large degree whether the first prize is yours or not. **Write! Write! Write!** But if you would win you must use the English language as if it is your servant and not your master.

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WHEN "BILLY CUSSED"

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18)

This was the last straw that broke the camel's back. Miss Sally had not expected to have her sensibility shocked in this manner by this little rapscallion, who was walking along so innocently by her side.

"You should have a switching, George, for telling stories like that, and for using such vulgar language," she admonished. "You should remember that it is a sin to lie, and you should be like Washington, the father of our country, who never told a lie."

"Wuz he the pa of this country?" A ray of intelligence lighting up his moon face.

"Not pa. But he is known as the father of our country," Miss Sally explained, visibly sensing danger.

"Well, we call'um the same thing now. I call 'um pa— But I don't believe it. 'Cause how could he a been the pa of all these trees and things anyow? An' 'en you tole us 'at God was the father of everything. An' how could God an' George Washington a been the pa uv the same things?"

Whether or not the dumbfounded Miss Sally, with all her chaste, Christian ideas shocked into a state of pandemonium, would have made answer to this last we have no way of telling. We know that she was saved the trouble by the appearance of George's mother at the door of his home. This gaunt, leathery, dark-haired individual began with characteristic and condescending politeness.

"Won't you come in and sit awhile, Miss Sally?"

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"No, thank you, ma'm; I must hurry on," answered Miss Sally hurriedly.

"Were you a nice boy, Georgie?" asked his mother.

"Yes'm," responded George, with a glance towards the averted face of Miss Sally.

"I'm much obliged to you for taking George to Sunday School. And I'll try to have him ready next Sunday when you come by," said George's mother to Miss Sally, who was evidently in a hurry to go.

"Well, now really, Mrs. Stone," hesitated Miss Sally, "I'm afraid I shall not be able to come for him any more since I half-way promised Mrs. Wagner I would go by for her little girl next Sunday," she finished, while a blush suffused her face.

But we must pardon her, for didn't I say when nature's anomaly appears things are likely to go awry sometimes. So let's forget it and turn again to the same scene where the story began. There we see the "character" of this story, who has conquered the "incomparable," grasping the "goat" by his horns and sermonizing in this manner:

"You ol' hocus-pocus-buzz-around, I'm got a good min' to hitch you up, but I ain't. 'Cause you helped me out, I believe. I'm glad you did go buttin' into that ol' beehive an' cussed. 'Cause what do I care 'bout who is the daddy of this ol' country, anyhow? Ner how many fellers that 'er Samson killed with the jack-asses' bone—? But, I don't believe it nohow."

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MARATHON

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34)

history is enacted by successive generations. "Ours" at first signified only the Athenians—those who had the courage to fight on without the assistance of the other Greeks that should have been arrayed with them. Then later it came to include all Greece, and later still, the word assumed a broader significance as Greek civilization influenced more and more of the world. Then through Rome and the Byzantine Empire, through Europe and America, Greece left her impress upon more and more of the earth's millions, until today it were as though the famous messenger shouted to the entire human race, "Ours the victory!"

There is hardly a mortal alive today but who can consider Marathon a mighty epoch in the history of the world, and breathe a prayer of gratitude that Athens and not Persia triumphed that day.

BOBBY'S INVESTMENT

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31)

me this morning that you wished you had a gold fish for your play house. I'll sell you this one for a dime."

Gerry inspected the fish carefully to see that nothing was wrong with it.

"Gimme," he said finally, handing Bobby a ten-cent piece.

Mr. and Mrs. Creighton were both seated in the living room when Bobby arrived. The scene was the usual evening one in the Creighton home, Mrs. Creighton sewing on a school suit for Bobby; Mr. Creighton hid-

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den behind his newspaper and enveloped in a blue haze of tobacco smoke.

Bobby rushed into the room where his mother sat, this time having taken care to remove his cap.

"Oh, Mamma," he cried. "I earned fifty cents at Aunt Mary's today."

"That's fine, Bobby. How did you do it?" said his mother.

Bobby, given this encouragement, related in detail the nature of his trading that day, omitting, as a matter of diplomacy, the gold fish deal. When he had finished, he looked up at his mother and asked in beseeching tones:

"Mamma, kin I go to the circus now?"

Mr. Creighton, who had evidently been listening to Bobby's rehearsal, chuckled loudly, and emerged from behind his newspaper. Mrs. Creighton looked at him and smiled. Before she could speak, he called Bobby to his side, "Of course you may go to the circus, son," he said. "But I want to tell you something. You didn't earn fifty cents this afternoon; you invested a dime. And here's a dollar to buy peanuts with."

TAPS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 42)

mand of the quiet little doctor, as he placed a worn medicine case in his car. A few minutes later I turned my own steps toward town, a bit awed by the happenings of the last few hours.

In the days that followed I spent many hours at the little white cottage. John at first regarded me hostilely from his throne of

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pillows, but soon became accustomed to my presence. I learned that he was a lover of books, magazines and papers, and I spent many hours reading from O. Henry, or discussing some national or international problem with him. He would almost work himself into a frenzy sometimes over a trivial debate. His temper was ever ready to make an assault or parry a hidden banter. I restrained him with some difficulty at such times, remembering that he was still a very weak man. Then again, when he thought himself unobserved, his eyes would giltter like hard steel. There was certainly a secret hidden in the deep fountains of his soul—a secret that caused his soul to boil with rage and fury. When he was in these moods I almost imagined that I could feel the hot breath of flames from the conflagration that was consuming him. His life was certainly mocked by a bitter irony.

One evening after an extremely hot day I hurried into the sitting room, where he generally enjoyed the cool sweetness of that part of the day with the latest issue of his favorite magazine. But he wasn't there! Rushing upstairs, I met an anxious mother emerging from Ferguson's room. "The doctor had found his fever higher and had immediately put him to bed," was the only explanation. Then he had been stricken again! The end would soon come. I was about to leave when he feebly called my name. He was paler and thinner than ever. His plea that everything was all right and that he would be up again tomorrow was certainly pathetic.

Tomorrow passed, a week passed, a month passed, but he was still unable to leave his

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bed. Steadily losing weight, he was soon only a bundle of skin and bones. The diabolic gas had paralyzed the cells in his body until they were unable to perform their normal functions. It was indeed a pitiful sight to see a man thus cut down in the very flower of manhood. How distinctly I remember those last days of his life. Attacks of delirium shook the frail body with agony. Night after night I sat by the bedside, listening to the short gasps of the sufferer.

Then came his last night— His mother had retired early and left me to my long vigil. There I sat by the fireside, watching the red flames dance up a sooty chimney, listening to the tick, tick of the large mantel clock, and the howl of the wind through the trees outside. A large rat chased through the loft, a dog howled plaintively in the distance, a cock crowed, another, and another, until the sound fainted in the darkness, and a low groan from the sick one were the only sounds that broke the sepulchral silence of the night. I was preparing a dose of medicine for my patient when I suddenly noticed that his lips were moving. I knelt silently beside him and heard these intermittent words:

"I—I—got 'em, I got 'em; you speckled beauty." He must evidently be living over again some boyhood fishing scene. Now he was at school, now watching a sunset with his mother in those bright days of his childhood. Again he was in France, talking with French officers and with a companion in the front line. Now he was at home again—watching the body of his comrade being lowered from the train. "Oh, God! had—I—only—died—with—him—instead—of—this.

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A— war— to— end— war—bah! Men— still —fight. It —was —all —in —vain." Now the words were getting low. He was going. I bent nearer—"Wilson—heeded—by—mother." The lips ceased to move. A few minutes later a feeble hand struck aside its imaginary foe, an emaciated body rose to grapple with still another adversary, dry lips cried hoarsely, "I got you—you d—n H-u-n." He fell back among the pillows and all was silent. Another soldier had gone "over the top."

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THE WOFFORD COLLEGE JOURNAL

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November 1929

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When you say that you can't write

it means that you haven't tried.

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NEITHER AT JERUSALEM NOR ON MT. GHERIZIM

By Bertrand P. Ramsay

1. They worship Thee in the darkness of the closet;
My heart sings to Thee in the sunlight of the hills.

2. They bow to Thee in the secret places of the temple;
But my heart is glad before Thee in the many-costumed throngs of the streets.

3. Long and slowly they chant Thy praises—
In trailing garments of fine white linen, they sing Thy hymns;
But I shout Thy love in the fit garments of my daily work.

4. They build unto Thee great houses of stone;
But in the fields of new-turned furrows is my tabernacle,
And my most holy sanctuary is there.

5. From the long, straight pews
They see the gleaming of the tapers—
They smell the burning of the incense;

On the sides of the rolling hills
I see the strong shining of the sun,
I smell the sweet incense of the violet and the pine.

6. They hear the singing of the many toned chorus;
I hear the psalming of the Katydid and the Whip-poor-will and the tiny voices of the night.

7. They worship at Jerusalem,
They worship in the temple on Gherizim;
I worship Thee in the holy throbbing of my heart.
Amen, and Amen.

UNDER THE SHADOW OF THE STORM

By E. H. Gregg

A DREARY, winter day was at its close. The whole sky was filled with skurrying gray racks, foreboding the approach of the Snow God, and a biting wind whistled sharply around the northwest corner of a rude cabin, nestling among a growth of stumpy, leafless oaks on the side of a great hill. To the north and east stretched the long, irregular outline of Smoky Mountains, now almost obscure in the dim light.

The cabin was a typical mountain home, a two-room structure with a small, isolated partition in the rear for a kitchen and storehouse. The home was built of rough, unhewn logs, rude in the extreme, and the workmanship was of the most simple and homely sort. The larger of the two rooms was lighted by a flickering fire of maple wood.

A rustic chair was drawn close to the stone hearth, and a lad of about sixteen years seated himself, propped his elbows on his knees, and buried his head in his great, worn hands.

"Hit's er gittin' colder, Dan'l," came a low, motherly voice from a corner of the room, "En hit's likla ter snow afore day. Thuh wood's nigh gone, en yuh know yer pa's got ter be tuk good care uv, now that he's adown flat his back. Yer'd better astir yersel', son!"

At the sound of his mother's voice, the youth arose and approached the corner where an old lady sat at the foot of a simple country bed. The young man was tall, broad-shouldered, well knit in frame and muscle. His rugged face was deeply tanned, betraying perfect health and vigor. Placing one hand on his mother's shoulder and the other on the bed, he bent over and gazed tenderly at the recumbent figure of his sick father. There was a slight stir among the patched quilts, and a haggard face, covered with a thick white growth of unkempt beard, was slowly turned towards him. The dim firelight played fitfully on the pale countenance and seemed to reflect a momentary gleam of transient happiness in the old man's eyes, as they fell upon the stalwart mountain lad.

"Pa, how's yer afeelin' ter cev'nin'?" asked the youth, with simple pathos in his deep, manly voice.

There was a light shudder among the quilts, and the old man drew in a deep, halting breath.

"Son, yer ole pa hez cut his las' chip. I feels death er comin', but I hain't er bit afeared, fer I dies er knowin' thet all's well wi' me an' thet God'll tek care uv me. But I hates almightily ter leave Jenny alone. Yu've been er good son ter both uv us, Dan'l, and now I be er leavin' yer old ma fer yuh ter care fer. Be good ter her, son, and allays do thuh right thing in thuh sight uv thuh Almighty."

With these words the sick man hushed. Tears stood in the eyes of wife and son. They looked at each other with trembling lips and nodded in profound silence.

A little later there was a clear, steady ring close by the cabin as Daniel's axe rose and fell regularly in the wood pile. Snow had begun to fall, at first in sudden flurries; but before the cutting had progressed far, the ground was beginning to whiten and the air was filled with the steady swirl of white flakes.

As Daniel started in with his first armful of fuel, he was met at the door by his gray-haired mother, whose wild, excited countenance caused him to drop the wood and take her in his arms.

"Yer pa's gittin' wusser!" she murmured between quivering lips.

Together they entered the sick room. After a moment's survey of the invalid, Daniel rushed into the next room, seized his fur cap and mackinaw, and opened the door.

"Whar's yer agoin', Daniel?" queried the mother.

"Over ter git Hiram ef he'll come wi' me. Pa's got ter hav help uv some kind!"

With these words the boy rushed out into the night and the driving snow.

With relentless pace he hurried through the storm, guided by sheer instinct, for what with whirling flakes and enveloping blackness all landmarks were totally obliterated. After an hour's struggle with the contrary elements, he at last drew up before the door of a one-room shanty.

He knocked at the door, and was straightway admitted by the owner, a squat, heavy-built person, with a firm chin and a pair of shifty grey eyes. This was Hiram Hoxie, known throughout that mountain district for his skill in simple medicines, and incidentally for his untrustworthiness and crafty nature.

Before he was fairly inside the small room, Daniel seized the other firmly by the arm, looked him squarely in the eyes and blurted out:

"Hiram, pa's er dyin'! My God, hit's awful! Yuh's thuh only un round hyar ez knows ter doctor sick folks, en' I wants yuh ter cum ter home en' do whut yuh ken fer 'im. Hurry! Fer God's sake hurry, ef yuh be a man!"

"What! Ole Jake Woodbury er dyin'? Humph! He wuzn't er dyin' two weeks agone when he orders me offen hiz land fer killin' two er three measly squ'r'ls in hiz hick'ry nut grove. He's er playin' 'possum wi' ole Scratch, en'er seein' how close he ken come ter dyin'. I been er knowin' yer old pa fer nigh unter ten years, en' I hain't never seed hiz like fer foolin' en crankishness. I hain't got no use fer 'im, en' whut's more I hain't er goin' out in sech er storm tuh please no sech fool!"

This was too much for young Woodbury. Seizing the older man in a savage grip, he held him face to face and stared so fiercely that the former recoiled before him.

"Hiram, I ain't er beggin' no sech scoun'l ez yuh ter save my po' pa's life. Maby God'll save 'im. But ef Jake Woodbury dies ter night, by God I'll send yuh ez straight ter Hell ez yuh ken go!"

With a brutal laugh at the boy's mettle, Hoxie tore himself free from the other's grip and pointed towards the door.

"Thar's the door, Dan'l, en' nothin' er holdin' yuh. Jake Woodbury hain't never done nothin' fer me, 'cept order me offen hiz

place fer nothin', and I hain't er aimin' ter go thru Hell ter get ter hiz bedside fer nothin'. Now git, en' do whut yuh ken fer 'im yersel'!"

With a last piercing look, significant in its meaning, the youth turned and whisked through the doorway.

Downcast and despondent, with anger gnawing his young soul, Daniel stumbled through the cold, stormy night. The snow by this time was ankle deep, and traveling was an arduous task.

When he regained his own home he found his old mother sitting beside the smoking embers of the fire, crying softly and bitterly, insensible to the biting chill of the night. Daniel at once realized the situation, and a stifled oath sprang to his lips. He rushed to the bedside, knelt beside the still figure, and gazed into the cold, pale face. Not a murmur escaped as he knelt there reverently.

As he arose a tear trickled down either cheek, but these he brushed away with a sudden fierceness. A hard, cold glint came into the blue eyes, and the lines around the firm mouth tightened until his lips were a thin, compressed line.

Without so much as a glance at his mother, Daniel seized his rifle from its rack above the hearth and rushed out, heedless of the beseeching cries that followed him, for the old lady had divined his intentions.

Again the sturdy mountain lad fought through the blinding, whirling, enveloping storm. All physical sensation was dead; his mind was in chaos. He did not feel the icy wind cutting across his cheeks with biting keenness, nor did he realize that for the time the snow had ceased and stinging hail was driving down with relentless, pelting fury. Blind anger gnawed at his inwards. Reason had fled his mind and his senses were in a vast, abysmal whirl, dominated by the desire to avenge, to kill, to murder in cold blood the man who had refused to save his dying father.

Suddenly the cabin of Hoxie loomed up through the darkness. In the open doorway, silhoutted against the light of a blazing fire within, stood a figure, living, pulsing, breathing in the sweetness of life. Living was pleasant, and wretch that he was he enjoyed the pure, cold air, with which he was filling his lungs in great draughts.

A rifle cracked viciously. The wind and sleet seemed to pause for a moment, horror-stricken. The form in the door pitched forward, writhing in the agony of sudden death. A slight tremor went through the limbs, and the body stiffened. Life had fled. With redoubled fury the hail drove down in thick sheets and the wind sighed dismally through the stark, bare branches of the great oaks overhead. The fire gleamed cheerfully within, but outside was darkness and bleakness and murder.

To Daniel, as he fled from the scene of his deed, the wind seemed to follow like an avenger, shrieking and protesting. Remorse hounded his footsteps, and conscience throbbed with steady, rhythmic beats. His head seemed bursting; anxiety and fear throttled him—cold, chilling fear. The dark forms of the trees seemed foreboding and sinister and ghostly. On and on he ran, with but one thought—to leave behind the frightful, nau-

seating scene. But ever before him a writhing figure reeled in the agony of death. He closed his eyes and rushed blindly through the night. God! The figure was still there, haunting his mind and driving him mad. He opened his eyes. What! Lost? But the reeling form of Hoxie mocked him. He had somehow lost the path. Where? What? But the wind whistled more fiercely through the trees overhead, and snow began to whirl again, smothering all in its mad flight to earth.

On the western side of the hill at whose foot stood the lonely cabin of Hiram Hoxie, is a steep, rocky precipice, known as the Death Rim. It is a sheer drop of one hundred feet to the rock-strewn stream below, and mountain folk are always careful when traveling in its vicinity.

The wind died away before daybreak, and towards noon the snow ceased, except for occasional light flurries. The whole landscape was clothed in a whiteness still and solemn.

A thin wreath of blue smoke rose from Jake Woodbury's cabin. Within the silence was unbroken. Beside the dying embers lay the form of an old woman, the victim of a grief unbearable.

TO AUTUMN

By C. C. Herbert

Thou season dear, of all the year the best,
  Fair Autumn, we do greet thee with delight.
Thy fields of grain, thy woods, and all the rest
  Of thy unnumbered beauties thrill our sight.
The harvest-time, the time of gath'ring in,
  The consummation and fruition, thou
Dost crown the year with glory gold, and win
  From us sheer adoration by a bough
Of gorgeous color, or sweep akin
  To heav'n itself come down unto us now.
The cotton-picker's toil, the football din
  Do stir our hearts, we know not how.
The snap and vigor of thy bracing air
  Right gladly do we greet, thou season dear.

STICK-TO-IT-IVENESS

By Robert Marsden

WIND always did seem a wonderful thing to me with its apparent weakness, yet its ability to penetrate, to wear away great boulders, to reach every crack and cranny in the whole wide world. It is almost uncanny to see the gravel of the wide Sahara and catch glimpses of bits of colored rocks worn to their shape and size by the gentle trade winds. Again, it is almost uncanny to see the work of the furious winds in the land of ice and snow. Deep drifts of snow, clean sheets of lake ice, twisted trees: these all are the works of the persevering North wind. And so in every land, the wind is working wonders, not by sudden gusts but by the sterling quality of stick-to-it-iveness.

It's a strange thing that men should resemble wind to such an extent. Some winds are hard and strong and steady. Some men go the same way, hitting obstacles, of course, but stealing around them or going over them, or pushing them completely away. Other winds and, sad to say, other men only come in fitful little gusts, making a brave beginning, but slowly all the while—and stopping.

Benjamin Wofford was one of those men who stick to their purpose. To make a gift of one hundred thousand dollars to an ideal required a great deal of resolution. But he stuck to his purpose, holding it before his mind's eye through many years, and finally he accomplished something that had not been equaled by any one before him.

Alexander Graham Bell was another one of that rare type of men. His telephone refused to register sounds like "s" and "z" for a distressingly long period, but he stuck to his purpose of making a perfect voice transmitter. Consequently, one can say over the telephone of today the old tongue twister about six slim slick saplins and be perfectly understood at the other end of the line. So it was perseverance, to use a term more elegant than the common stick-to-it-iveness, that brought us our telephone. It was the same admirable quality that brought success to Columbus, to Bonaparte, to Washington, and innumerable other men of true greatness. It was plain stick-to-it-iveness that brought us to college, and plain stick-to-it-iveness will carry us upward, onward, outward.

THE "DISGRACE"

By C. L. Eaddy

BY RIGHTS this story should appear in the table of contents somewhere back of a cover done in bright colors, showing two persons strolling through a mossy, woodland lane in a September woods, one a woman the other a man, both grey. For it is a love story between two in the Indian summer of life, having something to do with an incident that happened last summer in Half-Moon. But since it is to be published in a college magazine and this may seem too ostentatious to a conscientious editor, I have consented for it to run without this fitting forerunner. Probably he has put it into this number, stripped bare as it is, under protest. But anyway it makes no material difference to Half-Moon.

Half-Moon is used to being six miles from the main roads, eight miles from anywhere, and several months behind time. If ever you have traveled extensively aside from the beaten paths of our splendid coastal plain—why so-called I never could quite decide unless it is plainly away from the coast—you must have seen a score or more of Half-Moons. You pick out a high location in the otherwise fertile, swampy country in the middle of the tobacco section and assemble a collection of some three or four low, brick stores and a few more low, wooden buildings, mostly white buildings with green trimming. String part of these, like beads upon a cord, at irregular intervals along the length of a rutty main street, which is all mud when it rains and all dust when it doesn't. String the remaining houses upon another cord perpendicular to the first somewhere near the center. Populate this spot with about two hundred and forty to fifty—it generally varies one or two during a year—individuals of different types and nationalities, for there is one Jew and six negroes there. At one edge of the town trace a winding, muddy stream which is in the shape of a crescent at this spot (and by the way this is the reason the place is called Half-Moon). At the other edge place the new school building with a grassy ball park in front. Also put in a garage and a filling station for the convenience of travelers. Then put in a Methodist and a Baptist church for religion's sake, and a moving picture grotto for week-end amusements. Establish your burying ground out at the edge of town in a weedy field and insist upon calling it a cemetery. Shake gently and take some summery afternoon when you have nothing in particular to do. That's Half-Moon and you'll find it mildly soothing and pleasant to the taste. In fact, it is only New York as prescribed by a homeopath.

Half-Moon may be a half day's run by "Tin Lizzie" to the county seat and two hours run to the Dixie Highway, but it has its town characters and many old traditional claims to fame. For instance, that flighty Swamp Fox Marion once stayed there in ambush and balked Tarleton at the very place where the city stands today. Washington stopped there for a night on his trip through the South.

Some of the oldest families claimed direct descendancy from the Pilgrim Fathers who came over in the Mayflower. The heart of the "Old South" was there with its old-fashioned ways, even to the worshiping the lady as an angel upon a pedestal. And because she was an angel she could do no such worldly things as to go bathing in the public swimming place in the creek that ran near the town, nor go to the poles to vote, nor consent to do any of those "vulgar" things. These were man's sole privileges.

Living in this way and loving such simple ideals, it came as rather a lightning stroke to these good people when it was reported the day after the arrival of Miss Sally Pembroke, Half-Moon's old maid school teacher, from Richmond, where she had been on a visit to her sisters, that this august lady had degenerated to the extent of bobbing her hair.

As I said, Miss Sally was one of those unexplainable happenings in nature's world, a peach hanging there alone on the tree after all the others had been plucked by home folk and strangers. Not a bad peach, only now it was getting a little withered and wrinkled under the hot rays of a late summer's sun, and the down that once added to the pink, luscious softness of the peach had become a little coarser and more prominent, having more of a beardy appearance than formerly. But that was only on the surface, underneath, the skin was still pink, showing that there was yet life and sweetness there for the passer-by who might stop to reconnoitre. For many years she had reveled under the gracious beams of a community's praise for being the most sensible of all its young folk—in fact, the only one, since she alone hadn't married too young. Until one morning she awaked about her thirtieth birthday, when it was too late to change her course, and looked about for those beams of praise that had meant so much to her existence. But they were nowhere to be found, and instead she found pity and something cold, akin to contempt, thrown at her for being exactly what on yesterday she was praised for. In vain she had tried to stop and display her charms to the young gallantry. However, she was too late, the sleeping virgin found herself shut out from the banquet hall of the young and not even admitted to the fellowship of the married of her age and older. She was in a world to herself, nature's anomaly with no place in life—a misfit.

Today she had electrified all Half-Moon by appearing with her hair bobbed in an "out-dacious" young way; hair that a few weeks ago was beginning to show grey, but today was a solid brown.

"Why, goddel midey, gentlemen, it is ridiculous," exploded Cap'n Spy, Half-Moon's only civil war veteran, who this morning was on his favorite box in front of the grocery store, where all the people of Half-Moon that amounted to anything met for a certain part of each day to loaf.

"That's just what I been sayin' to my wife this mornin'," chimed in the hen-pecked Bill Rompley.

"Why, goddel midey, men, just look at her how young she is trying to make herself, when everybody knows she is old enough to be a grandmother. And on top of that she

is the school teacher that we elected at our last trustee's meetin'. Here she's lived some thirty some odd years amongst us with long hair and now at her age she has to go and whack it off like a boy," expostulated the old Cap'n, visibly getting warmed up for action.

"Aw, let her look young if she wants to. Maybe she's done that to try to ketch John Tryme. You know she's been looking at him since his wife died two years ago," laughed "Sheep" Carson, the young fun-maker of Half-Moon. "Why, look at Cap'n even. He shaves just as clean as any of the young men, except his mustache. So don't be too hard on the girls."

Cap'n Spy wasn't supposed to take prodding like this quietly and "Sheep" knew it.

"Now, see here, you young ape, shaving is different from hair bobbing."

"Nothing but the place it's in," interjected "Sheep," with an exasperatingly dry chuckle.

So Cap'n Spy addressed the next words to the crowd, sensing danger from "Sheep."

"Why, goddel midey, gentlemen, just think of the example she's settin' for our young girls! Her a Sunday School teacher and a school teacher and all. Don't the Bible say that a woman's hair is her glory? And if she cuts it off she ain't got none? And did you ever see the picture of a angel with bobbed hair? If you show me one I won't say another word," finished the old warrior, beating his stubby cane upon a box to add emphasis to his words, and then surveyed his listeners as if he dared anyone to refute what he had said.

By night all Half-Moon was in a state of nervous tension. Everybody knew about the "disgrace of the town," and was piling up conjectures as to what would come next; and everybody also knows that nervous people cannot go quietly to sleep. Accordingly there were two meetings that night that we might do well to look into—not to mention the prolonged meeting at loafer's corner, which usually broke up about ten or eleven o'clock, according to how the checker games came out. This alone was an ominous sign, for prolonged meetings of this group happened only on great occasions, like for instance, the time of politics when the sheriff was to be elected. The first of these meetings was that of the sewing circle of Half-Moon. The attendance was good, Miss Sally being the only one absent. Curiously enough every mother's daughter of them forgot to bring either their knitting needles or their sewing; and since there could be no sewing with all the needles and thread at home the entire evening could be taken up in discussion. Miss Sally's ears must have been pretty warm that night if the old saying holds good. A motion was entertained before adjourning for her dismissal from that honored organization, and was carried unanimously. Henceforth she was to be an outcast. Anyone who has to "go beyond the bounds of decency" to look young would not be tolerated in that club.

The other meeting of note was the trustee's meeting held in the auditorium of the new school building. All three of those gentlemen to whom the welfare of the school had been given were present. Cap'n Spy, the chairman of the three, came stumping along with his cane some few minutes after

the others had reached there, and instead of shooting off his favorite expletive and beginning as usual with "Why, goddel midey, gentlemen," he was solemn-faced and a note of dogged determination sounded in his voice as he spoke the single words, "Howdy, folks."

Perhaps the reason for this will be seen when I tell you that the other two trustees were Bob Blandon, the grocer,and John Tryme, the widower of two years, who, it was alleged, had been receiving side glances from Miss Sally that "evidently meant something."

That group of three sitting there in the dim light of a single kerosene lamp in that large room, must have had somewhat of a weird appearance. All were above forty-five years of age, and their grim, concerned faces must have made a picture that an artist would have risked his life to paint in order to depict an ancient tribunal of medieval times.

Cap'n Spy was the first to speak after the response to his "Howdy, folks."

"Gentlemen, I suppose you know why I called this meetin' tonight. But in case you don't, it is in order that we might settle a matter of grave importance to me, and you, and Half-Moon. Both of you know how we have been disgraced, and how it is on the tongue of everybody in town. All the folks say that they will not send their children to a bobbed-haired huzzy, that if she ain't got sense enough to keep her hair then she ain't got sense enough to teach their children. You gentlemen have heard the facts, and now what do you choose to do about it?" he finished, satisfied with his speech.

"I agree with you, Mr. Chairman, that we ought to put her out of the school," spoke up the grocer quickly.

"The chairman has said nothing about putting her out of the school yet," said the other trustee doggedly.

"Well, he meant it anyway. And I say again that since the Bible says that a woman's glory is in her hair, and since our mothers nor our grandmothers nor our great-grandmothers didn't disgrace themselves by trying to look like men that we should not have a woman for a teacher who is willing to come in with any such new fandangle ideas and try to be like men. If she wants to be one I think she should put on breeches," replied the grocer angrily.

"Mr. Chairman, I think Bob is wrong. We know Miss Sally is a good teacher 'cause we've had her about twenty years. And just 'cause she's bobbed her hair ain't no reason why we should turn her off; 'cause bobbed hair ain't as bad as the bustles and things that they wore just a few years ago, nor the hoop-skirts neither," said the widower trustee, John Tryme.

"Baah! I wish you'd listen at that," interrupted Bob Blandon, the grocer. "Hooped skirts worse than bobbed hair! You're crazy. Hoop skirts are decent, and this new idea is anything but decent. They say she's got her dresses two inches above her shoetops, too. We won't have her! I know you have a eye on her of late and would like to get her in, John Tryme, but we won't have her, Mr. Chairman, in our respected school," he finished, almost frenziedly.

"Why, goddel midey, gentlemen, don't let's fight. 'Cause we've go to settle this

vital question. What was that you was about to say, John?" spoke up Cap'n Spy. The heated discussion was getting him stirred up.

"I think that we ought not to be influenced by the fact of her hair being bobbed, but should consider her worth that we know so much about. I still think that if she wants to bob her hair that it should be all right, because it is not any worse than what our mothers used to do. And besides, they say that everybody in Paris has theirs bobbed and that it will only be a matter of a short time before all our ladies will have theirs bobbed," said the widower.

"Somebody lied then," expostulated Bob Blandon, " 'cause my wife will be one who won't, or I'll leave her next day. Miss Sally's just tryin' to be original, and you remember that there feller Harmon that come here from Boston and tried to be original, don't you?"

They did remember and it stopped the argument for a few moments. Nobody in Half-Moon favored originality since their experiment with that fellow Harmon. He had come to Half-Moon and on finding everything there Democratic he turned Republican. Not that he cared about politics, but "stick with the minority," he said. "The majority of folks are damn fools, and their antics are more amusing when viewed in perspective. Stick with the minority and you'll have a lot of fun."

He was a likeable chap in spite of his perverseness. Accordingly when his name was brought up at the lodge meeting there was no kick coming against him. He was informed of this and urged to become a brother of the lodge in full standing. He seemed pleased with the invitation, but nevertheless declined it. "It isn't that I don't like the lodge," he explained, "but I'm just naturally not a joiner. I have a theory that every time a fellow joins an organization he conforms to a standard of some kind; and every time he conforms to a standard he loses some of his individuality. I haven't any too much individuality as it is. So I want to keep what I've got. Don't you see?" They didn't see, but they didn't invite him to join any more lodges.

He sold insurance for a living, and considering the fact that insurance was a limited field in Half-Moon he did fairly well. Furthermore he did it without resorting to the usual devices of "jimmying" up trade outside of office hours. He gave nothing to the missions, and helped in no "drives." He belonged to none of Half-Moon's civic clubs, and no badges of any kind sullied his coat lapels.

He provided that at his death a sum of money should be used to hire a jazz orchestra to come from Pittsburg to play "Wanderers Nachtlied" at his funeral. His wife was finally persuaded that she must conform to propriety, and so she finally bought a Ford with the money. When his will was read it was found that he had bequeathed one thousand dollars to the daily "Dispatch," to be delivered at his grave each morning for one hundred and fifty years. In three months his headstone was half covered with tightly twisted newspapers. The fact was called to the attention of the graveyard cleaning committee and the subscription was cancelled.

Since this time his grave looks like any other grave in the Half-Moon cemetery.

Then no wonder there was a pause at the mention of originality after this group had already witnessed a happening like that.

The argument that ensued after this pause I never could get the straight of. However, I do know that there was some heated discussion with the grocer and the widower on opposite sides of the question, and that it finally ended by the old Cap'n calling for a ballot vote to see what should be done. The vote was two for dismassal and one for retaining Miss Sally as teacher.

Then the question arose as to who would be the one to tell her. It was suggested that Cap'n Spy have this duty, since he was the chairman and furthermore the oldest of the three. Cap'n declined modestly, with the excuse that he thought his age ought to excuse him, and besides Miss Sally was his close neighbor. He then suggested that Bob Blandon "carry the message to Garcia." Bob politely declined in favor of the remaining one, John Tryme, the widower, " 'cause I'm kind a hot-headed and she might start some of her monkey shines with me and I'd get mad and say something that I oughn't to." John then explained that he wasn't disposed to take it upon himself to tell her when he had not voted for her dismissal. The outcome of it was that all three consented to go together, provided Cap'n Spy would break the ice.

Since bobbed hair had not been introduced into Half-Moon until now, and neither of the three had seen Miss Sally since her return from Richmond, it was a curious trio that made its way towards her house next morning. Cap'n Spy stumped along quietly, slightly ahead of the other two. There was something of dogged sullenness in the air of John Tryme. While the grocer came along in the rear with the mien of a hound about to be kicked.

"Wonder how she looks anyway?" finally hazarded Cap'n Spy.

"Like some wrinkled old scarecrow, I guess," spoke up the sandy-haired old grocer.

"Will you please stop talking about a lady that way?" said the widower, plainly nettled by this remark.

"Well, I'll bet she do. And I'll say what I please to," hotly replied the grocer.

"And run the risk of getting called down for it," came sharply from the widower again.

"Why, goddel midey, gentlemen, don't let's fight," commanded Cap'n Spy with concern. "Let's wait and see for ourselves."

This they did. Miss Sally met them at the door. Had a bomb dropped from the heavens among that trio there could not have been more amazement than the transformation which Miss Sally afforded them. Bob Blandon peeping from the rear of the Cap'n and the widower emitted a low whistle of astonishment, while the other two just gazed without a sound. The tightly-balled, grey-streaked hair had gone and in its place was a fluffy, wavy head of brown hair, bobbed in the latest style of Richmond. Even the long, high-necked, long-sleeved dresses that the ladies of Half-Moon wore were replaced by a surprisingly neat house dress of the short-sleeved, low-necked variety. But not only that, the face seemed to be younger as she

smiled a greeting; so much of the oldness had gone.

"Come in, gentlemen, I'm so glad to see you again. It seems like I've been gone a year instead of a few months," she said, extending her hand to each of them.

Cap'n Spy was captivated before the war was on. However, he began action by clearing his throat and giving a vociferous "Ahemn." Bob Blandon withdrew behind the bulwark of Cap'n Spy and John Tryme as if he expected more than a barrage of words in the battle which was about to ensue, while the widower stood with his head lowered apologetically, awaiting his undoing. For he knew that after this no power above or below could convince Miss Sally other than that he had conspired against her. And she did look so young standing there before them with all those changes—so unlike the other Miss Sally that used to be.

The Cap'n sputtered a time or two, turned red in the face, and finally began in an apologetic, schoolboy fashion, a manner in which no one had ever heard him speak before, "Miss Sally, we come over this morning to see you and tell you about the school—"

"Well, now isn't that just the grandest board of trustees in the world. I bet I can guess what you have to tell me. Please let me guess. You are going to tell me that we are to begin two weeks earlier, for I asked that we might, and you've ordered those blocks and things for my little tots. Now, isn't that what you have to tell me?" she asked with more vivacity than those three old musketeers had ever known her to show.

John Tryme glued his eyes more steadily to the floor, while Bob Blandon ventured a furtive glance towards the old Cap'n before duplicating the attitude of the widower. If the appearance of Miss Sally was the first bomb shell this was the finishing one. The poor old Cap'n, despite all the blood in his body trying to show itself in his face, could only find use enough of his tongue to form an anaemic "Yes'm," for indeed they had done all of this.

"How dear of you," laughed the rejuvenated Miss Sally.

"But—," from Cap'n Spy, who was fast regaining his thwarted composure, and who thought that this was about the best time to begin.

"Oh, please don't bother about explaining now, I just knew that you were going to do it for your school and for me, so I have already planned for the opening. And I shall be ready to begin Monday week," again vivaciously. "But won't you come in and talk a while?"

"Why, no mam, thank you. We just come over to explain the situation to you, since delay was of no use, and to tell you—uh-ah—H-u-m—" Cap'n had really made a start, but he halted for a word at the crucial moment.

"Well, I'm just so glad you did come so soon, for I was really anxious to know," interrupted Miss Sally, innocently, unaware of the storm that was about to break.

All of this was an unpredicted development and the old Cap'n pondered a moment in abject distress for a light that might steer him out of this difficulty in the best possible way. This abashed uncertainty was a new

experience in his life. The widower and the grocer moved nervously and shifted their weight from foot to foot.

Miss Sally, who couldn't stay quiet for any duration of time in the mood that we find her this morning, followed her move by saying to the dumbfounded three:

"Well, if you won't come in, I'll tell you in a hurry of my trip to Richmond. While there I heard a lecture given at the teacher's association, in course of which the speaker said that a teacher's duty was not only to teach the text, but to set examples for the pupil in such things as morals, dress, neatness and-so-forth. Don't you think him right, Cap'n?"

Fine! Now Cap'n had his beginning. That idea of example setting was the very place he had planned to begin.

"Ahem-m-m, quite right, quite right—" he began in an oratorical way.

"So I decided that if that was the case then I was going to do everything in my power to look pleasant and young before my tots, and for this reason I had by hair bobbed. Don't you think it looks best this way, Cap'n?" again interrupted Miss Sally.

Now, Cap'n Spy was not in the habit of telling lies, nor did he realize the trap he was being decoyed into, so he answered in a half complimentary tone, "Well, strictly speaking, yes, I do."

"You were always a flatterer, Cap'n Spy," she fenced. "But pray tell me why you gentlemen have to go so soon?"

"We've got a trustee's meetin' down at the school house in about twenty minutes to discuss some important problems, so we must go," answered Cap'n Spy, turning to the other two.

The sound of Gabriel's horn could not cause more consternation for these two than did those words of Cap'n Spy as he began his retreat.

Never was there a picture of more complete dejection presented upon the screen than was depicted by that retreating trio as they made their way towards Bob Blandon's grocery store.

"Why didn't you tell her, Cap'n?" asked Bob Blandon as they turned the first corner, shutting out the view of Miss Sally's home.

"Why, goddel midey, gentlemen, I couldn't slip a word in edge ways. So how could I tell her when she wouldn't let me talk?"

The three finally separated after agreeing that perhaps after all it was better to wait a few days for further developments.

Let me ask you then, kind reader, to allow your mind to quietly return to the time not long gone when the first lady in your community shocked the senses of every simple Christian and "old timer," regardless of whether he or she attended the church or not. You remember it well, how everything was put off balance for a few weeks. The family had it rammed down their throats at each meal for one long week; the gossips found it great picking and, ever on the alert, alighted upon it in the manner of a carion vulture upon a carcass; while the minister—poor, benighted soul, he meant well—spent sleepless nights preparing a special sermon in which he flayed every practice that had been originated by youth since the days of his boyhood, and im-

plored mothers and fathers that if they would save their boys and girls they must turn back to the practices of the good old days when they were growing up. Of course everybody knew he was talking of bobbed hair, and everybody praised him for his sermon—except those guilty of having it bobbed. But in two weeks things had quieted down somewhat and people decided that after all bobbed hair was not so bad as it seemed at first notice. Several mothers consented for their daughters to follow the fashion in time, and finally the practice was accepted by the most as inevitable and as a part of the times.

And since Half-Moon is only your village and mine down under the cover, so it was with them.

It was only a week later when the sewing circle met again to talk over things. On this occasion there are four of the younger members absent, when on almost every occasion heretofore all members had been present. The membership of this little group was cut enormously by this development, and it called forth some remarks from those present.

"Looks like all of 'em have been bit by the same bug. I guess all of 'em'll have it bobbed before long," whined Mrs. Tattler.

"Well, it shore helped Miss Sally for one," added Mrs. Bedlam.

"Yes, 'cause she'd uh never caught John Tryme if she hadn't tuh," predicted Mrs. Roland, the Baptist minister's wife.

"Well, now that it's brought up, did you ever hear of such a thing as the way they got married? Just run off without telling anybody about it. Why, child alive, I never dreamed of anything like that happening, although I knew that they had been kind of looking at each other for some time. But then you can't tell what folks will do nowadays," said Mrs. Bascom.

"Well, I'm glad they're married, 'cause I believe Miss Sally loved John after all," sympathized Mrs. Tattler sentimentally. "And they say that since so many of the girls is whacking off their hair the trustees is goin' tuh let her teach after all. And I guess she's about as good as any of 'em."

Before the meeting adjourned a motion was entertained for the reinstatement of the four outcast sisters, since the circle was threatened with extinction "if things kept up like they had started." Thus Half-Moon finally became quiet and settled down from its hard fight against the innovation of new ideas from the outside world.

A PINE TREE

By J. C. Bailey

A tall pine tree stands alone
On a great, high hill
Overlooking a quaint little village
Nestled in the valley at its feet.

But the pine tree is not lonesome;
She has a mission to perform.
At night, under the silent stars,
She guards the village wrapped in sleep.
One by one the twinkling lights go out,
Then all is dark.

In the morning, the pine tree
Sees the first villager astir,
The first smoke curling from the chimneys,
And watches the merry swain
Off to his work in the fields.

In summer, the pine tree
Wears nests of birds in her hair,
And children play at her feet—
Happy, ruddy-faced children
With their golden dreams
Of childhood.

Lovers meet at the pine tree,
And tales of love are told there.
The pine tree listens,
And sighs gently
As she caresses the light breeze
With her fingers.

O, pine tree!
You are a thing of God,
You are full of pulsating life;
We look at you
And know that
God is
Good.

THE EVOLUTION OF KING ARTHUR

By Don L. West

WHO IS THERE who does not feel a keen sense of delight in the romantic—be it in real life or in literature, who is neither fascinated by the mysterious nor thrilled to deeds of daring and chivalry? Rare, indeed, is the man to whom that thing we call romance has no appeal. The craving for it is universal, because it supplies an important need in our lives by providing an avenue of escape from the sordiness and monotony of our every-day existence. Hence, a large body of the world's literature is devoted to romance.

Especially attractive is that vast amount of medieval literature which treats romantically of heroes and heroines of bygone days. There are three sources from which the bulk of this medieval romance is derived, France, Britain and Rome. In the words of Jean Bodel, a writer of the twelfth century, whose verses deal with the wars of Charlemagne against the Saxons:

"Ne sont que trois matiers a nul home entendant,
De France, et de Bretagne, et de Rome la grant."

These words have been so often quoted that they are now universally used to denote the principal divisions of romance. In this grand trilogy the matter of France concerns the emperor Charlemagne, his peers and vassels, and the struggles of French heroes; the matter of Britain deals with stories of King Arthur and the Round Table, and the other tales connected with this theme; and the matter of Rome, of course, consists of stories of antiquity.

Of these three cycles of romance the one dealing with King Arthur and his Knights of the Table Round is by far the most popular, both with English speaking races and also with the people of other nations. It seems to have something that the other two lack—an appeal that is universal in its scope. The "chansons de geste," which constitute the epic of Charlemagne, and the stories of Thebes and Troy have their own peculiar charm, it is true. But they lack the qualities which has made the Arthurian legends so popular. The "chansons de geste" lack that glamour of mystery one finds so alluring in the stories of King Arthur and his knights. The romances of ancient times, because they are ancient and foreign, have remained chiefly the property of scholars. Both lack the heart-moving patriotism which has made the matter of Britain supreme. Then there is a simple magic about the Arthurian stories, hard to define, which nevertheless makes them so irresistable that they are still read with avid interest by the peoples of all nations, after being handed down through many centuries.

That the King Arthur we know in story has a historical basis is now generally admitted by scholars, although there is very little known of the Arthur of history. Early English literature knows absolutely nothing about him. Wales alone has preserved any

record of his fame from a date earlier than the twelfth century, and what there is of that is tantalizingly meagre and casual. Possibly the earliest mention made of Arthur occurs in the "Historia Brittonum," a collection of brief notes on early British history and geography, compiled about the year 800, by a Welshman named Nennius. Nennius tells of a king called Arthur who fought along with the kings of the Britons against the English in the early part of the sixth century. In twelve battles Nennius describes Arthur as "ipse erat dux bellorum"—"he was himself their war leader." In the last of these, the battle of Mount Bodon, which occurred about the year 516, we are told that nine hundred and sixty men fell at the single onslaught of Arthur. The fact that Arthur's individual prowess was given such prominence in Neunius' brief narrative shows that legend was already at work with his name. That more was known of him than Nennius gives is certain.

Old Welsh tradition contains much about Arthur, but it is worthless historically, as it is, for the most part, pure myth. Whether this is due to the fact that Arthur bore a name similar to that of one of the Welsh deities, or from the age old habit of nations assigning mythological attributes to their heroes, is a debatable question. At any rate, his countrymen have woven a great framework of myth about his name. In their enthusiasm to do honor to a great military hero, the savior of his people, the Welsh made Arthur hero of many of the old myths which were connected with the ancient pagan deities they had forsaken. In doing this they were probably unconscious of the early significance of the myths thus ascribed to Arthur. Matthew Arnold voices this opinion in writing of the Mabinogion, a collection of early Welsh traditions. "The very first thing that strikes one in reading the Mabinogion," he writes, "is how evidently the medieval story-teller is pillaging an antiquity of which he does not fully possess the secret; he is like a peasant building his hut on the site of Helicarnassus or Ephesus; he builds, but what he builds is full of materials of which he does not know the history—or merely knows by a glimmering tradition—stones not of this building, but of an older architecture, greater, cunninger, more majestical."

The Arthur of the Mabinogion and other Welsh tales was a vastly different person from the one of later stories, and his followers who gathered about him in his hall—Ehangwen—do not remind one in the slightest of the Knights of the Round Table. The Welsh band was a rather uncouth, untutored set, not overloaded with knightly ideals and attainments. They had their accomplishments it is true, and these were many and varied, even though they were not such as to appeal to the modern reader. There was Sol, for instance, who could hold himself on one foot for a whole day—a remarkable achievement indeed, but for what purpose? the modern reader will ask. Then there was Ychdryt Varyvdraws, whose claim to notoriety was that he could project his bristling red beard over the forty-eight rafters of his hall. Gwevyl, the son of Gwestad, must have been a very tiresome companion, for "on the day he was sad (he) would let one of his

lips drop below his waist, while he turned the other like a cap upon his head." Clust, the son of Clustveinad, had a very acute sense of hearing, for "though he were buried seven cubits beneath the earth, (he) would hear the ant fifty miles off rise from her nest in the morning." Even Kai (Kay), like many other familiar Arthurian heroes, was endowed with super-human powers. It was said of Kai that his breath could last nine days and nine nights under water; that he could go without sleep a like period of time; he could drink as much as could four men; he could slay a hundred men on the field of battle; also "very subtle was Kai; when it pleased him he could make himself as high as the tallest tree in the forest." Arthur himself was depicted as a veritable fairy king with regard to the magic power he possessed. It was indeed a remarkable band that gathered in Ehangwen, but they are purely mythical beings. From this fact alone we may safely draw the conclusion that the Welsh were more familiar with Arthur as a mythical hero than as a champion of the Britons in their wars against the English. There is another fact about these early stories, which seems at first thought to be out of harmony with their mythical nature; that is, that they are very precise in regard to topographical details. Many of Arthur's hunts for instance can be traced on modern maps of Wales. This feature is especially remarkable when we compare with it the vagueness of settings in later Arthurian stories. It is due perhaps to the fact that Wales is a small country, where matters of topography are not likely to be confused.

The Arthur of Camelot and Caerleon that we know does not resemble either the Arthur of history or the hero of Welsh tradition. Instead of an uncouth warrior or a fairy king, we conceive of Arthur as a glorious monarch, surrounded by a group of brilliant and noble knights. To us he is the embodiment of chivalry, honor, courage—the "beau ideal" of knighthood. This conception of Arthur was first given to the world about the year 1100, at a time when men were waiting for just such a hero. The old romantic tales of Charlemagne were beginning to grow stale. Men wanted something new, and they found it in the stories of Arthur. This modern exploitation of the Arthurian story may be said to be one of the results of the Norman conquest of Britain. The work was begun under the auspices of a Norman earl, and was undertaken in order to supply a demand for that kind of literature—a demand created by the establishment of the order of knighthood in England by the conquerers.

The man to whom, more than any one else, the transformation of Arthur from the warrior hero of the rough Welshmen into the idol of Norman chivalry was due, was Geoffrey of Monmouth. Concerning Geoffrey's personal history we know very little. Even his connection with Monmouth is not definitely known. It is possible that he may have been born there or was educated there. The theory that he was Archdeacon of Monmouth is false, for there was no such archdeaconry in existence. Geoffrey had as his literary patron, Robert, the earl of Gloucester, a son of Henry I. The earl was a liberal patron of letters, and it was through his aid

that Geoffrey was able to compile his famous "History of the Kings of Britain."

In the Arthurian portions of his "History" Geoffrey let his imagination run rampant. True, he based his Arthur upon the one described by Neunius, but he refashioned him to suit the tastes of Norman chivalry. He was well acquainted with the folk-lore and popular tradition associated with the name of Arthur, and saw in it the possibilty of a new and striking romantic theme. Romance was very much in demand at the time, and Geoffrey, "giving rein to his faculty for decorative and rhetorical writing, responded to that demand with an address that would have done credit to a modern novelist." He claims to have derived his material from a book known as the "British book," which, he tells us, was placed at his disposal by his friend Walter, the archdeacon of Oxford. The existence of such a book is doubtful, since it is never referred to by any writer except Geoflrey. But regardless of whether the book existed or not, it is certain that the greater part of what Geoffrey wrote concerning Arthur came out of his own mind. His "History" was exceedingly popular, probably having the largest circulation of any book ever written before the days of printing. Alfred, of Beverly, who wrote about the same time as Geoffrey, stated in the preface of one of his books, written about the year 1150, that Geoffrey's "History" was so universally known that to confess ignorance of its stories was considered the mark of a clown. The real significance of the "History" is that it introduced Arthur to the world as a literary hero, in which role he was utterly unknown before.

Arthur, as Geoffrey leaves him, is still incomplete. He remains nothing more than a great and noble warrior, and he is not entirely stripped of the mythological attributes conferred upon him by the older traditions. Geoffrey knew nothing of Lancelot or Tristram; he does not even mention the Holy Grail. In his Guinevere and Mordred episode we do find a suggestion of what later writers developed into the love tradegy of Lancelot and Guinevere. Geoffrey's narrative confines itself more to accounts of Arthur's wars and his deeds of valor, and though of vast importance in the development of the modern Arthur, the picture it gives of him differs a great deal from those of later writers.

The next step in the evolution of the Arthurian legend consisted of poetical redactions of the old stories. The French were the first to see the possibilities of their expansion and adaption as ideal tales of chivalry. A Norman clerk named Wace, was the first French writer to make profitable poetical use of Geoffrey of Monmouth's fabulous "History." Wace was intimate with the court life of his time, and he proceeded to refashion Arthur to suit the fancies of his courtly readers. In doing this he added color to the story. He made Arthur appear as the flower of chivalry instead of merely a brave warrior. His Arthur is the same at heart as Geoffrey of Monmouth's, only clothed with a wealth of picturesque detail and color. Wace also enlarges upon the passing of Arthur. Geoffrey of Monmouth leaves Arthur on the isle

of Avalon to be cured of his wounds. Wace does not stop there, but states that Arthur will come again some day and once more lead his people. Two other writers must be mentioned in connection with Wace, Marie de France and Layamon. Marie was born in France, but lived the greater part of her life in England, where she became inspired to put into rhyme the lays of the old Britons, which she heard repeated so often. Her poems were so popular that she occupied a position of unusual pre-eminence among a vast number of competitors. Layamon on the other hand, was an Englishman born and bred. Seeing in the Arthur stories material for a great English epic, he gave himself up to a life of seclusion on the banks of the Severn, with the patriotic ambition to produce such an epic urging him on. His "Brut" was the first great piece of literature to be written in England, by a native Englishman, and in the English tongue, after the Norman conquest.

The next and final step in the development of the Arthurian cycle was the prose romance. Here we enter the field of pure romance—not for the first time, since many pure romances in verse have already appeared. Indeed the pure poetical romance comes long before the pure prose romance, but in the prose tales we find pure romance exclusively. The significant fact is that at this stage Arthur came into his own as purely romantical hero. The legends offered a fascinating field for literary endeavor, and many writers have been attracted by them, and thus there has come about a great expansion and elaboration of the old tales. We have news cycles growing of the old one. There is the cycle of Tristram, the cycle of Lancelot, the cycle of Gawain, the Quest of the Holy Grail, and others too numerous to mention. Thus we find that the character of Arthur has, by the simple process of gradual additions, grown from the simple warrior hero of the Welsh into the centre of the greatest cycle of romance the world has ever known.

By way of closing this rather rambling study of the development of King Arthur, I wish to leave the reader a question to think about. To answer it satisfactorily would require a great deal of painstaking and expert research work, and the answer itself might take up several good-sized volumes. Still it is an interesting matter for speculation. The question is this: Have the stories of the Christ had any influence in shaping the character of Arthur? When we compare the lives of the two, we find that they are alike in many details. There is mystery connected with the birth of both; it is believed that both are to return; the disciples of Christ might be compared with the Round Table of Arthur; both had a traitor among his followers, Judas in one case and Mordred in the other. Closer comparisons could be made, but these are enough to show that there is in one sense a great similitude between the story of Christ and of the story of Arthur. The question that arises is, whether the likeness is accidental or whether there is some connection between the two.

WILDCATS

By J. A. McCain

THREE BOYS stood around the campfire as its last red embers were dying out in the cold mountain air. The campfire service was over and the rest of the boys of Camp Tippecanoe had retired to their tents some five minutes earlier.

"I'd sure hate to run up on one of those wildcats that Uncle George was telling us about?" said one of the three.

"Just to think, they tore the roof off the smokehouse and each one carried off a whole sheep," replied another.

The conversation ceased and the three stood gazing at the dying fire.

The next morning with the first tap of the breakfast gong fifty healthy boys reluctantly piled out of as many cots and dashed down to the mess shack to break their fast with Tom's hot cakes. There was a noticeable quietness at the breakfast table that morning. Camp was going to break up on the morrow and there was not a person there, even to Tom the cook, who wasn't sorry. The camp had been an unusually good one and no occurrence of any kind had even cast a shadow on the happiness of any one. But even the fact that the camp was near the end could not spoil a day for that crowd of boys.

When the dinner gong rang there was the same mad rush to the door, the same friendly growls of "Quit yer shovin'," and then the same quite stillness, while the hungry boys respectfully waited for Mr. Simmons, the camp director, to ask the blessing.

"Fellows," began Uncle George as he was affectionately known to the boys, "I thought I would take this time to make an announcement. A man from 'up the river' told me that they killed a five-foot wildcat yesterday and that two more equally as large escaped, running in this direction. He said the cats were very hungry and that they might be desperate enough to come to camp, so we'd all better be on our guard."

This announcement received only silence. Every mind returned to the story that they had heard the night before at the campfire of how some wildcats had torn the roof off a forest ranger's smokehouse and carried away all his meats. But soon the conversation started up again. Such expressions as "shoot the bull," "sling the zip," and "aw, don't take so many skeets," echoed back and forth through the mess shack. After the dinner the regular schedule was resumed, and in a short while all wildcats were forgotten.

The last campfire on camp is always a sad and short occasion. The last echoes of the old camp song had died out and the only noise heard was the crackling of the blazing campfire and the distant bellow of the bull frogs around the lake shore. Despite the fact that a small breeze blew the smoke from one side of the human circle to the other and kept several of boys in a very uncomfortable condition no one moved as Mr. Simmons slowly rose to his feet to say the last few words that he would be able to say on an occasion

of this kind until the following summer. When the director sat down again and "Red" Creighton began opening the Bible to begin the devotions, one could have found several small tears coming from the eyes of those sturdy boys.

When the devotions were over the boys quietly arose and started to retire to their respective tents. Several of them backed up to the still blazing fire to get warm.

"Just a minute, boys," called Uncle George, "Don't forget to come down to the campfire if those wildcats should approach. It will be the safest place in camp."

Scarcely a word was spoken as the boys slowly sauntered up the hill to the tents. A little buzz of conversation started up, but when the lights went out this ceased and only the chirping of the crickets and the croaking of the frogs broke the quiet of that cool mountain night.

Many a pair of eyes stayed open after all had gone to bed and many boys turned over in their minds the happenings of the joyous past month. And perhaps many minds were picturing a fierce wildcat five feet long, standing on the top of the mess shack tearing the roof off. But soon all these eyes closed except three pair, and the camp rested in peaceful slumber.

How long the camp remained in this condition no one knew, but sometime during the dark wee hours of the morning when the moon had disappeared over the western horizon and a misty fog, not peculiar to a mountain night, hovered around the shores of the lake, making the darkness all the more black, Liles Habel suddenly awoke. What was that? Then something happened that made the hair on Liles' head stand straight up on its roots.

A wild, hysterical, howling shriek burst forth from the top of the little mount on the side of which stood the row of tents. When the shriek stopped every boy was sitting straight up in his cot terrified. The icy chillness of the night air was forgotten and a silence existed that one could almost hear. And then the wail like that of a dying demon burst forth again.

Some boy who came to his senses managed to choke out "wildcats" and the camp was in a panic. The fact that the lights flashed on a moment and then flashed off again added to the excitement, and there was a mad rush for the campfire. Several shaking hands vainly tried to make the still red embers blaze up again.

"Has anyone seen my pistol?" shouted Mr. Simmons as he rushed down the hill from his shack, clad in a pair of white pajamas. "I can't find it anywhere."

The only reply that he received was a rythmical sound of chattering teeth.

Hastily the camp director gathered a few sticks and in a space of two minutes a blaze was started. About this time the boys, who had been shivering from fear, began to realize that more than their sleeping attire was necessary to keep them warm, and the shivering began for another reason. Such weapons as frog gigs, boat paddles, fishing rods, and baseball bats were brandished around the fire.

Then the shriek sounded again, this time right behind the mess shack, which was only

about twenty yards from the campfire. That terrible noise was never forgotten by any boy who heard it that night. Something had to be done or all those who would escape death in the clutches of the wildcat would either die of fright or freeze to death.

"Say, 'Red,' " said Mr. Simmons, motioning to five of the larger boys. "You, Liles, Pat, Jim, and Bill each get an oar and follow me. The rest of you boys get as close to the fire as you can".

"B-b-but, Mr. Simmons, su-s-s-suppose a wildcat c-c-comes," chattered one of the younger boys, thinking his last day had come.

"Grab a burning stick and throw it at him. Should he jump on one of you out of one of those trees," he said, motioning to a group of trees bordering on one side of the campfire, "then the rest of you run into the mess shack and hold the door shut. We're going to try to chase him out of camp." And with this none too cheerful advice still ringing in the ears of the terrified boys, the six disappeared in the darkness towards the mess shack.

The wild howl sounded again, this time nearer than ever. The group of boys huddled so close about the fire that the flames were burning the legs of many of them. Then came the sound of scuffling and the noise of the oars hitting on the side of the shack. Every boy standing around the campfire held his breath, not knowing when a maddened wildcat would spring into their midst. Then howls of laughter reached their ears.

"Boys, the joke's sure on you this time," said Mr. Simmons as he walked into the light of the campfire, followed by six boys. "It's all a fake. It wasn't so about a wildcat being killed up the river, and that awful noise that you heard was only a wildcat whistle blown by Elford Patrick."

A look of anger came on the faces of the frightened ones, but this was quickly replaced by a sickly grin of disgust. The plotters were indulging in gleeful laughter as they followed the rest of the boys up to the tent. Even some of the frightened ones volunteered an occasional snicker, but the large part of them were too cold, sleepy and disgusted to have anything to say.

Next morning the "wildcat scare" was the principle topic of conversation. The plotters were forgiven, although there were many threats of vengeance. And as the boys plodded the two miles to the station to make their reluctant departure and discuss the happenings of the camp that year, it was generally conceded that the "wildcat scare" was the best thing that had "come off" during the month.

A TRAGEDY

By Harold M. Patrick

'Twas dusk;
Evening shadows gently falling;
Twilight creeping stealthily
Across the peaceful valley;
A gorgeous crimson afterglow
Reddening the western sky;
The whole countryside hushed
In silent reverence
For the dying day.
The solemn stillness broken only
By the howl of a far-away wolf
And the murmur of the lazy brook,
Trickling past the humble homes
Of the settlers.

A snapping of twigs;
A rustling of bushes;
The sound of moccasined feet
On the leaf-covered ground;
A glimpse of gay-colored feathers,
Wampum and beads.

The snapping of a bow;
An arrow flying unerringly to its mark;
A cry of pain;
A drooping form
Withering into a lifeless heap.

Then an angry voice:
"Johnnie, you promised mother,
If she bought you that Indian suit
You wouldn't shoot the chickens.
Where's my switch?"

ETERNITY

By Bertrand P. Ramsay

THE SCRAPING SOUND of a key turning in a rusted lock, a clanking of chains like the falling off of fetters, the creaking of a heavy gate, slowly swinging on seldom used hinges—and John Gibbs stood without the ponderous gates of Purgatory—a freed spirit. Again, the whining of the age-old hinges, a noisy click; and the gates of Purgatory were locked behind him. He sighed—a sigh of relief. For seven hundred years he had labored and toiled behind those gates. For seven hundred years he had done penance: he had repeated long prayers, kneeling eight continuous hours out of every twenty-four on the hard flaget-stone floors of the chilled and comfortless temple cellars; he had groveled, as a worm, in the ground eight other hours, being scourged and receiving each hour forty stripes less one; and eight hours he had labored in the quarries—and always he dragged great balls of iron from his feet, and his hands had been encumbered by chains that hung from the iron ring about his right wrist to the iron collar about his neck, and from the iron collar about his neck to the iron ring around his left wrist. For seven hundred years he had done penance, and slept not, nor rested. His only drink had been the sweat that beaded upon his brow and rolled down to the corners of his mouth; his only food had been the salt of his tears. His knees were bruised and cut from having knelt long at prayers upon the rough stones. Those endless prayers throbbed in his brain as if they might explode their confines. He was knotted and bent from groveling in the ground, and his back was raw and ever bleeding from the lash of the scourge. His ankles and wrists were numb and rotted nearly through from the bands that had bound them so tightly for the greater part of a thousand years. About his neck, where the collar had rested, there was a circle that had never calloused since its weight had rubbed away the skin of his **spirit-flesh** on that day when he first labored in the quarries of Purgatory—seven hundred long years before. Oh, he was tired—yes, John Gibbs was very tired!

Oh, how glorious it was to be free! And yet, he turned half-way around with arms outstretched, when he became aware that those gates of Purgatory that had opened and left him free were locking behind him. What? John Gibbs turned half-way around with arms outstretched as if he would hold open the gates of that **media-terra** where he had suffered so much. The gates were locked. Again he sighed—with regret this time. After all he loved those hard basement floors. Where now would he say those familiar prayers? He must say them. How could he restrain the habit which seven hundred years had taught? Even as he thought, they were pounding in his brain and rose to his lips:

"Pater noster,
Qui es in caelis,
Sanctificetur nomen tuum,
Adveniat regnum tuum; —"

But there he stopped and tried to think.

Ah—it was better now; now he could think. He smiled. He remembered how he used to lay flat on his belly with both arms outstretched, snuffling the dust up into his dry mouth and parched throat.

"Three, six nine, twelve—"

He was receiving the lashes of the scourge. At first he had squirmed under the cut of the scourge and cried out. But afterwards he grew to expect the lashes resignedly, patiently, almost eagerly. Indeed, twenty-five years back, the custodian had decided to discontinue his scourging, but John Gibbs had grown so accustomed to the lashes that he had pleaded with his over-guard until he had consented to lay them on again. Now he was toiling in the quarries. How good it was to be swinging that old pick again—the pick that he had swung for seven hundred years. But where were the shackles of his feet? Where were the bands that had bound his wrists, and the chains? Oh, he remembered now. He seized the gates in both hands and shook them. They were locked. He shook them again. They were locked. He heard no sound inside; and none of those within seemed to hear him struggling to reenter the gates. He shook them again, and listened—silence. Then he smiled. Then he heard, pounding away in his head, one by one—until he came to

"Pater noster,
Qui es in caelis,
Sanctificetur nomen tuum,
Adveniat regnum tuum;
fi—."

But there he stopped. He tried to think. Yes, his head was clear now. **Now** he could think!

Ah, how glorious it was to be free! It seemed that he had always been repeating useless prayers, that he had always been in shackles, that he had always been beaten. He could scarcely recall those long past days when he had been a **man.** Or rather, it had been so long since he had tried to recall those days that he found it difficult. And anyway, he had been a man only thirty-five years. Thirty-five years? No (it came back to him more distinctly now), he had been thirty-six years old to a day when they hanged him at La Belle prison. **La Belle Prison!** So it had been indeed. At least it had been happy in comparison to that other prison from which he had just been freed. Freed? Yes; **Now** he was free! Had he ever been free before? Well, perhaps he had been free during the thirty-five years before he had been cast into the dungeon at La Belle Prison. But what is thirty-five years of freedom over against seven centuries and a year of slavery?

Oh, how glorious it was to be free! Freedom was certainly a new experience for John Gibbs. Those scant thirty-five years of so-called liberty were at least but a mockery of freedom. Those years had been filled with cares, business responsibilities, parliamentary duties, and the pursuit of a thousand ambitious ideals. And even so, those thirty-five years were now no more than a faint, time-erased image of a recollection. However (and here he cleared his throat and attempted to square his stooped shoulders), John Gibbs had been an important man of affairs in his day. He remembered that at

least. Sir Walter John Gibbs, M. P. He had occupied the finest suite of offices in the finest building in all London. He had owned a residence there, too—not sumptuous, but sufficient for his bachelor needs. It was his magnificent estate, however, near Brighton, on the southern coast of England, that he had called "home" (as if John Gibbs had ever known what it was to have a **home**). His mouth twitched with the bitter recollection. Oh, well, it was too long past to be resented now. But he had always been unfortunate—damned misfortunate; entirely different from his brother. How unjust it all had been! His brother of course had inherited all of John Gibbs' property, including his handsome library. Who else? What did his brother know about books? How much could Thomas have cared for those beautifully bound volumes—that monogramed set of the collected parilamentary and statute laws, or for those rare and valuable antiques collected by John Gibbs himself, with great difficulty and greater expense, from the four corners of the globe? Like as not, the whole library had been used to kindle the kitchen fire, or even worse, but at the same time, even more likely, the volumes had been sold in a lump to some second-hand book store for a half, or a third, or perhaps, a fifth of their value. Indeed, John Gibbs had actually been told by certain acquaintances whom he had chanced to meet **post-mortem** that Thomas had sold at public auction both his London residence and his Brighton estate. And then his money—what did Thomas need with that? Why, Thomas had a fortune even larger (but not so much larger, John guessed) than his. Probably Thomas had used the two combined fortunes for trading and speculation in India, and China, and France, and the Latin Americas, and where not. Some of it, without a doubt, Thomas must have used in securing his governmental offices—for John had also heard that Thomas had been a cabinet member and minister to various foreign countries before he retired from business. Of course that was all right. Money buried in the ground never does anybody any good; money must be invested—and if one wishes to invest in governmental positions, why not? Political influence might just as well be bought as anything else. What else was money for? Yes, indeed, that was all right—certainly! But the thing that irritated John Gibbs was that it should be his own fortune, the money which his own genius had accummulated that Thomas, and not himself, profited from so largely. Justice—hm! Indeed, he had also been told that Thomas had married a second wife, too—the daughter of a certain lord whom he remembered. John Gibbs' money again, he guessed. Really it was a pity that Thomas' first wife had to be murdered; she wasn't a bad looking woman. But no matter, Thomas had gotten another wife, and one of better ancestry, too. If there were any difference at all it was certainly in Thomas' favor. Yes, Thomas had gotten another wife, and with John Gibbs' money! The idea!

John Gibbs' money? John Gibbs laughed at himself. He had been dreaming again. **His** money? Why, it had been seven hundred years and one since he had had any

money—even so little as a shilling. Oh, well, he was free now—free! How glorious it was to be free! Never before had he known the meaning of **freedom**. But now he knew. **Now** he might do as he liked. He might revisit his earthly haunts; he might fly about to survey the universe; he might ascend into heaven; or what was there that he might not do? He was free now—free! Perfectly free! His heart was throbbing with the joy of it; his veins were pulsing with the glory of it; and his head—oh, it was pounding, pounding, pounding on, and on, and on, and on till it came to

"Pater noster,
Qui es in caelis,
Sanctificetur nomen tuum,
Adveniat regnum tuum; —"

But there he stopped.

The skies—ay, the whole universe was flooded with a light greater than the light of the tropical sun at noonday, more beautiful than the lights of the sky on a cloudless night, more gorgeous than the colors of the arctic aurora. Never had any man, and no—not even John Gibbs—seen such a light. The golden gates of heaven were open. And—what was that sounding? Never had man or spirit or angel, and—no, no, no, indeed—not even the ears of God had ever heard that sounding. No, John Gibbs had never heard that sounding; but he knew as all others what sounding it was— He smiled. Hadn't all his life been such? Seven hundred years and thirty six—but this was his first day of freedom. Free! Yes; this was his first hour of freedom, but ah—. He sighed. Free? No! The archangel Gabriel, had sounded upon his heavenly trumpet—yes; and John Gibbs must go!

Through the empyreal he flew—past the suns, and on; past the stars, and on; past the planets; past the moon, and on; into the terrestrial atmosphere, and on; across the waters of the Atlantic; through the tumult, the din, and the cries that arose from the inhabitants of the earth, and on; through the flames that rose from their dwellings, and on; and on—. Silently, he slid into his tomb—through the bolted gate of his family vault, through the copper lid of his coffin, into his corpse.

It was cold there; it was damp. John Gibbs shivered. He didn't fit into his corpse so well as he had, but then—. He reached down into the palms of his hands. What was that he had clasped so tightly in his left palm through seven hundred years? He wasn't alive yet, so that he couldn't tell. Ah, but—he remembered now. He had been told by one of those acquaintances, whom he had chanced upon posthumously. John Gibbs had been left handed. After he was dead, the gaoler, having been engaged to do so (as it was reported) folded the stiffened fingers about the handle of the knife—the fated dagger—the one that John— Yes, yes; he remembered very distinctly. He shuddered. And there it was, the very same—.

The lid of his coffin raised, but John Gibbs lay still. How peaceful it was to lie there—how restful. It had been little rest that he had ever known. And even the little bit that he had known—troubled as it had been by

business responsibilities, parliamentary duties and what not—had been over and forgotten since his thirty-fifth birthday. His day of freedom? There should be no freedom on that day. His long sought rest? There should be no rest on that day. He heard others passing by outside. The day of resurrection was at hand; he must go.

John Gibbs arose then. Brother Tom's coffin lay on the opposite side of the mausoleum. Poor Thomas—he had to die like the rest. It had been a long time since he had seen Thomas' face. He had last seen it in the court room—averted, pale, frowning. The lid was still closed, but John lifted it gently—ever so gently. There he lay; poor Thomas! No; Thomas had not come back yet, but his body was waiting for him. It was not the body that John had known. It was not the virulent, athletic body, tall, commanding, with the little black mustache and the head of thick, curly, black hair that had marked Thomas' early manhood. The form was tall, but a whit stooped, commanding, but the chest was sunken and the great muscles were withered. The mustache had lengthened into a heavy grey beard. The white hairs had fallen from his head until there were few that remained to crown his age. He had always been neatly dressed; in his tomb he was richly—indeed ornately—clothed. A golden chain was lying across his breathless bosom. Yes—and there was a watch in the pocket of his vest. John Gibbs felt it there. Silk socks, patent leather pumps, the border of a white handkerchief showing from his waist-coat pocket—. Oh, well!

The door of the mausoleum flew open as John Gibbs approached it. In the door he stood watching them pass; lovely little girls in chequered aprons and bare feet; men with grey hoods and long frocks; erect women with their tall collars; dames with their towering pompadours. Was not that the lexicographer in the old brown coat with the metal buttons? And who was that man with the curly hair parted in the middle and falling down to his broad, stiff collar? And that slender, womanly face, who wore the tiny white cap on the top of her crown of raven hair? And this dainty creature—was not that the Viscount's daughter approaching? Sophia! John Gibbs stepped forth to speak to her. She stared at him with terror-stricken eyes, turned aside, and hurried away.

For the first time John Gibbs looked at himself. He couldn't believe it! Could Thomas had let them do it? Stingy Thomas! And whose money was it that he hoarded so miserly? Yes—who was it that had told him nearly seven hundred years before? Ah—the Viscount himself, Thomas had refused him—yes, had refused John Gibbs! It was certainly lucky that he had prepared a coffin for himself soon after he was first elected to Parliament. And the Church of England—to which he had contributed so lavishly—had refused **him.** Sir Walter John Gibb's buried in a convict's pall! No wonder that Sophia fled. And that knife which he still clapsed in his left palm—that damned dagger! That damned dagger?

He re-entered the mausoleum. The corpse was waiting for Thomas. Fiercely he seized it. He stripped it of its dress. His prisoner's

stripes were on the floor. Thomas' clothes fitted him nicely. Indeed, they always had. Now, John Gibbs looked more like himself. He pulled out the handkerchief and dusted himself a bit. He wiped the toes of his pumps. He cleared his throat and pulled the wrinkles out of his vest. He ran his fingers over the links of the watch chain. He put his thumb into the vest pocket and rubbed it over the face of the watch. Oh—he had forgotten something. The rings—surely he must have those. He pulled. He pulled harder. That first one was too small; it simply wouldn't come over the knuckle. He pulled again. Where was that knife—that blessed knife? But he must hurry; Thomas would be coming. He cut the bloodless finger. Ah, now there was no difficulty in removing that troublesome ring. Without he heard them passing in increasing numbers. Tom's spirit was near; but John Gibbs had gone.

* * * * * *

The angel was reading from the Great Book: "Walter John Gibbs."

John Gibbs stood forth.

"—was left an orphan at the age of three.

"—In the year that the aforesaid John Gibbs was elected to Parliament—he became embarrassed by financial difficulties—

"As he was removing the valuables from his brother's safe, Mrs. Thomas Gibbs entered the room—

"—Boarded the S. S. Ste. Maria—After he had been brought back—Walter John Gibbs—found guilty of grand larceny and murder—hanged at La Belle Prison on the thirty-sixth day of his birth—"

The thunders roared; the lightnings flashed. "Is that the end?"

"There is more." The angel read the rest.

The mumblings died away; a quiet, strange music; distant rumblings; the thunder roared louder than before; the lightnings were blinding. "Let the Gates of Hell be opened."

A piercing shriek sounded through the skies; John Gibbs fell upon his face. A piercing shriek? Rather the cry of a child who, waking, finds himself alone in the night—a heart breaking cry—at first, bewildered, dismayed, afterwards terror-smitten, and finally despondent.

Hell had opened its gates.

"My Father—"

"Beloved!"

"My Father, for my sake, forgive this man his trespasses."

"My only begotten, not as I will, but Thy will be done."

Sir Walter John Gibbs, M. P., arose. He looked about on the infinite concourse of people with the air of a prisoner found "Not Guilty." His eyes met those of the Viscount; he pulled down the vest and placed his hands in the breeches' pocket. He saw the Viscount's daughter, and smiled. He saw Thomas Gibbs—his **brother.** And by his side—who was it that stood by his side? Had he ever seen that woman before? No, no; he had never seen her before. He had forgotten **her.** A dagger hung between them.

John Gibbs moaned. His chest fell. His lofty head drooped upon his sunken chest. A cry sprang from his lips as he flew into the welcome gates of Hell. Then, with a noisy

bang they closed behind him. A snapping click, and they were locked. And after them, with the sound of a gently blowing midsummer wind, with the monotonous sound of waves beating upon a distant shore, without the snap of a lock, swung to and fasened behind him, the irresistible, the immovable Gates of Eternity.

MUSINGS ON A RAINY DAY

By S. J. McCoy

What is more dreary, depressing, oppressive
  Than rain during bright days of fall?
Sunshine is lost to us, sadness soars o'er us,
  With dull clouds and gloom over all.

Yet, is it always so cheerless and gloomy?
  Are rainy days always so bad?
No indeed! Often relief they have furnished
  When nothing but sunshine we've had.

'Tis good to be shut in! 'Tis fun to see gloom
  And seeing it, thrill with delight.
I am consoled, for it changes the sameness
  As darkness breaks day into night.

'Mid the cold mists the autumn leaves golden
  Are drooping their heads in disdain;
Yet in their dancing one sees they are happy
  In being washed clean by the rain.

Damp cold and gray clouds and drenched earth, and then just
  A friend who your thoughts can endure—
Ah! it is this that is not oft enjoyed—
  'Tis happiness simple and pure.

God provides men with a rich life and pleasure;
  His love shows again and again.
Thus, as He blesses us often with sunshine,
  He blesses us also with rain.

DUNBAR

By C. L. Eaddy

DID YOU ever read of the Fiji Islands and long to go out there to the edge of the world where everything is strange and new, where life is not the life we know and people are barbarous and wild? If you have never felt a desire of this kind, I am inclined to feel sorry for you. Life does not hold all that it should for you. On the other hand, if you have, this story that I am to tell you will find an interested reader. These are wonderful lands, painted in the richest colors by the vivid pen of adventurer and exaggerator, and tinted and touched by the romance of our second life—the free, untrammeled imagination. The lands that lie beyond our reach are those of which we like most to read, for the reason that they are not associated in our minds with any of the every-day, prosaic facts of life; our imagination can have full play, unmolested by anything in the life we know that will detract from the barbarity and colorful romance of the picture.

We go to these for interest, and very entertaining we find them. Yet, in going to these we forget the things of interest that lie at our very yard's gate, some of them would rival the Fijis with all their barbarity. In our own South Carolina, bordered on the northeast by the sluggish, golden Santee River, meandering its way to the Atlantic through miles and miles of dense, water-sogged swamp lands, lies a section of low, flat country called Dunbar. With the Santee as its beginning, it stretches away to the south for many miles across the low-lands and flats, which are useless for anything until drained. Farming is impossible except for small patches of rice fields here and there. It is in this place, almost untraveled by white men, that we find a race of illiterate and barbarous negroes. Isolated from the white man, hiding in their swamps and marshes, living in their tiny huts, and subsisting upon fish and the little rice and corn they are able to grow, we find these negroes still believing in talismans and ghosts. To say the best for them is only to state that they are but little more advanced in civilization than their kinsmen in Africa, who race naked under a tropical sun.

These negroes have become so numerous that whole sections of this low, savanna country reminds one of a great village. Their shanties or huts are built mostly of poles and rough boards, and placed closely together are, for the most part, of only one room. Yet in each one of these filthy huts we often find a family of large size, frequently having ten or more members. One who has never come in contact with it can not possibly understand all of the immorality, the ignorance, the superstition, and the terrible practices that form a part of the lives of these people.

Notwithstanding the fact that they are totally illiterate and ignorant, still there are many interesting facts about their customs

that are worth noticing. For instance, one is struck by their singularly peculiar, yet effective way of government. They tend to colonize into sections along family lines, over each of these clans or sections is one called the "Boss," who has the government of the clan in his hands. The others always wait for the word of the "Boss" to begin action. Any one not knowing the customs of these people may go into Dunbar and search all day for laborers and not be able to secure one. However, one knowing something of their ways has only to go to the "Boss" and tell him that he needs a few "hands" to pick cotton, to hoe, or to do any kind of work, and the old negro goes to the porch with a horn or a sea-conch, used for the same purpose, and blows two long blasts. In half an hour he has laborers enough at his command to work a plantation.

A stranger entering this section is at once puzzled by an occasional blast of a horn. At first it is near, and then it is relayed on and on, from house to house, reminding one of a picket's call relayed to the corporal of the guard. This is the way they have of warning refugees from the law, who may be in the village at the time that a stranger is coming through and to be on his guard; this concealment of refugees from the law is a common practice among them. Only a few years ago there was a heinous crime committed upon a lady of a neighboring community by a negro man. He was followed closely for several days by a posse of citizens led by the sheriff. He managed, however, to reach Dunbar ahead of them and was immediately spirited away. He lives today a fugitive from justice as far as anyone knows, having been smuggled out of the State by the negroes of Dunbar.

All the cunningness and distrustfulness of the savage is still found in them. As savages they were captured in Africa; as slaves they were worked by the white man in the boggy, malaria-infested rice field; as savages, except for the ideas which the crudest form of slavery left them of civilization, they are found today where they were left by the white man when he migrated to better lands. They know nothing of the law but that it is the white man's way of punishing; they care nothing for it since they are scarcely ever thrown in contact with it. They are a peculiar race of people, isolated from the influences of culture and progress.

It is here among these southern rice-field negroes that we find the most superstitious of known people. Like the natives of Africa, they still believe in spirits and entreat favors of them. One not acquainted with them can scarcely conceive of a race of people in which such crude belief are found. They carry talismans in their pockets to prevent misfortune, and to protect them from various kinds of diseases and troubles. For instance, one day I saw sticking from one of the pockets of a tattered old vest that an aged negro was wearing the hairy end of a rabbit's foot. My curiosity was at once aroused. So I asked him why he carried such a thing as that in his pocket. "Why, man, dis am fo' good luck! Man, boss, I done tell you white folks dat I wouldn't das tuh go out wif out my wush bone and rabbit foot." And then he showed me his wish bone (nothing but the

breast bone of a chicken), which he had tucked away in another one of his numerous pockets.

Just as the natives of years ago they still believe firmly in witches; those persons who are supposed to be in league with the devil they are in constant dread. These negroes have what is known as a conjurer's bag, which contains a great assortment of various things: a tooth, some hair, a few grains of coffee, a piece of wood, some pebbles, a pig's hoof, a turtle's claw, and an amazing collection of other things. With one of these conjurer's bags one has the power of death at his command. He has only to place this bag under the door of the person whom he wishes would die. As soon as the person to be killed passes over the bag the spell of death is upon him, and it is only a matter of a short time before he is supposed to die. If this doomed person fails to die, however, the would-be executioner believes that this other person has a conjurer's bag that is stronger than his. Then he at once begins to add other articles to his bag that have certain values in witchcraft. On account of this practice these negroes are forever on the alert. They fear these bags more than any other thing, and it is from this practice that many weird tales of sudden and mysterious deaths have arisen.

They are also firm believers in the wandering of spirits. When a negro falls asleep and dreams of meeting a friend he believes that his spirit has been wandering about in the land of the spirits, and has met with the ghost of his friend whose spirit has also been wandering about. They believe that the spirit only returns to the body when one awakes. The mystery of death is explained by them in this manner: the spirit in wandering away from the body gets lost and fails to return, this accounts for the rise of the belief in ghosts and the fear of the graveyard that we all know about. The lost spirits are always searching for the body from which they strayed, so these negroes explain, and therefore haunt the graveyards after nightfall. These negroes are positive that ghosts can be seen after dark around a burying ground. And because of this belief it is virtually impossible to get one to go near a place of this kind after sundown. These, with a score of other peculiarities and customs, form the semi-savage that lies just beyond our doors.

Then do you wonder why I say that we have something as wonderful as the picturesque "South Sea Isles" at our door, in the form of this cankering sore in the side of our civilization that we love so well to boast of?

A DUSKY TRIANGLE

By E. B. Stevenson

THE WORK of the day over, Jeems Kirton, colored revivalist and sharecropper with Mister Watson, sought the inviting comfort of his cabin door to have a smoke and a nod o' sleep before Rillah, his better half, came to prepare supper. Hauling those large oak posts had certainly been heavy work, and the venerable sanctifier was feeling the effects of his exertions. A blue curl of smoke rose slowly into the air, another and another, until our dusky hero fell into a nod o' sleep. The sun sank lower, the air grew colder, his pipe rolled to the ground, but Jeems still slept—heedless of the approaching darkness.

He had been asleep perhaps thirty minutes when a black, fice dog, approaching the house from the path that led to the main road, leaped the low rail-fence enclosure, and upon seeing his master, gave a joyous bark of greeting. Jeems jumped, opened his eyes, which were still red with sleep, and chased the dog away.

"You slew-footed rascal, youse," he muttered—seeking again the cabin door. "But," he soliloquized, "I'se feelin' better now. It's de Gord's trufe 'bout dey's allus sunshine atter de rain, and dey's allus rest atter a period o' hard excrezertion. Wonder whar—?" the sight of his pipe in the dust about the door steps caused him some consternation. "Whut's de matter wid you, you venerationable ole pipe? Jes lak Moses lif up de serpent in de wilderness so will I elevulate you up. Why, ain't youse done kum tro de spells o' Rillah's paniks mor'n once wid me! And dat 'ooman's sho er pain wid dat mouf o' hern poppin' lak de exhausteration frum Mistah Watson's cyar." Then between puffs from his relighted pipe he continued: "It's suttunly er matter er patraitorism ter take keer o' me frum dis matrimanicial asset o' mine. And consiquaintly us must karparate des lak Marse Rob't and de fadder o' dis country did at de battle o' Victimsburg on de Misurri ribber. I'se suttunly er knowin' Etheropium," he smiled, "no orinery nigger'd er knowed 'bout dat victry which us done chalked up on de winnin' side, in fak—"

"Dar now, dar now, I'se gwine win er victry," interrupted a triumphant voice from the rear of the house; the owner of which soon appeared, boiling with wrath at having been criticized by her compliant husband. "Har you is er settin' down 'stead o' kuttin' sumpkin ter cook supper wid."

"Lawdermussy," shouted Jeems momentarily oblivious of his avowed sanctity. "Whar'd youse cum frum?"

"Nebber mind whar I'se kum frum 'caise youse er gwine now," announced Rillah—advancing on her victim with a broom, which she waved threateningly.

"Lawd, jes' as Daniel 'scaped frum dat lion's paw so may I be emancipulated frum dis begettin' ebbil, fur I'se gwine git it quick," Jeems pleaded piteously.

" 'Deed you is nigger, and it won't be de fust time nuther. Dis mos' grabe 'fense is gwine reap its rewahd."

"But, Rillah, be de mussiful angel dis time, I'se—"

"I'se nuttin'." The victim was seized, roughly cuffed on his woolly head, and pushed to the middle of the front room floor, where the punishment could be applied with more freedom. There we will leave them for a minute—a howling, jabbering, rolling mass of humanity. Now, dear reader, please don't thing that Jeems was the typical "Jiggs" of the dusky race. On the other hand, remember that he was a bit weary, and not at all prepared to assert his masculine superiority by subduing this wrath of his indignant spouse. Evidently she had had some unfortunate social affair. These spells were occurring very frequently now, and each time Jeems was unprepared for them.

Meanwhile Rillah progressed finely with her task, and was soon delighted to hear Jeems burst into a fit of genuine pain. Just how far the bloody affair would have gone we can not conjecture if Providence hadn't intervened with Help. In this case Help was impersonated by a rangy, agile negro man, clad in a pair of blue overalls, from which rose a coal black face with its flat nose and rolling eyeballs. The rescuer surveyed the scene with an understanding grin for a moment, then rushed forward. Clearing an overturned table with a bound, he reached the belligerents just as Rillah raised a clenched fist to deliver one of a series of blows that were swiftly mutilating Jeems swarthy countenance.

Our hero had already counted ninety-nine stars and was now passively awaiting the stroke of darkness that would ignite the hundredth one. "Har it comes, har it comes. Wop! No. What ails? Is she done?" An eyelid flickered. "Whar's tother eyelasher? Look out, look out! No. Sumpin has suttunly happened ter one er my spectutators and ter Rillah, too." With a mighty effort Jeems managed to pull himself out of the threatening pool of unconscious darkness. Two shadowy figures reeled about on the floor. Now they seemed to be struggling, now they seemed to be wrapped in an embrace. "Who dat?" Jeems wearily challenged, whereupon the figures disappeared in the dusky shadows of the kitchen. After a severe struggle Jeems ascended from his starry realm of semi-consciousness, and crawled slowly to the wrecked table against which he leaned, fully exhausted. A pan clattered on the kitchen floor, a board creaked, Rillah's angry cries trailed off into silence, a low voice droned consolingly, a —. Merciful darkness came to Jeems again.

In the days that followed Jeems strived to forget the unpleasant events of that evening, but his efforts were all in vain. The bonds of memory held him to the past with inseparable links. Those two shadowy, reeling figures followed him through each long, toilsome day, and haunted him in the shadowy hours of darkness. Often in the throes of a nightmare he saw that phantom figure, standing again beside the belligerent Rillah. Now it was struggling, now consoling, now advancing. Yes, nearer and nearer it came. A moment more and Jeems could identify it.

He bent closer. It was—. Then just as his eyes were about to pierce the mist, the figures turned, and were lost in the deepening shadows. He awoke with a moan and stared off into the gloomy darkness, hoping to find there the object of his quest. He spent many a night thus in broken fits of slumber. And when the red dawn came at last he hastened away to Mister Watson's to begin his daily work. How "ter git it back on dat nigger" was the question with Jeems. Rillah would of course never have disclosed the identity of her new beau even if Jeems had the courage to question her. He well knew the unpleasant consequences of such an action and chose rather the safety of ignorance.

"It's er blow in de dak," he declared to Mister Watson one evening, "anfi ketch de culludprit I'se er gwine wring he naick."

A momentary grin lighted that individual's straw-colored countenance before he asked, "Where is your friend these days? He hasn't been to the store in a long time."

"Whut frien' dat, boss?" Jeems asked, feigning ignorance.

"You know who I'm talking about. Have you done forgot the nigger that you tried so hard to convert, and who then turned and stole your corn?"

"Oh, dat Rascal Prince Rogers? dat sho' de way er de wicked. Dey allus hand back ebbil fer good—"

"Where is he, I asked," queried Mister Watson.

"He done gone up North ter laber—"

"But," interrupted Mister Watson, "Someone told me that he was back."

"And I sho hopes he's hebby laden wid 'sponsibilities, too."

"Someone certainly was heavy laden last night when they 'toted two sacks of apples out of the orchard," stated Mister Watson, studying Jeems closely.

"Whut youse done said, boss?"

"Yes," the farmer continued heedless of the question—"heavy laden. One of them was barefooted, the other wore number eight shoes, run down at the heels." Silence. "Jeems, those tracks were made by your shoes," he shouted, pointing to Jeem's tracks in the dust at his feet. "And this is the final evidence against you. I found it under one of the apple trees," he added, producing one of Jeems' well-worn felt hats of the stove-pipe variety.

For a moment that swarthy individual was petrified with astonishment and horror, the next he fervently began to plead his ignorance of the affair. When at length he stopped, gasping for breath, Mister Watson said seriously, "Yes, Jeems, I don't believe that you did it. But you must prove that fact to the world. They won't take your word."

With these words ringing in his ears Jeems trudged slowly homeward, with his chin on his neck and in deep meditation. Thus engrossed, he reached the dark premises of his dwelling. Rillah was away so he began to prepare his supper and set the house in order, still studying however. Once with white teeth shining he grinned. "I'se done bin visitationed wid er idea. I'se er gwine turn tother cheek and gwine two mile if dey axes me ter go one." Jeems concluded that in his and Rillah's absence from home the culprit,

noticing the hat and shoes in their respective places on the porch, had taken them for future use; then in his haste to escape with Mister Watson's apples had lost the stolen hat.

Having arrived at this conclusion, and having been visited with an idea, Jeems began his reception for the thief's next visit to the orchard. The orchard, an area of about three acres, was surrounded by a high wire fence, which at various distances could be scaled by means of stiles. The thief had used, and probably would continue to use, the one at the rear of the plot, the others being on the public road. Consequently it was at the rear one that Jeems constructed "us' arrowmatic culludprit ketcher." The "us" was inserted in acknowledgement of Mister Watson's minor work on the device. The weapon in question was arranged so that the victim in ascending or descending the steps would be tripped in a concealed noose. He would of course be unbalanced at the next step, and in falling would draw the rope taunt, thus measuring his length in mid-air. There he would dangle with feet up and head down until a rescuer appeared.

Late one afternoon Jeems, having finished his task of construction, stepped back and observed with a chuckle: "Dat' will doubtless git 'im. And when I gits thatun then fur tothern whut's courtin' Rillah."

The sun rose in glorious splendor next morning and flooded Mister Watson's farm and the surrounding country with its warm rays. Everything was as usual at the farm. The respective members of this institution began their several tasks about the place with routine precision. Yes, everyone except Jeems, who appeared earlier than usual and in a very excited state of mind. He soon hurried away with Mister Watson to the orchard and there—

On the stile steps hung a figure clad in blue overalls. Apples were scattered on the ground in a confused heap, while in the background towered a half-filled sack. Jeems rushed forward with the joyous shout: "I'se done lasored youse now, I'se done—." The shouting ceased. Mister Watson saw him halt near the inclined figure and bend forward. His lower jaw fell, his eyeballs bulged, his body became tense and stiff in its forward position. He stared, stared at that figure on the stile.

"What's the matter, Jeems?" inquired Mister Watson, bending forward for a better examination of the groaning victim. "Jeems, who—?" he stopped, dumbfounded. It was Rillah.

How Jeems got the unconscious Rillah home that day he never knew. He only knew that "he wuz fur 'liberin' her ober ter de consubble, but Mistah Watson done rejected, lowin' how de matter would bear 'vestigates. I 'lowed how dat debbilish Rillah 'ooman would bear 'vestigates." "Dat 'ooman Rillah" soon regained consciousness and sullenly listened to Jeems lecture.

"You, Jezebellum, youse," he burst out at last, unable to restrain his wrath longer, "Jes lak de apple 'casioned de downfall o' Adam, so did 'casion your downfall. Youse sho did fall, too," he grinned triumphantly, "wid dem apples fallin' all 'round you. Youse done sowed de seeds er sin an' now youse gwine

reap er whirlwind er destruction. Who wuz dat wid you whut made dem track 'round de apple tree? Dis nigger ain't makin' no insingulations, but—. Lawd, de 'ooman done faint up ergin."

If Jeems was astounded at finding Rillah in the trap at the stile he was even more surprised by her story a few days later. Meanwhile Prince Rogers had been arrested and placed in jail, where he would remain until the next session of court. He would then be tried for stealing Mister Watson's apples, several of the articles and their containers having been discovered on his premises. The distinction of having the largest pedal extremes in the community was the immediate evidence that lead to his arrest.

"Den it wuz de trufe whut Mistah Watson said 'bout dat nigger Prince bein' back frum up de country," Jeems said one evening to the submissive Rillah. "But whut I wants ter git 'quainted wid is— Look har, 'ooman, if you don't excevulate up dat mouf o' yourn an' clear up sebbil perplexiation matters, I'se gwine to let Mistah Watson surrender youse up ter dat consubble fellah." That threat roused Rillah from her stolid silence and she forthwith began her tale.

Prince had been his rescuer on that memorable night when we first met them. Afterwards he had visited Rillah very often and it was perhaps on one of these visits that he had obtained the hat and shoes. He had confided to her that he had visited the orchard, a fact which he tried to conceal by placing Jeems' shoes about on the ground and leaving the hat. Her pleadings that he never visit the orchard again were in vain. He went anyhow. In desperation she followed to beg him to return. They met at the back stile. He heard her pleas with contempt, stating that he had already boldly entered the orchard near the main road and obtained a bag of apples.. Rillah began to descend the steps. Bang! She fell, Prince fled.

"Den it wuz dat Prince nigger atter all," exclaimed Jeems with a sigh of contentment. "I'se done been reimbussed fur all my trubbles. Dis is most ellegant," he grinned, reaching for his faithful pipe.

REFLECTION

By W. Clough Wallace

Throbbing memories filled my brain
As on that summer day
I strolled down the old, old lane
To the Blue-Bell Meadows;
The meadows where I, when a kid
In knee breeches and 'alls,
Had frolicked the whole day through
With Don and Jack and Bill,
The boon companions of my boyhood.

Thirty years and more had gone their way,
As all the years will go,
And I had stolen from my business
A summer day, to go
And see once again my childhood haunts;
Places of sweet memories
Of things that were passed to return no more,
Of boyish fun, and of boys
Whose smiles and bones long since returned to dust.

There was the same old bending oak tree,
From whose pliant branches
We launched our small white forms into space,
Each trying to be first
To split the muddy waters of the stream
With his naked body;
And there the bank of pure, white, river sand
Where we warmed in the sun
Only to receive blisters for our pains.

The waters of the stream seemed the same;
But the calm sultry air
And the pervading sense of quiet
Clashed with my boyhood dream,
In which I saw visions of youth,
Joyful, frolicking boys,

Who made the old meadows ring with their laugh,
While the hills re-echoed
With their Indian yells and war-whoops.

That floating log in the mid-stream should bear
Don with his flaxen hair,
And that low-hanging willow, right yonder,
Dipping beneath the waves
Should enfold cheery Jackson's face
In its leaf-green bower,
While out in the middle, where water is deep
And the current sweeps on,
You should find Bill, smiling, freckled, happy.

On the top-most point of a dead old snag,
Where the eddy flows smooth,
I saw a sunburned, tousled-headed lad,
Whom I recognized
As none other than myself as a boy.
The vision was so real
That for a full moment I was tempted
To believe that I saw
The gleeful spirit of my departed youth.

But the rumble of a train across the trestle,
And its shreiking whistle
Brought me back from my land of dreams
To the too-real present.
I turned, and tried to wipe the tears from my eye;
But I could not succeed,
For fresh ones took their place as fast as they went.
And so I turned about
And sadly faced once more up the old, old lane.

THE JACKAL WINS AND LOSES

By Robert Marsden

IT ALL STARTED when Dad bought the car. I told him that he was too nervous to drive even after he had bought the Ford, the purchase of which was the height of his ideal of prosperity. But he would have the thing, so the whole family—that's Dad, Muddie, 'Celia, and I—went out with the dealer one Friday in June, when the buds were just opening and the air had just enough nip in it to make riding a pleasure. You know that such a ride would sell a car to anybody, even though they knew as we did that their father was not steady enough to drive safely.

But before I go further with my yarn, I suppose that I should tell you all about myself. I am Carl Rikenbacker, a twelve-year-old—or I was when Dad got the idea of buying the car—and a husky boy for my age. Grandfather came over from Germany immediately after the War of 1870, and settled here in Luverne, Iowa, where the Presbyterians had put a girls' college. It was in that school that my mother got her education.

Things came along so well for Grandie that he married at forty years of age. He had one child, my father. Dad, seemingly inheriting the tendency to marry late, waited until he was over thirty-five to venture into the sea of matrimony, so he was older than my tender years showed. Then, of course, there is one child older than I. She should be called "Cecelia," but we always call her just plain " 'Celia."

The abandonment of the school almost wiped out the little town which had grown up around Calvin College, sharing with the girls their traditions, their likes and dislikes, their hopes and aspirations, and even moving away in the summer when the students left. So it was not strange that Luverne slowly lost population until it was little more than a railroad junction, where the Des Moines and Duluth crosses the Algona and Duncombe. Both of these are roads where the engineer's dog comes in before the train.

With the loss in population came the loss of money, much more glaring and painful and disastrous. The town even lost its Ford agency because of the lack of sales. Of course, Dad's business was just as hard hit as the rest, and we found ourselves counting how much this and that and the other would cost. Dad lost his firm step, and Muddie cultivated a care-worn expression that pained the person who looked on the deep furrows and sunken eyes.

One night I heard Dad and Muddie talking after everybody had gone to bed and the lights had been put out. I was just six years old then, but what they said stuck with me as if it had been branded on my brain. Ever since I had been able to listen knowingly, my mother had read to me from Burns and Browning and some of the leading American authors, with an occasional line from Goethe, "to satisfy that Hunnish taste," as she put it. And Dad was actually planning to sell Mud-

die's library! But she never would allow that.

"I'd rather take in washing," she retorted after the plan had been laid down. That stopped the hum of voices for a few moments, but Dad began another scheme, the relation of which lulled me to sleep, to a slumber broken by dreams of strange men and things, by the thought of Dickens' description of the buzzing at the Old Bailey—.

Five years passed. Dad's warehouse by the railroad went to pieces from lack of use. The walls of the store seemed to be pushing closer and closer together in an effort to force him out of business—what little business he had left! Then the semi-weekly newspaper came out with glaring headlines that the C. B. and Q. had bought both the roads that ran through little old Luverne. Extensive road warehouses would be built in our town. The family's luck, or rather Dad's, was almost as good as that of a poor merchant in some novel. Because his warehouse site was in the heart of the proposed development, he got twenty-five thousand dollars for his tract of land that had been so useless before.

So he got the Ford, a very conservative buy, but Dad always was conservative. He put up the rest of the money "for a rainy day"—and that day was a strange one that won and lost all.

We had had the Ford for two months and decided to go on a picnic to celebrate. We started out on a beautiful day and headed for the open country. The air was fresh, the road was good, and the basket held fried chicken. Setting out with light hearts, we sped along the main road for about five miles, and then Dad took one of his strange ideas. We had not set any place to eat our supper, so he decided to turn down the next road to the left and stop at the first good spring. Everything went gayly on until a sudden darkness came over the sky. Looking back, we saw a low, black cloud of huge proportions scudding along toward us at express train speed. Dad began jerking and twisting and looking back at the cloud, but still he insisted on proceeding to find shelter from the racing storm. In glancing back at Muddie—she and 'Celia were on the back seat—he dashed over a big bump, bouncing her to the top of the car, where she hit one of the top struts. The nervous strain was too much for him. He lost control of the car and dashed into a deep ditch—

I awoke from a miserable unconsciousness a few minutes later just as the storm broke. The rain poured down in torrents. A furious wind lashed flying sheets of it into my face, and I got upon my uncertain feet to seek shelter. I stumbled over some yielding form the first step I took. A piercing yell rent the air. Then the same voice broke into a laugh like the tinkling of broken glass—then the howl of a lonely jackal. It was Muddie.

I don't know what happened after that until a farmer came along in a ramshackle ranch wagon and picked us up. Dad was still unconscious, and Muddie was never right after that day. Dear Muddie! The doctor said that the bump on the top of her head was too much for her.

Two weeks later Dad passed into the Great Beyond. To Muddie, the shock was greatly

lessened by the fact that her conception of things was knocked all askew. I often believed afterward that she was entirely unaware of his death, but 'Celia, who slept with her, said that Muddie regularly mourned all night for her "Charlie."

The funeral services were to be held at the graveyard, but they were interrupted by an incident that was the talk of the whole State for a week. As the casket was being prepared to be lowered, Muddie rushed from between 'Celia and me and forbade that the services be continued. Everybody was thunderstruck, but the "will of the widow," as the parson expressed it, was heeded. The procession filed back to the home of the deceased. From there the coffin was sent to the undertaker's parlors, there to stay until Muddie ordered its disposition.

The friends dispersed uncertainly, leaving me and 'Celia completly bewildered and chagrined. But Muddie seemed perfectly satisfied. "He's not dead," she exclaimed when all the attendants had left. "I didn't even let them embalm him."

It was a week later. Muddie had been talking about Dad all the time as if he were only away on business. While Muddie, 'Celia, and I were sitting around a small fire that had been lit to drive away the chill of the night air, we heard a heavy step on the porch, and immediately after a hurried knock on the front door. I went to let in our caller, but to my surprise I found standing there the undertaker's assistant, old Lemuel Johnson. He was breathing in little gasps that shook his whole frame, and his panting was plainly audible.

"He—he—he's gone!" burst out Lem, and seemingly through with his mission, he wheeled on his heel to go.

"Who's gone from where? It ain't—Dad!" I almost shouted.

Lem turned sadly. "Son," and he spoke as if a great weight were tied to each word, thus rendering them hard to get out of his heaving breast. "Yes, son," he whispered, "you hit it right. Yore Dad's done up an' lef'—lef' out'n his coffin!"

I suddenly remembered Muddie's precautions. "I wouldn't let them embalm him." But this was more than I could understand; lid clamped down, no food or water for seven days, to say nothing of a complete lack of air. "There must be something wrong with Lem," I decided, so after telling Muddie and 'Celia I'd be back soon, I ran hatless to town by the side of puffing Lemuel Johnson—Lemuel Johnson, who had said that Dad was gone.

Upon reaching the undertaker's parlors, I saw a small knot of men talking in subdued tones and making curious gestures before the door. We pushed by them and went straight into the rear rooms where Dad's body was supposed to be. I confidently believed that the disappearance was a false creation, proceeding from the weird mind of the old undertaker's assistant. But it was I who had made the mistake. Sure enough, there was the open casket. Looking about for clues, I thought of the possibility of finger prints. My first impulse was to examine the sides of the coffin. I saw the prints of a hand about in the middle of the side wall, nothing lacking but the thumb, which had evidently been

bent over on the inside to offer a good grip.

His attention having been called to the print, Lem ejaculated in awe-stricken tones, "Jes' like he pulled hisself up!"

The idea struck me that Dad had been the victim of some brain disease or injury that made him unable to do anything for himself, making him appear to be dead. The spell I reasoned had worn off, he had found himself encased in a long box, and had pushed the lid off with superhuman force endowed in the time of need. Then he placed his hands on the sides of his prison—in their natural position of course—and had pulled himself out to freedom. He found that he was locked in a dark room with a coffin, in which he was to be buried the next day—buried alive. I shuddered at the thought as originally as he had. It was too much for him. Thinking that some enemy was going to put him to death he stole to the back window, opened it, and—

I was interrupted in my thinking by the flashing of a light around the room. Lem had gone out to get his pocket lamp. Pulling my sleeve, he beckoned me to the window. The sash was thrown wide open. Below was a trampled spot of ground. We climbed out, Lem shooting the silver beam of his torch around the vacant lot behind the undertaker's establishment. A wan moon cast erie shadows of the chimneys over the littered ground. Long black streaks formed a Stygian blanket over the plot, and the gleaming flash-light only served to pronounce the darkness.

On three sides of us stood brick buildings, their windows heavily barred and their doors securely locked, and on the fourth side was a diminutive alley way. In that direction a trail of overturned rubbish led. Lem and I followed it to its end; a stray beam of light crossed the figure of a man. We hurried toward him. He was not our man, but before we could question him he burst out in excited tones, informing us that his car had been stolen. We expressed our extreme lack of knowledge as to its whereabouts, at which he let out a long stream of profanity and indicated the point where the trail emerged. "It was right there, damn it!" Dad had driven away in the man's car.

I could no longer doubt that my "dead" father was alive. So, turning toward home, I started slowly off, but Lem stopped me. "The sheriff," he said, "reckon he'd want to know?"

And then I reported to the sheriff, told him the whole story, of the opened lid, the hand prints, the raised window, the trail to the alley, and the missing car. Mr. White, he's the sheriff, you know, looked wise and answered in a reassuring way that Dad would be recovered by the next night. Find the car—and by the way, what kind was it? Chalmers? Thought Dad drove a Ford. Oh, well, no telling what a man in his condition might do.

After my talk with Mr. White, I hurried home to tell Muddie and 'Celia about my night. My surprise was great when my mother broke into a fit of laughter and shouted, "Is that so? Well, I expected it!" And then tinkling glass—and the jackal's cry.

But 'Celia's frail body couldn't stand the

shock. She fell into a dead faint, and my attention was attracted to her for the next few minutes. After I had tended to my sister I went into the sitting room to look after Muddie. I found her placidly reading one of her books on psychology. I sat down by her side and she smiled. "They'll want a ransom, I suppose," she said. Then seeing that she had said something exceedingly extraordinary, she quickly told me the story of a young boy who had been stolen a few days before by kidnappers. I attributed the remark to the blow on her head and let the matter pass.

The next afternoon at about five o'clock a message came to me from Sheriff White, telling me that the Chalmers had been found and that Dad would probably be unearthed by the next afternoon. That news partly relieved the strain under which I had been living. Of course I was still greatly worried, and that worry was increased to a terrible pitch when Muddie received a letter the next morning that read something like this:

"Mizz Rickenbaker, I rekon you nowed erbout yore husband gittin thet car an rekin it on the rode. Well, we got im and we want twenty thousan dollars (20,000 dollars) fer im. Jes wate an we'll rite you agin. He'll be allrite, so don't worry. Ef you tell ole man White we'll kill the ole man. We has a inside string on the law men, so we'll no ef you squele on us."

Three days later we got another letter, written in the same scrawl, on the same kind of dirty paper, and penned in the same bad English.

"Mizz Rikenbaker, He's well and harty still, an we want to get im offen our hands. Make the twenty thousan like this:

"$1,000 in 10 doller bills.
"$14,000 in 5 doller bills.
"$5,000 in 100 doller bills.

"Ef you tries to mark them or give us any rote bills frum a sertain bank, we won't take it. All yore trouble will be in vane. Rap them up in a newspaper from September 18, and drop them in the trash hop at the rear of the hardware store. Ef all is well, we'll take the money an leve the ole man in the ole college bildin tomorrow nite."

Of course we answered the letter by doing what it directed. I was in favor of hiding a policeman near the hardware store to make a capture, but Muddie refused to let them know that Dad had been kidnapped. We drew out the money from our bank in the desired denominations. On the next night I went down to the hardware store to deposit the ransom in the trash can. What if the kidnappers took the money and kept Dad, I thought with tremor in my heart. But I cast away all my fears and trudged back home to dream of Dad, automobiles, and kidnappers.

All during the following day I fidgeted nervously. The sun seemed to stand still in the sky, but sunset finally did come, and then the dark. I had previously decided to wait until almost dawn before going to the college. Consequently, I retired at my usual bed time, but sleep refused to come. When I did doze off it seemed only a minute before my alarm clock warned me that it was time to leave. I dressed and set out for the college buildings at three o'clock. It was the darkest part of

night, just before the first ray of dawn streaked across the sky.

Upon reaching the ivy-covered walls, my brain began to whirl, my heart skipped several beats, afterward making up for lost time by filling in with extra beats. I had already decided where Dad would be, so I made straight for the high front steps of the main building, which led up to the chapel. The fact that he was not there brought little consternation to my mind, so I turned to look with a right good will in the other likely places. After fifteen minutes of careful search, I felt as if a great weight were hanging on my head, pulling it down and making me appear as utterly dejected as I was. I had looked in the chapel, boiler rooms, the offices, the students' rooms, and every other place that was at all likely to shelter a kidnapped man of sixty years of age, but Dad was nowhere to be found.

Never before or since have I had such a feeling of complete defeat as I had when I was coming home from the aged college buildings. The grey streaks of dawn shot above the horizon, seemingly reflecting my drab spirits. Then the sun peeped above the tree tops and gave out its early morning, cold, red glow—like the glint of gold—gold; twenty thousand dollars worth! I stumbled toward the east. The glow faded, like the twenty thousand had faded.

I made my painful way into the house and fell into a chair. 'Celia slipped into the room and ran her arm around my neck.

"And Dad," she whispered. "Where is he?"

"Dad," interrupted a voice from behind us. "Dad!" And it broke into a gruesome cackle—the tinkling of broken glass. "What I want to know is, where is the money?" The voice trailed off into an oppressive silence. Then it broke into a hilarious laugh. "Dad! Dad! Dad! But where's the twenty thousand ?" And tinkling glass—the jackal's challenge—and Muddie tottered out from the door which led to her room.

'Celia fell into a faint on my shoulder as the horror of the situation sank in. I don't know how I stood it; maybe I did go into a swoon, for the next thing that I realized was that the sun was shining brightly into my eyes. Muddie's roar had subsided into a mere chuckle. 'Celia, still leaning on my shoulder, was jerking unconsciously. Picking her up in my arms woke her, and she looked wildly around as if she didn't know where she was. I soon had her quiet though, but my unlucky mother still persisted in chuckling lowly—like a purring lion that has satisfied his hunger.

'Celia was a week in bed from the shock. All that time I used for thinking, wondering; but getting results—never! It was a strange thing that I didn't even think of reporting the case to the police. But I kept a silence as perfect as if I had been dumb.

One day 'Celia complained that Muddie worried her at night, talking in her sleep evidently. She talked mainly of money was the complaint. On awaking one night she said, Muddie was saying, "One thousand in tens, fourteen thousand in fives, five thousand in hundreds, less one thousand in fives, tens, and hundreds. This for that. Trader! trader!"

I accounted for this by saying that Muddie's incapacitated mind was being preyed upon by the kidnapping and the loss of all our money.

Later in the week 'Celia announced that every time she turned over in bed she produced a rustling sound that greatly disturbed her. I was for investigating immediately, but she said for me to leave it for a few days to see if it would grow less.

"It must be the papers between the mattress and the springs," she explained.

Contrary to our expectations though the crackling became more and more audible, until she was hurried out of bed some few days sooner than she would have gotten up had it not been for the annoyance.

Beginning my investigations, I threw back the mattress to see if 'Celia's explanation was correct. But such was not the case. Determined to find the cause of the trouble I decided to cut into the mattress. Instead of finding newspaper stuffings, I saw a flour sack resting in the middle of the cotton padding. There were no papers anywhere in sight, so I took the sack to see what its contents were. The neck was tied tightly with heavy cord, and over the knot was a paper stamp acting as a seal. Tearing this off was the work only of a moment. Then I broke the cord and opened the sack. There lay the twenty thousand dollars. A note scrawled on the same dirty paper that had been used for the kidnapper's note was on top of the pile. It read, "One thousand for doing the trick. Carleton McAbee."

You can well imagine my surprise. There were the very bills I had laid in the trash can. Had Muddie engineered the kidnapping? Was the whole thing a frame-up? I remembered having heard that a guilty person always admits his story when boldly charged with it, so I went in quest of Muddie. I found her standing in front of the sideboard, glancing warily around to see if anyone were in sight. Upon seeing me approaching she quickly withdrew her hands from a large teapot, the only valuable piece of silver that had survived those hard years between the disbanding of Calvin College and the sale of the warehouse property.

"Well, Muddie," I announced knowingly, "I've caught you at it. And it was the same with the twenty thousand, eh? Just wanted more for yourself."

She was completely overcome. "Don't let the police know," she plead. "Don't! Don't! Don't! I wanted more money—I had to have the cash backing for my project." There followed a disconnected story of a mad person's desire. I have put it into my own words:

"For several years now we've been so close with money that I couldn't get any to bore my oil well. There's oil in the back yard that would make us all rich if we just had the money to dig a well. Several times I asked your father to let me have the proper financial backing, but every time he refused. There is hardly any use to remind you of the times you put me off."

She had never asked me for money. The rest of the story was probably just as untrue as that phase.

"After long waiting, I became very impatient to start with the drilling, then I decided

on a course that would allow me to start at an early date. My plan was to kidnap someone. The ransom would then cover expenses. The first step was to find the person to do the work for me. Carleton McAbee was my choice. He seemed to me to be the only one in town capable of what I would require. I promised to give him one thousand dollars for one night's work, and he quickly accepted.

"The next step was to decide upon who to kidnap. At first I thought of having myself kidnapped, but I discarded this plan because of the fact that my influence might be necessary at home. After a long period of deliberation I decided to have McAbee run off with your father. I was sure that I would be able to induce you to follow instructions given in the letters which I had carefully prepared to send to myself. I was just as sure too that you would not let me have money for the purpose which I planned to carry out, so I set my mind on completing my plans. I told Carleton of my decision and he approved of it completely. I thought that I would know where my husband would be on the night which I chose, even though he had been away from home on business for a whole week. He was to be one of a gang of men to play poker in one of the back rooms of the undertaker's building.

"Everything came off perfectly. My instructions were followed explicitly. Carleton slipped into the room while all of the players except your father were out. Sam Williams, whom I paid eighty dollars for the use of his car, was a perfect accomplice, too; he had his Chalmers in perfect readiness, and Carleton drove off with my husband."

"But where did Dad go?" I asked, bewildered as to the solution she held for his disappearance.

"The brutes killed him," she ejaculated, but that didn't seem to worry her in the least. "I got the money though," she continued. "You thought that I was trying to find who kidnapped him, while really—" And she broke into that laugh that I had heard before—tinkling glass—the jackal's challenge.

JEAN PAUL MARAT

By J. N. Holcombe

"CITIZENS:—You see before you the widow of Marat. I do not come here to ask your favors, such as cupidity would covet, or even such as would relieve indigence—Marat's widow needs no more than a tomb. Before arriving at that happy termination of my existence, however, I came to ask that justice may be done in respect to the reports recently put forth in this body against the memory of at once the most intrepid and the most outraged defender of the people."

These were the words of Simonne, the widow of Marat, to the convention. In life she was his companion, friend, and counselor; in death she was his champion and the defender of his memory. Her kinsmen had denounced and disowned her when she married Marat, but through wrath and favor, through exile and acclaim, Simonne was faithful to the man whom she loved. Carlyle contemptuously refers to her "a washerwoman." He is right—she was a washerwoman; but it was to defend the memory of Marat against slander and aspersion that Simonne took in washing. "Washerwoman" need not always be a term of contempt.

This utterance of Marat's widow reveals, in the first place, of course, the character of the woman herself. It may also be taken as an index to the nature of her husband. No man, except one whom the world misunderstands and despises and abuses, can command such unflinching loyalty and unswerving devotion in a wife as that which the words of Marat's widow indicate. And then there is that touch of pathetic pride in her words, and the note of self-sufficient disdain for material favors that can mark only the widow of a fanatic who has been glorified by a martyr's death.

Marat was a mad man. He formed his creed, and then clung to it with a dogmatic tenacity that rendered him blind to the viewpoints of those who differed with him. "The ridicule and condemnation under which Marat justly falls," says Belloc, "do not attach to the patent moral truths he held, but to the manner in which he held them. He held them as though no other truths existed."

The creed of Marat was equality within the State, and government of the State by the authority of its own citizens. Surely there is nothing reprehensible in such a creed; upon those principles rest the cherished institutions of all the great liberty-loving nations of the world. Marat's fault lay, as Belloc says, in his manner of holding this creed.

The principles Marat proclaimed found an immense appeal among the lowest classes, whose lots, already grievous, were daily being made harder by the burdens that were shunted to their shoulders by the middle and upper classes. It is people who have "nothing but the privileges of their superiors to mark their position in the State"—whose lot has become intolerable, yet for whom the fu-

ture holds no hope of better things—who fall prey to the teachings of the revolutionist. Such was the position of the lowest classes in France just prior to the revolution, and to that class Marat had the greatest appeal. He was the darling of the scum of Paris.

The usual course of revolution proceeds from moderate beginnings to blind hatred, unbridled passion, and irresponsible bloodshed. It slips from the control of sane, thoughtful men and becomes the peculiar possession and tool of the radical, the fanatical, the insane. The French Revolution obeyed the general law. The long oppression, the pent-up hatred, and the impossibility of any lawful remedy—all combined to make it so.

Marat cannot be thought of as one of the authors of the French Revolution. He was rather one of those radical fanatics into whose hands passed the control of the Revolution, once it had been started by saner men. Always a bold advocate and dogmatic defender of democratic ideals, the Revolution gave Marat his opportunity; he deemed it wise to strike while the iron was hot. Although his health had been wrecked by diseases contracted while hiding from his enemies in the sewers of Paris, he still could use his virile pen. His daily paper, "The Friend of the People," carried forth its message of impassioned appeal to action. It railed against the powerful; it preached suspicion and hatred; it warned against treachery in high and trusted places. It was reckless—often unjustified—in its attack, and unscrupulous in its methods. It was ever urging its readers to action, action, action!

Thus were the passions of the mob inflamed and its anger fanned. The course of revolution is at best uncertain. The wrath generated often turns upon those who have generated it. Danton and Robespierre inaugerated and popularized the guillotine; and both were beheaded by it. Marat fanned the flame of revolution; and its insanity turned in fury upon him. He died by the knife of Charlotte Corday.

Marat goes down in history as a bloodthirsty monster—and, in fact, the guilt of the September massacres can rightly be imputed to him. At the same time there is much that is commendable in him. His ideals were certainly high and praiseworthy. His complete sincerity and his zealous devotion to the truth as he saw it, must command the admiration of all unbiased men.

Marat's fault—or perhaps it was his misfortune—lay in his intolerance. He was incapable of allowing for differences of opinion, for human faults and foibles, for all that renders life uncertain and complex. Whenever the acceptance of his creed was opposed or even delayed, he discovered a partially responsible agent, and him he denounced, defiled and, if possible, destroyed.

Marat lacked the capacity to respect opinions he did not share. Such a trait marks the madman. And Marat, the deified and despised—the most picturesque and pitiful character of the French Revolution—was a madman.

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EDITORIALS

College Spirit

There has doubtless been vehement discussions on every college campus with "college spirit" taken as the subject. There seems to be a variety of opinions as to what constitutes college spirit, for this reason there is a class who assert with a great degree of positiveness that college spirit is entirely lacking; others state with no less degree of positiveness that the college spirit is exceptionally strong. The different interpretations given to the same phrase is of course the cause of this divergence of opinion. Those who believe that the college spirit is exceedingly weak (according to observation) seem to be those who find it extremely burdensome to think for themselves, and therefore accept the thought of "the gang." Those who believe that the college spirit is exceedingly strong have proved to be those who have individual thoughts and convictions accompanied by courage to uphold them.

There are those in every student body who measure college spirit solely by the clamor that is made on the athletic field, in the chapel or in the dining room, provided that this clamor is directed toward athletic achievements of the past or anticipated athletic victories of the future. This is absolutely the only criterion by which they judge the college spirit; if the vociferation of the students is exceptionally loud then the college spirit is unusually good, if exceptionally weak the college spirit is unusually bad. This method of measuring our college spirit is absurd to the nth degree. If this standard of college spirit were the true standard it means that only those whom nature has endowed with an exceptional pair of lungs and vocal organs are destined to become the sole possessors of that highly desired quality—college spirit.

It is a great consolation, however, to the other group that there is no such monopoly possible. If colleges were founded and operated solely for the promotion of athletics then such a monopoly would be possible; but since college authorities only intend for athletics to be a means to an end and not an end in itself, such a monopoly is impossible. Has a boy who works in a silent but effective way toward building up a high standard for the literary societies any right to have it said of him that he has college spirit? Has a quiet, unassuming boy who takes a leading part in strengthening the honor system any college spirit? Has a boy who intentionally makes himself a recluse from society in order to represent the college on a debating team any college spirit? Has a boy who uses most of his spare time writing and revising his

manuscripts for a college publication any college spirit? Most of us will admit at once that such boys have an unquestionable right to have it said of them that they are fully charged with college spirit. Their voices may be weak among the yelping, clamoring crowd of athletic enthusiasts; they may be reserved and quiet by nature, and bear a natural aversion to the outward expression of an inward desire. There are boys among us who wish to keep their inner thoughts a secret until they can give them to the world in a concrete form, they are rarely if ever superseded by those who carry their past attainments, present accomplishments and future ambitions on their tongue's end. To say and believe that a boy is void of college spirit merely because he does not outwardly effervesce with enthusiasm immediately before, during, and after a game on the athletic field is to say and believe that day is night, that black is white and that deep water runs noisily. Each of these contradictions could be more readily believed than to believe the degree of college spirit that a boy has can be accurately determined by the degree of soreness of his throat immediately after an athletic event.

Exchanges

It is not our desire to make the Exchange Departments of our college publications a society for the exchange of compliments. Neither is it our desire to make this department one out of which only severe criticism finds its way. We realize that the standard for our college writers must not be placed on

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the same level with that of the renowned authors; we feel that if the Exchange Department is to be beneficial both to the giver and the receiver the idea must be discarded that ornate compliments are the only acceptable sort of criticism. Can a person ever be helped if his faults are always concealed and his virtues always magnified? To "see ourselves as others see us," and not as others **say** they see us, is the object of exchanging college magazines. Do not feel offended when a criticism is a bit harsh; consider it cooly and see if the critic had any good ground for giving such a criticism. Only when criticisms are made in this manner can a compliment have any real significance.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

The Emory Phoenix

We should certainly like to meet "Frank and Ernest." They express exactly our sentiments, especially in regard to the common ownership of all college publications by all college men everywhere. Upon this basis we intend to be as far impersonal, unbiased, frank and earnest as possible, and hope that all our exchanges will do the same. Thus all may derive the greatest possible mutual benefit. To begin, we were very much surprised that the "Phoenix" contained no more than it did. An institution with the student body that Emory has should, it seems, have a much larger magazine. Five short poems, one one-act play, one short story, one group of philosophical paragraphs, two unqualified contributions in the most modern of modern pointless style, together with the editorials,

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THE ELITE

a list of contributors and a very sketchy book-review page constitute the October issue.

True, the poems are very good in spite of their brevity. The little unnamed piece by Laurence Hope is especially commendable. Ernest Hartsock has a good poem, with good expression in "Flight in Disillusion." However, not much can be said for his other two short and not too individual versifications. "A Dream by Moonlight" is a valiant attempt to approximate the next to latest school of modern American poets. With constant effort the author has possibilities of development; but we humbly suggest that he adhere to a firmer and more regular type of verse, leaving the less conventional sort to more passionate poets. "Appassionato," in the same strain, is liable to the same criticism but in less degree. This little lyric with another name would be pleasing enough if only we could visualize "stumbling eyes."

"Broken Lights" has some points of excellence as a play, but it bares a close resemblance to **The Cat and the Canary.** It could very well have been put in a little over half the space it now occupies without seriously affecting the continuity. But this contribution deserves the credit for filling a quarter of the whole issue.

The one short story has the distinction of being the best short story in this issue. It treats an old out-worn plot in a novel way—that is the "foil" is an unusual sort, being a fraternity. Nevertheless, it is the same old story that has appeared once every seven years since "Pharoah's Army got drownded."

Collegian

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We realize that it was written on the spur of the moment to fill a serious lack and is better than no short story; but Emory should and could produce more and better stories.

The short story is the charcteristic American form of literature, and more attention should be given to the writing of short stories. Another department of literature which this issue lacks is the essay. Let us hope that the next will contain as much creditable poetry and three or four more good stories, another play, and several essays on items of world-wide interest. The book-review section of this magazine could be made both interesting and helpful, with fuller reviews of books of wider interest.

Possibly the small size of the publication is due to the fact that it has only seven pages of advertisements. More pages of ads would make possible a much larger magazine if material could be found to fill it. All things considered, we believe that Emory is capable of putting out a much larger, more diversified and altogether better magazine than the October issue of "The Phoenix."

D. A. W.

The Collegian

The first impression that one gets as one turns through this issue is the extreme brevity of all the prose. There is variety, but should not that variety be more than a mere sample of each subject treated? This issue contains two stories, two essays, two sketches and four poems, yet not a single one of these articles occupies as much as two pages. This brevity may be a virtue in some of our college publications, for some stories are better in

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proportion to their shortness, but this is not true of "The Collegian." The plots of both of these stories are well up to the average college publication, and consequently the reader is all the more disappointed in having to stop before he scarcely gets started.

"God's Noblest Creation" is an essay that naturally appeals to everyone. The style seems to be entirely compatible with the subject—a mother's love. "The Pagoda of the Plains" is a description, but the description of such ancient structures should require more than approximately four hundred words to depict properly.

The poem "To My Girl" is exasperating. When one reads it one thinks that the end may prove all that foregoes to be satire, yet this is a delusion and leaves the reader where he is forced to believe that it is really written by a person in a serious state of mind, but certainly not in normal state. We pass on by attributing this not to the author but to —— Cupid. "Retrospection" is by far the best piece of verse in this issue, while "Football" and "Council" both deserve honorable mention.

Should a literary magazine admit jokes to its pages? It is extremely doubtful whether they add to the literary value of such a publication.

The Winthrop Journal

The impression we gained from a rather cursory reading of the "Winthrop Journal" was not altogether bad, even though we were disappointed with it as a whole. It certainly is not as good a magazine as we have a right to expect of a college of Winthrop's size and

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standing. In the first place the "Journal" is entirely too thin, there being only nine contributions, and these, for the most part, painfully short. If a comparison between it and our own literary organ, the "Wofford College Journal" is permitted, we would like to give it, not in a spirit of braggadocio, but in the hope of instilling a bit of friendly rivalry into the editors of our Winthrop contemporary. The first number of the "Wofford College Journal" contained sixteen contributions and was fifty-four pages thick, while the "Winthrop Journal" presents only nine contributions and a thickness of twenty-eight pages. We believe that we maintain as high a literary standard as does the "Winthrop Journal," and it doesn't seem to us that Winthrop, with a student body three times as large as Wofford's, should let Wofford put out a magazine nearly twice as large as her own publication. When we think of the high position Winthrop holds among the literary colleges of the States the impression we received from the initial effort of Winthrop's literary magazine becomes still more incongruous with our conception of what that publication should be. We are confident that there are plenty of budding authors at Winthrop, who, if properly approached, will be more than glad to lend their aid in producing a larger and better college magazine.

We shall not go every much into detail in discussing the contents of this month's "Journal." "Mood," the short little poem of four lines, which opens the literary department, is very good because of its suggestiveness. The page of poems by Sara May are also worth mentioning. Though somewhat old-

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fashioned they make very charming poetry. "Vers Libre," "Astronomy" and "After Glow" are very good examples of the modern free verse. "I Wonder" is undoubtedly the best poem in this issue, as the fact that it was the Harmon prize poem would indicate. There are several other poems which received honorable mention for the Skylark prize. Winthrop should be proud to have such a talented group of poets—or perhaps we should say poetesses—in her midst.

The prose contributions are as a whole somewhat mediocre. The two critical essays, "Noyes, the Sane Idealist" and "The Paradoxical Mr. Chesterton" are both very good as far as composition goes. The first savors just a little of a professional treatise, while the latter is not quite explicit enough. It must be said nevertheless that the writers of both articles knew their subjects thoroughly. "Feet" is a charming, exotic little thing—we hardly know what to call it. It sounds more like poetry than prose—poetic prose is about the only way of describing it. The writer tells in a fascinating manner of the interest she has in studying feet. We, too, have always liked to muse over the different varieties of the human pedal extremities, and we are glad to see that we are not alone in this. The two short stories are very poor, and the failure to have any good short stories in this day of the short-story is a very serious defect in any college magazine. Both stories show practically the same deficiencies—neither have well-defined plots, both are very weak in character portrayal, and neither are in the least interesting. The titles of the stories are, "He Travels the Fastest"

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and "Set a Thief," each being the first part of a popular adage. The titles of one of the stories should have been changed if they were to be published together, because the impression might be created that the short-story writers of Winthrop habitually use this method of chopping some popular saying in two to get titles for their stories. Due to the fact that both of these stories are published anonomously and also to the striking similarity between them, we are of the opinion that they are by the same person. We should not like to discourage this writer, but we would suggest that in the future she select subjects that are of more interest, about which she knows more; and that she pay more attention to her technique. It is the usual custom to save the best till last, and in criticizing last "The Cherokee Rose," we feel that we are doing this. It is a redaction into the form of a one-act play of a beautiful Indian love story. The writer handles the story with a skill and finesse that is admirable. The reader has no difficulty in visualizing the play from beginning to end. We do not hesitate to pronounce it the best contribution in the "Journal" and also the best play appearing in any of our exchanges. There are many beautiful old Indian legends which are lying neglected and forgotten, and they offer a fascinating field of endeavor for ambitious young writers. We are glad to see that someone is interested in them, and we hope to see some more plays along this line.

There is one more criticism we have to make. We would suggest that "Pointed Paragraphs" be consigned to the waste-basket, and likewise the Local Events Department. They have no place in a literary magazine. Perhaps some of our criticisms have been a little harsh—if so, we hope that no one's feelings will be hurt. We offer them in a spirit of helpfulness and only hope that they will be taken for what they are worth.

D. L. W.

In addition to the aforementioned publications we received the following:

"The Carolina Magazine," University of North Carolina.

"The Carolinian," University of South Carolina.

"The Chicora College Magazine."

"The Pine and Thistle," Flora Macdonald College.

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December 1924

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LITTLE WILLIE'S CHRISTMAS PROBLEM

By Harold M. Patrick

Last Christmas Eve old Santa Claus
  Climbed up on our house,
An' scooted down the chimney,
  Jus' as quiet as a mouse,
An' filled my stocking full o' fruit,
  An' candy, nuts, an' toys,
An' checked back up the chimney
  Without makin' any noise.

An' I got up next mornin' soon,
  An' played an' ate all day,
An' then asked Mamma why the deuce
  Ole Santa didn't stay
The whole year through, instead o' jus'
  A sneakin' round about,
An' slippin' me a stockin' full,
  An' then a airin' out.

But Mamma said ole Santa had
  To hurry on his rounds,
To all the neighbors' boys an' girls,
  An' all the other towns.
But said if I'd be good all year,
  An' don't be bad no more,
That Santa'd come this Christmas Eve,
  Jus' like he did before.

So all the year I've been so good,
  An' done what Mamma said,
An' then about a week ago,
  My hopes all busted dead.
We moved into a 'partment house,
  Up on another street,
An' gosh! there ain't no chimney there;
  The house's got steam heat.

"THE TAMING OF THE SHREWD"

By D. L. West

UP UNTIL six months ago Simpson Walker had been nothing more than the average typical bachelor—perfectly satisfied with his own unmolested way of living and caring nothing how he looked or what people thought of him. He had a small farm which amply supplied his every need; he had money in the bank to fall back upon in case of sickness; he had no one dependent upon him and, in short, he had no worries of any kind. Life stretched before him as one long, peaceful journey. As his farm was only two miles from town, he could crank up his 1916 edition Ford whenever he felt lonely and while away pleasant hours with friends in the city. That there was no life to compare with the life of a bachelor, was the concensus of whatever reflections Simpson may have had upon the subject—until one fateful night in June, six months before this story begins.

The reader has probably already guessed that Simpson was in love. Yes, he had been ensnared by the charms of a certain delightful member of the fairer sex at a church social in town last summer, and since that time he had been an ardent wooer. The strange malady with which he was afflicted had changed Simpson's entire philosophy of life. He ceased to consider celibacy as the ideal of human existence; he ceased to enjoy his lovely chores about the farm. Even the companionship of his male friends became boresome. There had been created in his life a great emptiness—an emptiness which could be filled only by her who had become the idol of his dreams. So we find Simpson, on the last Friday night in November, standing before the mirror in the little room which served him as a living room, bed room, and sometimes as parlor, getting ready to call upon the young lady of his affections.

Before going further, it might be best to say something of the creature who had thus made such a furor in the life of a simple bachelor. She possessed undeniable physical charms, and Simpson was wont to describe her to smiling friends in the most glowing terms. True, he was never so lavish in his praise as to say "that her hairs are gold, her forehead the Elysian fields, her brows the arcs of heaven, her eyes suns, her cheeks roses, her lips coral, her teeth pearls, her neck alabaster, her bosom marble, ivory her hands, and her whiteness snow." In the first place, Simpson did not have a sufficiently felicitous command of the English language; and in the second place, such a description of Miss Naptha Rice would have been entirely out of harmony with the prevailing color scheme of that young lady. She was decidedly a brunette, and her hair, therefore, couldn't be golden. To describe her complexion more candid terms will have to be used than those employed by Don Quixote in depicting the fabulous beauty of his Lady Dulcirea of Toboso. Naptha had that schoolgirl complexion that every one loves to touch —the kind that is so hard to describe. For want of better comparisons, we will say that

it was a shade between milk chocolate and caramel. Her eyes were big and luscious, reminding one—to continue in the same line of metaphor—of enormous chocolate drops. Her teeth resembled the ivory of Dulcirea's hands, but her lips were more of the color of coal than coral. Naptha possessed a figure of pleasing plumpness, which to the love-stricken Simpson seemed more than perfect. And, above all, she had a father who was considered wealthy. Naptha was indeed one of the most desirable of all the belles of Rock Hill's "niggertown."

On this last Friday night in November, Simpson prepared with more meticulous care than usual for his weekly visit to Natptha's. He was preparing for a final grand offensive upon the affections of the fair Naptha. During the summer he had allowed things to drift along, content to bask in the sunshine of his enchantress' smile. But with the opening of the fall session of Friendship College, Rock Hill's institution of higher learning for the colored, a rival had come upon the scene. The newcomer was no novice in the gentle are of lovemaking, and Simpson realized, after a few encounters that he must gain his objective or retreat. It was a case of now or never with him.

The individual who thus became the stimulus of Simpson Walker's mighty resolve had appended to him the cognomen of Maurice Fant. This fact alone was enough to prejudice him in the eyes of Simpson, for who ever heard of an honest, law-abiding "niggah" named Maurice. Simpson never had. Then the clothes this Maurice person wore were enough to disgust any sensible human being. His shoes were of the balloon tire variety, with rubber soles two inches or more thick. He wore his checked silk socks, "sans" garters, draped carelessly around his slim ankles in the latest approved "tea-hound" fashion. His trousers did not match his coat, being of gray flannel, and were the "ne plus ultra" of all bell-bottomed trousers. The coat was blue serge to set off the gray trousers. A cream-colored shirt, a flamboyantly red tie, and a gray hat that had the jaunty air of being scrambled rather than blocked, completed the habiliments of Maurice Fant. But it does not quite complete Maurice Fant, for Maurice's big tortoise shell glasses and his opinion of himself are still to be reckoned with. The tortoise shell glasses added to Maurice a sort of prepossessing appearance and lent to him the air of a scholar. His opinion of himself, though irksome indeed to his male contemporaries, certainly made a hit with the ladies. In the words of the plain Simpson, Maurice Fant considered himself to be "the cat's whiskers," and he didn't mind letting people know what his status was. In every conversation, social gathering, or what-not he immediately became the center of attention, not so much because of a magnetic personality as by reason of sheer audacity. As Simpson was wont to say, "Nerve is 'bout the onliest thing that niggah ain't got nothing else but."

Simpson had to admit that Maurice was extraordinarily nimble witted in regard to his ability to converse with the ladies. More than once had he and Maurice engaged in conversational duels for the attention of Naptha, and in every instance the polished

college youth had come off victorious. Simpson's conversational prowess had a limit; he could talk as loquaciously as anyone on common-place topics, but when the talk drifted into higher realms of thought he was helpless as a babe. Maurice Fant, perhaps sensing his rival's weakness, always sought to divert the conversation into such channels, while Naptha, though she really understood very little of his discourses on evolution, history, literature, and the like seemed to drink in his every word. The cosmopolitan Maurice had succeeded from the very first in sweeping her off her feet.

Simpson had noticed all these things, and recognized in Maurice a formidable foe. And, although Naptha always seemed to be as eager to see him as before the advent of the hated Maurice, he felt jealously certain that he had taken second place in her affections. In desperation he resolved to attempt to take the beauteous Naptha by storm, and we find him now carefully arming himself for the first engagement of the great conflict.

His coiffure was usually a matter of a few seconds, but on this particular night he spent more than fifteen minutes before the mirror, brushing and re-brushing his rather curly locks. On his bureau stood a half-empty jar labelled, "Magic Pomade," the other half of the contents being the reason for the sleekness and shininess of Simpson's hair. He proceeded carefully with every detail of his toilet from brushing his teeth to shining his shoes. He was determined, if possible, to be as well groomed on this momentous night as his rival ever was. He hadn't definitely decided to propose marriage, but then he might if he could screw up the courage, and if he did he wanted to look his best. After shining his shoes he surveyed himself in the mirror for a few minutes. The result was very satisfactory and Simpson couldn't help exclaiming to his reflection, "Hot dam; boy! You sho' does look scrumptious."

He was now ready to apply the crowning touch to his make-up. Taking from the bureau a small package wrapped in white paper, he slowly removed the covering, revealing a box of flesh-colored talcum powder. He shook some of the powder into his hand, and then stood gazing at himself in the mirror sometime before he could make up his mind to apply it. He finally did so, but it was a bitter pill for him to swallow. For the first time in history Simpson had been guilty of an effeminate act, for such did he consider powdering. But he had noticed that the elegant Maurice used powder profusely, and that Naptha seemed to like him for it. Simpson wasn't to be outdone by his rival, so he decided to begin using powder in very much the same spirit that the allies took up the use of poison gas in the late war—he wanted to give the enemy a taste of his own medicine. It was utterly repugnant to his manly nature to stoop to this thing which he considered as a vanity belonging properly to women only. As he spread the powder over the various features of his physiognomy, a close observer might have noticed that a blush, pale lavender in hue, suffused Simpson's swarthy face. The deed accomplished, he scrutinized himself very carefully before the mirror, and his improved appearance more

than compromised his wounded feelings. He gave himself one last survey, which left him confident that tonight he would outshine even the brilliant Mr. Fant, and then left the house to try to coax his antiquated "flivver" back to life.

When Simpson stopped his car before the Rice mansion on Elm Street, Naptha was waiting for him on the front porch. It was rather cool, but she didn't seem to mind it.

"H'lo Simpson," she greeted airily. "You's late. Ah've been expectorating you for fifteen minutes." Then as she saw Simpson was removing his overcoat, "No, don't take off yo' coat. Le's set out heah on the po'ch."

Simpson would have preferred to go inside, as it wasn't very likely that Naptha would notice his fastidious appearance out there in the dark.

"Ain't you 'fraid you'll ketch a cold out heah in this night air?" he remonstrated.

"Lawsy no, chile. Fresh air is the fondest thing Ah is of, an' " here her tone became confidential, "Paw's in the parlor, and since he's been kinda peevish today Ah'm 'fraid we'd worry him if we went in theah."

A look of understanding spread over Simpson's countenance.

"Cose we'll set on the po'ch," he replied—then he added gallantly, "Don't make no diffunce to me wheah us is at jes' so Ah gits to talk with you."

But it did matter more than Simpson intimated that his tet-a-tet with Naptha was to take place in the front porch swing rather than in the big setee in the parlor. The little speech he had made up to use in proposing was intended to be delivered in the latter place. Simpson had rehearsed it carefully, inserting several telling gestures, such as getting down on his knees during one fiery passage in his proposal, and these gestures simply had to be given in the parlor. It looked as if he would have to put off proposing until a more propitious occasion presented itself.

They had been seated just a few minutes when Naptha's two brothers hurried out of the house on their way to town. Simpson noticed, as they passed, that one of them had a bandage over one eye, and that the other had an arm in a sling.

"Jacob and Esau ain't been in 'nother wreck, is they?" he inquired.

"No," replied Naptha. "They an' paw jes' had a lil' fallin' out today."

"A lil' which?"

Naptha went into details.

"It was like this. Paw bought him a new auto 'bout a week ago, an' he's mighty fussy 'bout it. Won't let nobody even touch it. Well, today, while he was gone off somewheah, Jacob an' Esau tuk the car out an' went fo' a ride. Paw foun' out 'bout it when he got home, an' it kinda made him mad."

"Did he hurt the boys ve'y bad?" Simpson wanted to know.

"Oh, he jes' busted Jacob one in the eye an' broke Esau's arm," said Naptha, thus lightly dismissing the subject.

We must now leave Simpson to his love-making for a while. To eavesdrop on him while he is addressing his tender nothings to the maiden ears of the bewitching Naptha, would be a mean trick, to say the least, and we don't intend to be guilty of it. Lovers

like to be alone, and we are going to leave the two to themselves until it is time for Simpson to take his leave.

All things human must have an end, and so it was with Simpson's visit, which ended much sooner than he wanted it to. Before leaving he ventured to ask Naptha for another date.

"Goin' to see that cullud actor in 'Hearts Aflame' at the Broadway Theayter, Monday night?" he asked her.

"Uh-huh, sho' is."

"Well, kin Ah have the pleasuh of 'scortin' you theah?" proposed Simpson.

Naptha smiled graciously.

"Ah sholy does depreciate yo' invuhtashion, Simpson," she replied, "but Ah's already promised Maurice Fant to go with him."

Simpson was in a mood to chafe at the rebuff.

"Ah wants to know," he demanded bluntly what it is you kin see in that lil', skinny, dried up, yaller nigguh?"

Naptha smiled coquettishly.

"You's jealous, Simpson," she declared. "Why, Ah thinks Maurice is such a nice boy—he's so clevah, an' he's 'bout the shrewdest puhson Ah knows of."

Simpson accepted his defeat stoically, and without saying another word climbed into his "flivver" and drove away. But in his heart resentment seethed and surged against the meddlesome Maurice. Each bump in the road, each jar, every rattle of his car annoyed Simpson and increased his displeasure at his dapper rival. By the time he drew up in his little front yard, he had definitely decided to seek revenge for his wrongs, with Maurice Fant cast in the role of revenge.

All day Saturday he brooded over the various ways and means of securing the much desired revenge, but without hitting upon an appropriate method of wreaking vengeance upon his rival. During the night his anger had somewhat cooled down so that he was able to decide on one thing. That was, that he wasn't going to get himself into trouble just for the sake of discomfiting Maurice Fant. What he finally decided to do to Maurice was going to be perfectly legitimate: it was going to be of such a nature as would not attract the attention of the blue-coated minions of law and order. But, nevertheless, Simpson greatly desired that the punishment of Maurice Fant should be thorough and satisfying (to Simpson). He had no doubts but that he could secure this by means of brawn and muscle, but in doing so he would incur danger of falling into the hands of legal justice. Consequently, Simpson decided that the affair was one to be settled by brains rather than brawn. Right then he could think of no good plan of action, so he decided to wait and watch.

On Sunday afternoon he drove to town, hoping to see Naptha. But on arriving at the Rice home, he found no one there. The new Ford car, so highly prized by Naptha's father, was standing in the driveway of the front yard, so Simpson concluded that the family couldn't be far away. Probably visiting Naptha's aunt, who lived several blocks down the street. He decided to drive around town a while and then come back, in hopes that Naptha would return in a short while.

In the course of this aimless riding, someone hailed him from the sidewalk. Not seeing who the person was, Simpson hastily applied brakes, and came to a chattering halt. Then he discovered that his accoster was Maurice Fant. His first impulse was to drive on, but after a moments consideration he reflected that it would perhaps be better not to let Maurice suspect anything.

Maurice came up and greeted Simpson in the most friendly manner.

"H'lo Simspson, ol' boy!" he cried. "How is you these days?"

"Jes' tolable," replied Simpson. "Does you wanna ride?"

"Well, not extractly. Ah craves to make some talk with you."

"Aw right, but make it snappy," responded Simpson, rather grouchily.

"The dapper Mr. Fant took out his watch and looked at it hurriedly.

"Lissen, Simpson," he began, "Ah want's you to do me a favor. Namelessly, lend me yo' car for 'bout an hour."

"Len' you my car. Wheahfoh does you crave to borry a car?"

"Well, it's this away, continued Maurice in his most beseeching manner. "A young lady friend of mine, which I met up Nowth las' winter passes through Catawba Junction on the train this afternoon at five o'clock, and Ah would like ve'y much to see her. Trouble is, it's seben miles out theah, and Ah ain't got no way to go. Ah thought maybe you would drive me out theah or len' me yo' car."

He looked at Simpson hopefully, but if he expected any help from that quarter he was sadly disappointed.

"Sorry, brothuh Fant, but Ah'm in a awful hurry to git home."

So saying Simpson let down the hand lever and was about to push in the clutch pedal, when suddenly an idea came to him.

"Does you jes' have to have a car?" he inquired of the disappointed Maurice.

"Absotively has to have one," replied that gentleman, his face assuming a more hopeful attitude.

"If tha's the case, Ah kin tell you wheah you kin borry one," continued Simpson.

"Wheah,"—breathlessly.

"Fom Naptha's paw."

Maurice Fant looked a little dubious.

"Are you shuah?" he questioned.

"Ah ain't nothin' previous" said Simpson. "Why only the other day ol' man Rice came to me and says, 'Simp, my boy, whenevah you wants to borry my car, jes' come an' take it. Don't mattuh if Ah ain't heah. Ah don't min' lendin' nobody nothing Ah's got, specially you boys what comes to see my daughter.' "

"But you reckon he would len' it to me when he ain't been knowin' me but jes' a few weeks," asked Maurice, still a little uncertain.

"Ah guan'tee it, he will," reassured Simpson. "Jes' go to him an' splain yo' saturation, an' he'll be glad to len' you the car. An' if he ain't at home jes' take it anyway an' splain when you git's back."

Maurice Fant wanted a car real bad. He wanted one so bad that his accustomed shrewdness deserted him and he became a gullible listener to Simpson's flow of fiendish

advice. After thinking it over, he decided that Simpson was really trying to help him.

"Ah's gwine do the ve'y thing you suggestifys," he announced at last. "An' Simpson, Ah's evah so much 'bliged to you."

"You's mo' than welcome," returned Simpson, and as he watched the retreating form of Maurice Fant disappear around a corner in the direction of the Rice abode, a grin of triumph spread across his dusky face from ear to ear. The grin gave way to a chuckle, and the chuckle culminated in the exclamation:

"Hot dam! Ah sho' does pity that boy's feet!"

Not many hours after Simpson and Maurice Fant had parted, the Rice family returned home. Upon its arrival, it noticed with one accord that the new car was notably conspicuous by reason of its absence. It soon became apparent to all that someone had maliciously absconded with it, the discovery coming like an unexpected blow to each member of the family. Mr. Rice was left dazed and speechless. Mrs. Rice was barely able to mumble excitedly, "Wonduh wheah 'bouts our car is at?" Naptha announced shrilly, "Oh, the car am gone!" Jacob and Esau alone remained possessed of their senses, immediately began to talk of calling the police. But the elder Rice regained his equilibrium before any such rash plan could be put into action. He straightway vetoed the proposed policy of his sons, because he and the police were not on such good terms as they might be. Besides, Mr. Rice wanted a personal interview with the culprit, and when that interview took place there was going to be action—and plenty of it.

"Jes' lemme ketch that low down, triflin', good for nothin' nigguh whut tuk my car," he raged, "an' tha's one nigguh what's gwine be ain't. Ah' gwine absotively sterminate him when Ah does lay my han's on him. The duhty robber! Ain't gwine leave even a greasy spot."

Night drew nearer and nearer, and still no signs of Maurice Fant and the borrowed car. Six o'clock came and went; six-thirty and seven passed into history. Finally, at a quarter after seven, a car drew up in the front yard of the Rice home. A man got out and ascended the front porch steps. Naptha, hearing him, went to see who it was. To her surprise, it was the voice of Maurice Fant that greeted her when she opened the door.

"Good evenin', Naptha. Kin Ah see yo' father jes' a minute."

Naptha seemed a trifle uncertain.

"He's settin' in the living room," she said finally.

Maurice, needing no further invitation, entered the living room where Mr. Rice sat alone, morbidly smoking an old corn cob pipe.

"Good evenin', Mistuh Rice," he greeted cheerily. "How is you this evenin'."

Mr. Rice looked up gloomily, but Maurice continued, nothing daunted him:

"Ah jes' wants to splain 'bout borrying yo' car this afternoon."

The statement, simple though it was, staggered Mr. Rice, leaving him momentarily unable to speak or move. A sinister look came into his eyes, but Maurice, never noticing this, went on with his explanation.

"You see, it was like this, Mistuh Rice. A friend of mine, who Ah jes' had to see was coming through Catawba Junction on the train this afternoon, an'—"

Here he paused abruptly. Mr. Rice was slowly rising from his chair, and the look on his face was as ominous as the blackest thunder cloud. Without saying a word to the frightened Maurice, he went over to a large cabinet which stood in one corner of the room. Reaching up on top of the cabinet he took down a small oblong box and opened it with great deliberation. The sight of the contents of the box brought about a sudden change in Maurice, who had been interestedly, though somewhat timidly watching the movements of Mr. Rice. The box contained a razor! With a wild shriek of terror the frightened youth turned about, plunged from the house into the street, and began running as fast as his legs would carry him, followed by the puffing and indignant Mr. Rice.

Elm Street, on which the Rice mansion was situated, is one of the principal thoroughfares of the residential section of Rock Hill's "niggertown." It is a very long, straight street, extending through the negro quarter about a mile. After leaving the negro quarter it becomes a country road, running straight as an arrow for perhaps another mile. But it is a long, long lane that has no turning, and this particular one makes a turn to the right somewhere near the end of the second mile. Just after making the turn, the road-bed crosses the tracks of the Charlotte-Columbia railroad. It was down this thoroughfare and in the direction of the railroad that Maurice began his memorable run.

There were very few people on the street at the time, and if there had been more none would have ventured to molest the enraged Mr. Rice, so the race, which became the chief topic for conversation for many days afterwards, continued without interference through the negro section. Maurice was running for dear life, and, consequently, didn't let any grass grow under his feet. Nevertheless, Mr. Rice wasn't far behind him, for that gentleman's anger increased with every step, lending as it increased additional energy to Mr. Rice's fat legs. So they continued at a terrific rate of speed this unearthly flight and pursuit until the last cheerful light disappeared. But the race showed no signs of abating with their approach into open country. Maurice kept on running with a speed inspired by frantic desperation, and Mr. Rice puffingly, but with no signs of giving in, continued to bring up the rear about fifty yards behind. On and on the two ran through the chilly stillness of the night.

As they neared the railroad crossing, Maurice heard the whistle of an approaching freight train. He put on a spurt of speed. Here was salvation if he could get over the crossing before the train reached it, for it would be impossible for Mr. Rice to get over it ahead of the train. With a speed that was truly remarkable he sped on, and crossed the tracks just a few seconds ahead of the lumbering locomotive.

Maurice continued on down the road for about a hundred yards at a very lively pace, though he was now comparatively safe. Then he stopped suddenly. His accustomed shrewdness, which had temporarily deserted

him during the excitement of his race for life, returned and brought with it an idea. The idea was to board the train and really get out of harm's way. He glanced back toward the slowly moving train. All but about ten cars had passed the crossing, but he still had time if he hurried. He started back to the crossing at his best speed. As he drew nearer the train seemed to be moving faster. Now there were only five cars left. Now only two filled the gap between the twinkling red light, which indicated the caboose and the crossing, while there was still about twenty-five yards between him and safety. He put forth one last, desperate effort, and just as he reached the crossing the red light was passing over it. Maurice gave a mighty leap forward, but instead of his hand clutching a friendly rail, his body hurtled through several feet of empty space, finally to be brought to a halt by striking against some large bulky object. That object was Mr. Rice.

The less said of the results of this abrupt and unexpected encounter, the better. For the benefit of those readers who may be solicitous of the welfare of Maurice Fant, we will impart the information that the sudden impact of the flying Maurice against him caused Mr. Rice to drop his razor. It might be added that Maurice completely recovered except for several minor details such as the loss of four teeth and a nose which will never be straight again. It is needless to say that he made a hasty departure from Rock Hill just as soon as he recovered consciousness.

Simpson was very much pleased with his stratagem, his only regret being that he did not get to see the race. On the following morning, which was Monday, he appeared in town, good-will beaming from every feature. With the exit of Maurice Fant from the scene of action, Simpson's last care had vanished, and he was on good terms with the whole world. He drove on around to Block Street, Rock Hill's colored business section, parked his car by the curb, and headed for his favorite barber shop to have a chat with the boys there. Just before he reached the barber shop he met Naptha coming down the street. He stopped her.

"Naptha, honey, would you lack to go to see 'Hearts Aflame' at the Broadway Theayter tonight?" he asked.

Naptha was a little hesitant.

"Why, er—ah—"

"Ah should lak ve'y much to have the pleasuh of 'scortin' you," urged Simpson.

Naptha smiled sweetly at Simpson.

"Simpson, you is so kind," she said. "Ah'll be simply delicious to go with you."

UNLESS YOU BE BORN AGAIN

By Robert Marsden

Persons of the Play

An immaculately-dressed nurse.

Jackie Morgan, the five-year-old son of a wealthy New York banker.

Emily Morgan, his three-year-old sister.

Mrs. Morgan, about thirty years of age.

Big-Booty Bill, noted housebreaker.

The Time

It is Christmas Eve, at half an hour after seven in the evening. The Morgan children have been prepared for bed. Each has been given the stocking which is to be hung that night in readiness for Santa Claus.

The Scene

The location is the sleeping room of the Morgan children. The walls are done in cream, the woodwork is white, and the windows are hung with lambrequins, printed with figures of wild animals. The furniture, which matches the wall in color, consists of a small dresser, two miniature rocking chairs, several straight chairs of the same proportions, and twin beds. The beds are placed with their heads next to the wall. The heads are left, the feet are right. A single door is right. Two windows are back.

Act One

(The nurse and children are right, standing in a group.)

Nurse—Now, be quiet, Jackie, your mother is coming in tonight to see you hang your Christmas stocking, so I want you to be a little gentleman. And you, too, Emily. Be nice and quiet and ladylike. (She starts walking off, but stops when she reaches the door.) Remember your father, Jackie. Try to do just as he would have you do if he were here instead of way off in Europe.

Jackie—Santa goes all over the whole world in one night. Why can't father come just across the ocean to see me?

N.—Oh, Santa Claus is the only man in all the world that can go that fast. (She hurries from the door and seats Jackie and Emily in the rocking chairs, half facing each other.) Now, Dearies, when your mother comes in, you be rocking and talking. Be good, and remember to act as if you were your mother and father.

(Exit the nurse.)

J. (manfully)—Well, Emily, hasn't it come to a pass now that we have children hanging up their stockings? I feel as if I should be hanging up my sock instead of having our kids hanging up theirs.

Emily—Huh! I'm goin' to hang up mine. Aren't you go'n'to hang up yours?

J.—Why, I suppose I will, just to please the little ones.

(Enter Mrs. Morgan.)

J.—How do you do?

E.—How do you do?

Mrs. Morgan—Oh, you little darlings.

J.—The children are thrilled over the prospects, Mrs. Morgan, especially little John.

E. (catching on to the sham)—Emily seems almost beside herself with glee. But I can't blame her. I often want to see

Santa Claus myself. (She cannot conquer her excitement any longer.) O-o-o-h! Mother, I wonder what I'll get from Santa?

J. (his excitement overpowers him. He jumps up and down, waving his arms wildly and repeatedly clasping his clenched fists between his knees. At those times he leans forward and squeals, somewhat as a mouse calls when frightened. He makes little bulges in his stocking with a fist)—See? Here's the way my stocking will look tomorrow morning. Nuts, candy, firecrackers, apple, orange. (He names each bump. At these other articles, he makes vague motions around the top of the stocking.) An' a gun, an' a banana, an' a candy walking stick. (He runs to the foot of his bed and holds his stocking in position.) Down here will be my Injun suit, an'— (He grows thoughtful.) I wonder where he'll tie my dog!

Mrs. M. (she grabs him up in her arms and showers him with kisses.) (Teasingly)—Ah! Jackie, you want a lot, but maybe Santa can spare that much for **my** little boy.

E. (she is hanging her stocking for the first time)—Aw, sure he'll give all that to Jackie. Don't he give you whatever you ask for? Why, I'm go'n' to get a stove an' a cat an' a big walking doll, besides what Jackie is go'n' to get.

Mrs. M. (she hugs and kisses her)—Ah, you little rascal, you certainly will make Santa empty his bag when he comes in tonight. (She pushes them toward their beds.) But you'd better get ready for him now, he'll be coming before long. You know he has to go all the way 'round the world tonight. (Jackie and Emily hang their stockings under the direction of their mother, and say their prayers at her knee.)

Both—

Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep.
If I should die before I wake,
I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to take.
—Amen.

(They jump into bed, and Mrs. Morgan tucks them in. She kisses Emily.) Good night, dear one.

E.—Good night, Mother.

Mrs. M. (she kisses Jackie)—Good night, Piggly Wiggly.

J.—Good night, Mother.

(Exit Mrs. Morgan.)

J. (when Mrs. Morgan is out of hearing distance. He speaks tensely)—E-e-e-e-yip! What do you want Santa to bring you, Emily? I want a train, an' a gun, an' a cap pistol, an' a auto, an' some firecrackers, an' a apple, an' some candy. I want some nuts, too. Oh! I want everything. What do you want?

E. (talking as a mincing old maid might well be supposed to express her opinion of a decoration that pleases her. She smacks her lips meditatively.) I want a baby dog, an'—

J.—Oh, yer, I forgot that! I want a dog. (Manfully.) I don't want any little dog. I want a big one, so he can fight and pull a wagon. Then, I want a little cat for him to chase all over—

E.—Aw, Jackie, if I get a cat, I bet I

wouldn't let any ol' dog chase it all over the house. I'm go'n' to get a doll, an' a hoop skirt, an' play grown-up. I want a real hoop skirt. I don't know what one is, but Mother says that her grandmother wore one.

J. (disinterestedly)—Umhm. I'm go'n' to get a Injun suit an' play like I'm fighting the white people. (Footsteps within.) Sh-h-h! (Door slams and footsteps die out.) G'night. Mother says for us to be quiet.

E. (reluctantly)—G'night, then.

(Silence for a few minutes.)

E.—I wonder what he looks like.

J.—Who, Santa Claus? I never have seen 'm. Once I heard 'im in the sitting room where the tree was, but he went out of the door just as I peeped in, so I didn't get to see 'im.

E.—I thought he came down the chimbley.

J.—Yer, I did, too, but one time I tried to go up the chimbley an' I couldn't even get started. Nurse quit when she saw me, an' Mother spanked me. I don't see how a big man like him could get down the chimbley, an' if he could he'd get his toys all black. But one time I put out a pan for him to wash in, an' (credulously) the water shore was black, so I thought maybe he got little. One time Mother read me a story that said that fairies can get little, an' I know that Santa Claus is better'n any fairy.

E.—Umhm. He shore is good. If we are bad, though, he won't give us anything. We'd better go to sleep.

J.—Yer. The first one asleep, whistle.

(They are quiet for a moment.)

J. (he whistles.)

(There is no answer. Emily is asleep. Jackie settles down and goes to sleep. Big-Booty Bill enters through the window, left.)

Big-Booty Bill (relievedly)—Damn! That's over. I'll fool the old codger this time! Who in hell would ever expect Big-Booty Bill to pay his visit this early? (He pulls out a handsome gold watch.) Not eight o'clock! I'll have to get out o' this damn hole 'fore long. Th' maid tole me th' ol' 'oman'd be in at nine o'clock to fill th' stockings. That leaves me a hour to slip in to the safe. Th' damned box is never locked till haf after ten. I'll get out o' here an' hide somewhere till th' ol' 'oman comes t' fill th' stockings. Then, while she's workin'— (He chuckles softly.) Anyhow, I'll get a hell of a haul for a good Chirstmas dinner. (Soft footsteps within.) Damn! She's comin' in now. (He looks wildly around for a place to hide. Just as the door knob turns softly, he dives under Jackie's bed.)

(Enter Mrs. Morgan.)

Mrs. M. (softly and rapturously)—Ah, how sweet the darling children are! (She tiptoes to the side of Emily's bed. (Back.) She smoothes the child's hair.) It looks like the hair of an angel, so pure and free and golden! And Jackie seems so content, with his red lips curled up in that smile. Oh! I wish that John were here, but it's just his luck to be away at this time. If he could only see these open faces and the simple smiles on the lips. (She kisses Jackie and Emily. She prays

standing, head raised and hands clasped. Every nerve in her body is strained.)

Oh, God, may neither of my dear children take up the evil ways of their father, but rather follow in Thy footsteps, oh gracious God. May each of them grow better and better every day and finally bring him back to Thee. Heavenly Father, I know that he will eventually become a believer in Thy precious Son, but why not now? May they teach him to use his "filthy lucre" for other than filthy purposes. Thou has promised that a little child shall lead them. May my dear Jackie and Emily lead their father and many others to the ways of the Great Father. May Thy kingdom come in his heart. I ask it in the name of Thy precious Son, who died on the cross that he, as well as others, might live. Amen.

(She relaxes and gazes fondly at her children.)

I feel so thrilled that I can hardly wait for an hour to fix the stockings, but if they should wake up and find me filling them, they would lose a great deal of pleasure for many Christmases. (She starts away on tiptoe, but stops with a hand on the door knob. She blows a kiss to each.) Oh, God, I thank Thee for my children, so pure and sinless and dear.

(Exit Mrs. Morgan.)

B.-B. B. (comes from under the bed. While getting out, he raises his back too soon and bumps the springs. He awakes Jackie. Jackie glances at the back of Bill and, thinking that it is Santa Claus, he plays that he is asleep. Bill looks down at the children. He speaks slowly, aside.) So pure and sinless and dear! And I was that way—once! But hell! what a start, what a start! And here I am, once William Thompson Duncan, now Big-Booty Bill!

I used to hang up **my** stocking. Then Father died—and Mother—and I was an orphan. Oh, those damned years that followed—filth, crime, all kinds of baseness. But hell! I'm Big-Booty Bill. It was fated, and Big-Booty Bill I'll stay. They're pure and sinless and dear. Their old man's a damned crook. I'm Big-Booty Bill. And so we'll stay, pure, crooked, and crookeder. Damn fate! (Those last words are a little loud. Emily is waked. She stirs slightly. Bill turns to the door to go to a safer hiding place.)

J.—Be quiet! If we move, he won't stay. One time he gave Archy Wicknorf some rotten potatoes and a bundle of switches for peeping. (He sees Bill leaving.) Quick! He's leaving! Let's stop 'im!

(Jackie and Emily jump out of bed and hug Bill.)

Both (rapturously)—Oh, Santa!

J.—Give me my dog.

E.—And give me my doll.

B.-B. B. (gruffly)—Go to the devil!

Both (drawing away)—Why, Santa!

E. (innocently)—I didn't think you cussed.

B.-B. B.—Good gosh, what do think of that? Well, I'll be—

E.—Oh, Santa, don't say that! Mother always said that you were good, an' I didn't think that you would cuss. Won't you quit, 'cause Mother says you are so nice that I want to go to heaven with you! If

you don't stop saying that I can't like you any more.

J.—Give us our things, Santa. You've always given me such good things before. I want a big dog, an' some firecrackers, an' a pistol, an' a Injun suit. Yer, give Emily hers, too. Come on an' give 'em to us. You always have.

B.-B. B. (aside)—What can I do now? They think that I'm—

E.—Why don't you fill your little friends' stockings? Jackie says you always have.

B.-B. B.—I can't fill them while you're looking. Go back to bed, and your stockings will be full in the morning. (Jackie and Emily jump into bed. Emily pulls the cover over her head, but Jackie turns his head towards Big-Booty Bill.) Now, don't do that. (Jackie turns his face away and B.-B. B. pats him on the head.) That's a good boy. Now remember, if you look, the goodies will turn to switches and rotten potatoes. (Jackie and Emily settle down from their strained positions, and Bill gazes longingly at them.)

(Aside. He speaks with much suppressed feeling.) So pure and sinless and dear! Good God, yes! Pure! Sinless! Dear! And me, Big-Booty Bill! Impure! Sinful! Hateful! Oh, God! Would that I were in their place. Just the tattered end of a chance for a new start, and I'll hold on. Just **half** a chance, and I'll go right. May I be able to tell another tale to the Saints. Oh, God, **my** God! have mercy on me. I'll never do it again. I'll **never** do it again! Oh, God, **my** God!

(Curtain)

HOLIDAY TIME

By W. Clough Wallace

Houses with smoking chimneys,
Trees with snow-laden boughs,
Hills and valleys clothed in white,
Still brooks and icy springs,
Telephone wires sagging with their coat of ice,
Silent birds hovering beneath the eaves,
Gently sifting flakes of snow,
Cold animals and men.
        Winter.

Glowing logs in the big old chimney,
Empty stockings on the floor,
Nuts, and candy, and toys,
Still men with lazy pipes,
Children playing with new-brought gifts,
Snow-covered overshoes in the corner,
Wreathes of evergreen and holly,
And mistletoe dangling from the chandelier.
        Christmas.

YESTERDAY

By E. B. Stevenson

IN MY WANDERINGS along the winding roads and through the woods about the Inlet I obtained many picturesque views of the countryside and of the life of the people. I always took daily tramps: sometimes through the belt of low scrub oaks toward the river country; sometimes along the mainland to explore some secluded bay; and sometimes along the winding marshy streams to the sandy, hilly beach where I would loiter for hours watching the blue waters of the Atlantic pound and scrape on the shell-strewn beach. It was on one of these tramps that I met a man of yesterday.

One bright, calm day late in September I wandered aimlessly up the mainland with no definite goal in view. The air was cool and bracing, with that delicious tang of autumn in its spicy breath that is so invigorating. Some of the leaves on the oak, maple, and walnut trees were already beginning to turn gold, orange, and red in the liquid sunlight; while others still retained their youthful verdure. The hushed stillness in the air was only broken by the drowsy drone of numerous insects; the thud of a nut as it dropped among the dry leaves; the dreary cry of wandering sea birds; and the gentle murmur of running water. While blending with all of these was the muffled boom of the Atlantic.

I crossed knolls covered with white, porous sand through which sprang a sparse vegetation of dwarf ferns and scrub oaks; streams that swished noiselessly over their muddy beds; ridges thickly covered with young pines through whose needles the sea breezes gently whispered; then other knolls, streams, and ridges—all decorated in nature's regal splendor. Occasionally I was compelled to make a detour around some arm of the marsh, but soon regained the sandy shore line. In the distance I saw the sea, flashing in the sunlight as a polished sapphire, with its setting of low, sandy hills and green marshes.

I had been sauntering along perhaps an hour when I came upon a tract of land quite different from the one over which I had just passed. Before me rolled a green turf several acres in area, in the midst of which stood an old, dilapidated colonial house surrounded by stately elm trees. The general appearance of the house was one of tarnished splendor. Despite its age there was an atmosphere of youthful freshness about the mansion. Each door and window seemed to smile and testify that once more the fountain of youth flowed through its thick walls.

Probably a master with his slaves had lived here in those halcyon days of yore. The evergreen shrubbery, now rank and wildly luxuriant, was once kept trim and symmetrical by the same dusky hands that had weeded the walks and the winding drive. The same hands probably had tended the goldfish in the sparkling fountain, the sole thing that had successfully defied the deteriorating hand of Time. "Yes," I mused, "here is the spacious kitchen where a black mammy used to prepare 'massa's and mistis'' favorite dishes.

Here is the broad veranda where the master himself enjoyed his evening smoke, listening to the darkies' songs and the tiny voices of the night. Perhaps by the broad fireplace in 'de big room' the children's stockings were stuffed with Santa's good things at Christmas. Gay laughter, songs, shouts of glee, sobs of grief have rung through this wide hall and echoed up the winding stairs. Yet these voices are silent now. Over it all is the warm sunshine and gentle hush of the Indian summer day."

Still marveling at the wonderful old place and conjecturing about its history, I walked down the tall, rickety steps of the back doorway, turned about a corner of the house, and came unannounced upon a figure kneeling among a few straggling flowers and sweet shrubs. He was the very incarnation of the spirit of the old, weather-beaten mansion. Despite his kneeling posture, I noted that his scantily clad shoulders were rounded and well bent. A battered hat was pulled far down over his dusky face, exposing the wrinkled mats of skin on his neck. He was humming some old tune that he had probably learned years before.

"Good morning, uncle," I interrupted.

He rose with some difficulty, turned, and gave me a bewildered survey with his dark, hazy eyes. "Mornin', suh," he finally mumbled. Then—"I nebber bin spectin' any pusson 'bout dis ole place," he said.

"Neither did I dream of finding anyone here who would be working," I assured him, after explaining my presence.

"Well," he confided, after giving me a searching look, "I jes' slip ober har frum dat fish house whar I wuks, ter hoe dese har flow'rs."

"But why work flowers when no one lives here to enjoy them?" I queried.

His reply was interrupted by a mournful wail from a cat perched on a decaying window sill. "You ole black debbil, you'se. I'se gwine kill you'se fuh de ninth an' last time 'forlong," he shouted at the fleeing animal. Then turning to me he continued, "Dat cat done cross de road in frunter me de day de big barn burned down an' burned up all massa's hosses."

"And the flowers?" I interrupted.

"Well, boss, missus, she uster lub de flow'rs an' fountan so, 'till I jis 'lowed how I caint let 'em die."

"But she isn't here now," I argued.

"Das er fac', boss, but—well I jes' caint lef 'em ter die."

Then here was an old negro with a strange hobby and with something else that he couldn't define. I wandered about the house, yard, and grounds, listening to his tales of the happy days he had spent here as a slave "fo' de war." Each nook and cranny recalled familiar scenes and faces. He seemed reluctant to account for the present condition of the place, but finally muttered something " 'bout dem Yankees er comin' one cold night an' burnin' de smokehouse an' stealin' all de hams. Missus, she die next day, an' Massa he done go 'way out west ter visit an' ain't nebber come back. Nobody has libed in de house since den, an' de niggers say it bin hainted."

"Why, there were no children?" I exclaimed, feigning surprise.

The old negro turned toward the sea, tears in his eyes, and gazed wistfully at the distant white caps. After a silence, in which only the booming of the ocean was audible, he spoke:

"Yassuh, dere wuz er boy, straight an' high, most as high as Massa. Us all tink de sun rise an' sot in him. When he wuz little I uster ride him on de waggin wid me. Den atter he grow up an' lurned ter ride hossback I'd saddle his gray 'bred fur him. One day he run erway to de wah, an' Missus she cry an' cry, wid Massa tryin' to stop her. 'Bout er year atter he lef' his letters stop er comin' an' us nebber hearn frum him ergin. But dat young rascal, niggah Jeems, whut run off wid him cum back atter de wah an' tell 'bout how young Massa wuz shot up wid one er dem Yankee cannons an' die in he arms." He stopped, overwhelmed with emotion, deep and genuine in its sincerity. After a brief struggle he recovered his composure, and we passed on.

After rambling about the place for half an hour, I bade the old negro farewell and started homeward. I stopped at the foot of the hill and gave a final look at the house. Here was the fountain, its crystal water flashing in the sunlight; there the old elm trees, their tall tops waving in the wind; yonder was the house itself, with its massive columns and white walls gleaming like polished ivory; and just beside it was the old negro, waving his battered hat in a last farewell.

I have often wondered if we of a higher plane may not turn aside from the well-beaten paths of our hectic lives to the less frequented haunts of the ignorant and poor, and learn from them a lesson of loyalty. And may it be a loyalty to the past, to the lamps of progress that our forefathers have placed, and to the best that is in our hearts. In this novel of life that we are writing, let each of us pen his share of words of progress and loyalty; and walk hand in hand with these two through the open portals of morning into the clear sunlight of a better day.

MY PICANINNY PLAYMATE

By C. L. Eaddy

A flat little nose, mashed close to his face,
White eyes in a setting as black as an ace;
A knotty, flat head covered with wool,
So kinky and short that I cannot pull;
A black little, fat little rascal, but gay,
My victim in fights and my partner in play.

A face that's as black as a visage can get,
And a brow that's greasy and shiny with sweat;
A suit that is ragged and tattered, and gay
With patches that cover rents gotten in play;
A fun-loving, sun-loving rascal, and fine,
A kid of the South, this partner of mine.

A row of white teeth that broaden his grin,
And a pair of thick lips that make part of his chin;
A form that is sturdy, a spirit that's fine,
And eyes that are flashing delight all the time;
A bare-legged, bare-headed rascal, and stout,
Who greets me at evenings when school has let out.

THE PRINCIPLE OF CUMULATIVE WRITING

By Bertrand P. Ramsay

I

WHEN WE HAVE our noses in text-books, there is something about their atmosphere that is peculiarly unpleasant if we don't fall in love with them, and unwholesome if we do. But when we can stand aside and look at them from a distance, text-books strike us from a different angle. They may appeal to us as amusing and even ridiculous, or they may seem absurd—both useless and disgusting. These varied viewpoints have caused a sharp conflict of ideas between the man who uses a text-book and the man who doesn't—between the man who spends his day in a college hall and the man who spends his day in an office building. But the break between these two classes of people lies deeper than a mere dissimilarity of viewpoint as to the proper place and value of text-books. It is the difference between the man who generalizes as to how things ought to be done and the man who does those things, either according or not according to the generalized law. It is the difference between what we call the theoretical man and the practical man.

It is not necessary, however, to go beyond the confines of the college walls to find these two types of men—the one set over against the other. Think of the text-books that you have used, and you will remember, on the one hand, such titles as these: "Everyday Speech" and "Practical English," and on the other hand you will recall such a title as "The Theory of the Paragraph." Some authors have gone further and have tried to combine these two phases of literary study. No doubt you may be familiar with such a text as I once used—"English in Theory and Practice."

To the casual observer, it would seem when an author has combined the theory of writing with the practice of writing that he has covered the whole subject. It would seem if I know the rules of how to write and if I act in accordance with these rules that I have done all that lies within my capability. But further consideration shows that something more is needed if I am to be a successful writer. Combine the theoretical and the practical, but, between the two, there lies a further necessity. According to theory, I take a noun, I modify the noun, I add a verb, I modify the verb, and I have a sentence. According to practice, I merely talk. Somewhere, between the theory and the practice, there is a middle ground.

I hesitate to give this middle ground a name. The extent of it is as indefinite as the size of a wave. Its direction, form, and appearance is as irregular as a stream between its two banks. Somewhere between theory and practice it lies: that much, we know. It is as simple as the sharpening of a pencil, but it is as necessary as that the pencil be sharpened. Theory is the boulevard along which the graduates of our highest universities delight to stroll. Practice is the business street over which our newspaper reporters, editors, essayists, novelists,

and poets rush. But this middle ground is your own little garden. It is yours to plant, to cultivate, to reap its fruit, to enjoy. It is surrounded by a high fence, and the gate is locked. You alone have the key, and no other can enter. Simply put, this middle ground is the writer's preparation.

Just here, let it be distinctly understood that in this "middle ground" is not included the sources of a writer's information, ideas or style. It is concerned alone with the cultivation of whatsoever he gets from his sources. We generally admit that a successful writer must be well read, and many suggestions have been made as to what the novice at writing should read. Such suggestions are valuable; but they do not fall within the scope of my subject. In his text on "Public Speaking," Professor Winans has urged the use of a card index for filing away bits of information for subsequent use. I do not question the value of his suggestion. But his is a method of treating the sources of our writing and not the writing itself. I am now concerned with the writer's unique and more fundamental necessity. I am concerned with our reaction to these sources and the expression of our reaction. The preparation of the writing itself is the "middle ground" of which I speak.

Now before I forget that I have said something of theory and practice as being individual and distinct, let me add that in some places they unite to emphasize a single truth. One of these it is well to mention here. Neither according to theory nor according to practice—especially not according to practice—is there any such thing as spontaneity. No person ever burst unexpectedly into heaven, nor has anyone ever been known to visit hell without invitation. No man's middle ground ever sprang up, flowered, and brought forth fruit without cultivation. No great document, no great speech, no great piece of literature was ever produced without long and sometimes tedious preparation. H. G. Wells says that we need a new Bible. If he means that we need more religious writing, he is perhaps right. But no new sacred literature can be written by any one man, or any one group of men, at any one time. It must be a gradual and cumulative process.

It was the great Gladstone of England that once said: "As the British Constitution is the most subtle organism which has proceeded from progressive history, so the American Constitution is the most wonderful work ever struck off at a given moment by the hand and purpose of man." Mr. Gladstone's phraseology is regrettable. As Professor West, of the University of Minnesota, has written, "This sentence has helped to spread the idea that the Philadelphia Convention invented a whole set of new institutions. Such an impression is mistaken. Practically every piece of political machinery in the Constitution was taken from the familiar workings of the State Constitutions." English precedent, as Professor West goes on to say, certainly influenced our Constitution—even its wording—to some extent. In the debates of the convention, moreover, the governmental forms of other countries were referred to, and drawn from. In addition, men who did the actual writing of the Con-

stitution were such men as Thomas Jefferson, who had previously had experience in framing the Virginia Declaration of Independence, the Virginia Constitution, and our National Declaration of Independence.

In a sense, all writing is like that. With the anicient Greeks, "spontaneity" was synonymous with "crudeness." The arrangement of our sentences may be unpremeditated, but the sentences themselves and the words in the sentences, whether precise and vivid, or vague and indefinite, and whether impoverished or rich, are the same that we have used in thinking of the ideas which those words and sentences purport to express. It was a lifetime preparation that enabled Lincoln to express the idea of his childhood: "A nation divided against itself cannot stand." Henry W. Grady was able to deliver his "New South" only after he had written of southern life from every conceivable angle in the daily columns of his Atlanta paper. Milton was preparing for his "Paradise Lost" from the time he left college. Virgil was working over his Aeneid even up to the day of his death. The basic thoughts of the "Prologue" to John's Gospel had been written in the "Prologue" to the First Epistle many years before the gospel itself was drawn up. In one sense, therefore, all writing is cumulative.

But none of us perhaps can imagine an epic theme worthy of our constant attention or daily care. Morover, we stand in need of writing often on varied subjects and in differing styles. How then does the principle of cumulative writing apply to our own needs?

II

When reading the truly great authors of literature, as opposed to the merely popular, there are few of us who have not had forced upon our consciousness the fact that all of them have incorporated in their writings something more than the flawless execution of a theoretical technique. Our attention is frequently called to notice, indeed, how many masters of the pen are so in spite of violations of precise theory. Grammatical blunders of the simpliest sort have been found in "Paradise Lost." Shakespeare's greatest passages are not noted for metrical exactness. Fenimore Cooper's romances, to choose at random a representative of our American literature, have never been accredited with flawless plot structure. Not even the words which Whitman uses are acceptable. And yet there is something about masterful writing that is superior to anachronisms, incongruities of action, or technicalities of expression. This transcendent "something" we call **inspiration.**

But inspiration is a funny thing—a word with an elusive meaning. Etymologically, it is merely the act of taking a breath. Theologians, Webster's Collegiate Dictionary tells us, use it to designate "a supernatural influence which qualifies men to receive and communicate divine truth." According to certain advertisements it is Tetley's Tea. Poe, of whom we as Southerners are particularly proud, wrote his best under conditions that seem most conclusive as to the cogency of the inspirational factor in writing—i. e., when his active mentality was rendered impuissant by intoxication or melancholy—and

yet, in his sober criticism he insisted that inspiration is as hardly an element in narration as in solving a problem by the law of sines. Inspiration, however, as we wish to deal with it, is that quality of literature which, as we have just noticed, is characteristic of all preeminent works. It is the quality which Romain Rolland hints at when he writes that "those poets are only great who remain great even when they are translated into prose, and even into the prose of foreign language—(since) words have no value apart from the soul which they express." We think, too, that we have a definition which demarcates the particular element of writing with which we wish to deal. "Inspiration, as it is called, is a passionate recording of exact knowledge, for passion without exactitude is nihilism; while exactitude without passion is only the labor of a pedant." (From "The Century," October, 1922, p. 812.)

Regarded in this sense, inspiration ceases to be a fire from heaven: it becomes a human attribute. How often have we seen "exactitude without passion" personified! Rolland generalizes about this type of being in a delightful figure. "They were full of their profession and saw nothing beyond it. They were not men. If they had only been books! But they were only notes to books, philological commentaries." On the other hand, our age has a reputation for the "passion without exactitude" which our definition calls "nihilism." In contemporary parlance it is known as "flapperism." But if the extremes are so common to every-day life, is there any reason why the means should be considered superhuman? Is there any reason why a deliberate, careful, and thoughtful coalition of passion and exactitude may not be achieved by normal, human endeavor? Inspiration then we may consider a mental discipline, which is as capable of achievement as acquiring a vocabulary in a foreign language. It is merely a problem of commingling passion with exactitude in a rational proportion.

As a matter of discipline then, may we inquire how inspiration has been achieved? In the stimulating introduction to his "History of English Literature," Taine has a few sentences that may not be amiss here. "Whatever lowers the temperature," he says, "deposits the dew. Whatever develops credulity side by side with poetical thoughts, engenders religion. Thus phenomena have been produced; thus they will be produced. As soon as we know the sufficient and necessary condition of one of these occurrences, our understanding grasps the future as well as the past. We can say with confidence in what circumstance it will appear, foresee without rashness many portions of its future history, and sketch with care some features of its ulterior development." Our conclusion is that when we know under what circumstances inspiration has been once evidenced, we may conjecture as to how it is likely to appear in some other case; that when we have observed what methods of discipline were used in a number of cases, we may generalize as to what exercises might be advisable in any particular instance.

While there are, of course, exceptions to every rule, we do not find that Tetley's Tea has quite the efficacy that certain flamboyant

advertisements might lead us to believe. Although Joel Barlow is remembered chiefly by his three cantos which celebrate the joys of mush and milk, the truth of the matter seems to be that inspiration is usually reserved for a realm of the imagination which is somewhat removed from an appetite for tea or hasty pudding. Curious though it may seem, the imagination has dealt most justly with the life which has not been immediately at hand. It is remarkable how little noteworthy literature dealing with negro life in the South has been written. And this is true in spite of the fact that we are continually writing about the negro. Every day we run across some story of negro life: occasionally, there is a momentary flash of understanding—but inspiration is something more than that. Almost as frequently we find in print matter dealing with college life. Here, too, we find a sparkle of wit, but not inspiration. Though I have not spent as much as a week altogether in the City of Washington, what I have seen there presents itself to the imagination much more forcibly than the familiar scenes of my home town. Neither Homer nor Virgil, Dante nor Goethe, Shakespeare nor Milton, Scott nor Cooper, Poe nor O. Henry wrote inspired autobiographies. The Roman slave wrote plays with Greek noblemen as heroes. Mark Twain, as a successful and opulent man of letters, wrote **Huckleberry Finn, Life on the Mississippi, and Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc.** Why? Because these matters were sufficiently removed from the prosaic round of living to allow poetic interpretation. The imagination is hopelessly bound when chained to the dead-weight of monotonous existence.

"The American is imaginative," writes Mr. Santanyana, "for where life is intense, the imagination is intense also. Were he not imaginative, he would not live so much in the future." The Middle West and South are particularly imaginative, and it is in these sections that literary interest is chiefly alert at this time. The North and East are bound rather too fast to the wheels of industry to allow the imagination much rope. At the same time, life is less intense and more superficial there than here—among both rich and poor. It has been the case with all our great writers, moreover, that they have lived intensely. Spencer's life was intensified by his difficulties in Ireland; Cowper's by his struggle for sanity; Scott's by his colossal financial undertakings; and Lanier's by his struggle for life. So we make this observation concerning inspiration: that it is a resultant of intense living.

But not everyone who lives intensely learns to discipline his imagination. Every noteworthy writer, however, has subjected his imagination, as well as his technical skill, to severe discipline and culture. Throughout his entire life. Tschaikowsky kept regular hours wholly for creative composition. Even the unconventional Whitman observed a certain period during the day for the sort of discipline that developed his genius. What discipline of the imagination Shakespeare endured may be seen by comparing the two tragedies of **Titus Andronicus** and **Macbeth.** Hawthorne confined himself for twelve solitary years. Amy Lowell was thirty-six before she had one of her poems published.

We might call up numberless examples if they were not so self-evident.

Instead, we pass on to notice that there is a difference between discipline and routine. For instance, Jesus pointed out that "praying" and "saying prayers" are not identical. The latter is mere routine. And so we, who are Christians, believe that we can pray to our sleepless God at noon or midnight, or any other time. However, because supplicants of nearly every religion—Mohammedan, Hebrew, and Christian—for century upon century have used with one accord the early morning and still evening hour for religious meditation and intercession, we conclude that there must be some relation between Mankind and Infinity that makes these hours peculiarly suitable for prayer. Returning then to our chosen subject, we may inquire if there are not times, as well as conditions, when a rational commingling of exactitude and passion may be effected.

I have a letter from U. S. Senator Morris Sheppard, of Texas, in which he tells me that Mr. John B. Alden, of Neshanic, N. J., does all his work in the middle of the night. I understand that he frequently takes a nap in the fore part of the evening and later arouses to do his writing. From the one-time housemaid of Thomas Nelson Paige, I learned that he used to do much of his writing after midnight. President Wilson wrote his great messages to Congress while seated on the back porch of the White House, wrapped in a bathrobe, and munching crackers, between midnight and daybreak. Chauncey Depew has been found early in the morning absent-mindedly pacing the hallways of his hotel in pajamas, intent upon nothing else except developing an idea. We are reminded of Coleridge, who awoke to find the gorgeous lines of Kubla Khan at his finger tips. De Quincey was accustomed to arouse from his opiate stupor to plunge into the midst of a marvelous paragraph. And Poe— But we must not press the matter too far. Individuality is an uncertain quantity.

We may proceed to something more tangible. The times and conditions of inspiration are nothing without a motive—an incident to touch them off. Hamilton, in "Seen on the Stage," has recorded that "the testimony of Lord Dunsany is to the effect that his play is made when he has discovered a motive. Asked whether he always began with a motive, 'Not always,' he said, 'I begin with anything or next to nothing. Then suddenly I get started, and go through in a hurry. The main point is not to interrupt a mood. Writing is an easy task when one is going strong and going fast; it becomes a hard thing only when the onward rush is impeded.' "

Baker's "Dramatic Technique" says that a motive may be found in "almost anything: a detached thought that flashes through the mind; a theory of conduct or an act which one firmly believes or wishes only to examine; a bit of dialogue overheard or imagined; a setting, real or imagined, which creates emotion in the observer; a perfectly detached scene, the antecedents and consequences of which are as yet unknown; a figure glimpsed in a crowd which for some reason arrests the attention;—a mere inci-

dent—heard in idle talk or observed; a story told only in barest outline or with the utmost detail."

But whatever it is, the author, to be successful, must take his motive from what experience or study has made his own. There is no exception to this rule. Imagination may transfer the motive to fanciful situations and characters. The motive nevertheless is home-made. No one can hold for very long that the motive of **Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde** or **The Ancient Mariner** is removed from the course of common experience. Shakespeare took his motive from the literary fashions of his contemporaries. Dickens took as his motive the humor and abuses of his fellow-townsmen. Scott found a motive in the characters of lore and legend with whom he lived in imagination for long years before he wrote his first romance. Jane Austen found her motive in her father's pastorate; George Eliot, in her own family. To be specific, I refer to Webster, who once heard the reveille drum break through the silence of Quebec at sunrise. Many years later he took this incident as the motive for his description of the vastness of British sovereignty—"a power," as he said, "which has dotted over the surface of the whole globe with her possessions and military posts; whose morning drumbeat, following the sun and keeping company with the hours, circles the earth daily with one continuous and unbroken strain of the martial airs of England." The interesting point of this illustration, however, is that Webster found his motive not in any general occurrence that might or might not have happened, but in a particular incident from his own experience. And so, we shall take motives for what we shall write from our day-to-day experiences in life and thought.

Psychologists tell us that we never experience any sensation more than once. The first time that we see a thing or do a thing we say things and think things that we never say or think again. The first "Eskimo Pie" that we ever saw attracted us an an "Eskimo Pie"; the second one appealed to us as something to eat. Not only what we think and not only what we say, but also what we write is the result of our reaction to the things we see, hear, smell, taste, and feel about us. One of my chiefest sources of interest has been to discover in students' papers the source of the reactions expressed in their writings. At the time he was preaching here, Billy Sunday's sermons influenced the writings of Wofford students. Professor Trawick introduced several novelties to the writers of our campus. The "Journal" printed an Emersonian essay in the same month that the Sophomores studied Emerson. In September, Dr. Snyder made a speech in chapel that a student wrote and published in the "Old Gold and Black" three weeks later. A student at the University of South Carolina read a book on contemporary poetry, and a short time after the "Carolinian" published her discussion of current poetry, written in the words, phrases, and sentences of the book that she had read.

Such instances are frequent, and they are natural. By no means is the method upon which these papers were prepared to be condemned. The truth is merely that these student-authors have hit upon the principle of

cumulative writing. They have written according to the same principle Billy Sunday's sermons, Emerson's essays, the Mosaic laws, Homer's Trojan Wars, and Shakespeare's dramas were written. The trouble in the case of these student-writers that I have just mentioned, and of most student-writers, is that their papers are the resultant expression of a stimulus too local and too recent to be well developed. Their writings are cumulative, but not sufficiently so.

There are at least two things that people never forget. They never forget what they do and they never forget what they say. In provincial gossip, "And I says, says I," is the phrase more used than any other. Fifteen years ago a certain man gave $10.00 to a missionary cause. He hasn't forgotten it yet. Every time that his pastor has called on him since, the generous contributor has felt it necessary to describe all the details of that $10.00. I can't help but believe that if he had given more he would have had more to talk about. Suppose that he had contributed $10.00 annually to missionary enterprises during those fifteen years. Just think what a variety of subjects he would have had to talk about when his pastor called on him. "And I says, says I," that it is just the same in writing. People remember what they write. Students remember the thoughts they put in black and white. Anyone who has ever prepared a debate will remember that when that subject has come up subsequently for discussion he has had something to say, and words to say it with.

Consider then these facts: that we never experience any sensation but once; that every new experience in thought or actuality is accompanied by a reaction which is more vivid at that time than at any other; that, as our student writings show, we find it very easy to express these reactions at the time when they are vivid to us; that such writing is usually puerile, and valueless to any except the writer himself; but that it is very valuable to him, as it enables him to store away his reactions for subsequent development and future use.

III

I am not about to suggest that the student keep a diary. I do not feel inclined to make any suggestion at all. Instead, I place before you, with apologies, a page from my own biography:

At a small supper party one evening, it was remarked of a certain gentleman, "He never does anything he doesn't want to: he has an artistic temperament." The sentence was puzzling; but weeks afterwards I began to realize that it describes a lazy temperament, not an artist. A procrastinator, I thought, may refuse to do whatever conflicts with his inclination; an artist is often forced into a habit of life that all but extinguishes the spark of poetry that is his; but an artistic temperament is one that does accomplish, more or less successfully, whatever it wishes. I thought of Milton arduously working at the conception which finally took the form of his great epic, in spite of blindness and incompatible family relations. I recalled that Shelley stood at his mantle without interruption for a whole day, translating German poetry. I remembered that Burns fled from his plough as it stood in the furrow to

put a simple rime or two on paper; that Keats used to write verses even in the note-books of his fellow students at the medical college; that, in spite of every discouragement and merely because he felt such a desire, he exiled himself to write "Endymion." I recalled that Stevenson closed his door even against his own family because he wanted to watch Dr. Jekyll experimenting with Mr. Hyde.

To experiment with the theory I seemed to observe, I began the habit of writing everything and every time I wished. If I wanted to write an Emersonian essay or one after the manner of Cobb, why shouldn't I? If I felt like rewriting one of Webster's speeches, one of Wordsworth's poems, or one of Maupassant's stories, I rewrote it. Sometimes I wrote long pages of stuff; at other times I scratched in my note-book merely a rime, a phrase, or an idea that seemed capable of later development. I jotted everything without any order or without any attempt to do more than record what I had in mind. Occasionally I scribbled with a pencil, and again I scratched with a pen, splattering blue ink, or black, or green, or purple, or red. I put down ideas that came from the class room. I put down striking bywords, names that I liked—of people or places—and, in fact, anything suggestive. One evening I passed a young negro couple sporting down a back street. Just as I passed I heard the girl say, "Go-an, nigger, I ain't never been married to nobody!" I put that down. Sometimes I ran across two or three such phrases in a single day; at other times I didn't have a suggestion for weeks. As a rule, however, I found that no textbook was too dry and no day too wet to provide some new thought that was worthy of cultivation. At that time I began jotting down occasional and isolated impressions of student poems and student poetry as I read various college publications. Within a year I found that I had enough opinions to collect into an essay. A great many of the sentences that I have used here have been taken without change from my big, black, hideous-looking note-book.

Though I worked out this method of cumulative writing for my own use, it is by no means new. The Koran seems to be nothing more than the occasional and independent religious observations of Mohammed. The Christian Science manual, "Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures" has influenced the religious life or more people perhaps than any other one book written within our memory. In its introduction the author says that though she began to write down the results of her Scriptural study as early as 1862, she did not unify these results into the present manual until 1907. The "Golden Sayings of Epictetus" and the "Meditations of Marcus Aurelius" were written a few sentences at a time by these noble ancients. In our own country, again, Emerson is said even to have carried his note-book to bed with him so that he would not fail to preserve any idea that might come to him during the night. In the introduction to his informal essays, William James notifies his readers that he is quoting from his notes, and humorously suggests that if that be plagiarism he must suffer the penalty. Several contemporary poets—Robert Frost, Sara Teasdale, Vachel

Lindsay, and Carl Sandburg—use a similar method. In describing his ideal day, Mr. Lindsay writes,

"I nap and amble and yawn and look
(And) write fool-thoughts in my grubby book."

Our modern writers of short stories and novels use this method very largely, and many discussions of the short story urge the young writer to adopt it if he sincerely desires to engage in that form of writing. The chapters of Esenwein, Phillips, and Matthews on this subject are worth reading. Mr. Henry A. Phillips, the author of many popular stories, has shown in great detail, giving every step in the process, how he developed his story entitled "Arden—the Village of Despair."

Now, of course, it would be a great burden to have too many great thoughts. But not many of us I think would have to get out of bed more than a dozen times during any night to record our brilliant ideas, and few of us would find it possible to put down more than one good thought in a dozen nights. Most of us, it is true, would object to getting up once in twelve months—especially if that once occurred on a freezing night in January. But it is worthwhile to get up a dozen times in a single night if it takes that to enable us to write as these men have written. If we seriously desire to become writers of worthwhile poetry, fiction, essays, or speeches, nothing can be too much trouble which enables us to cultivate our thoughts and ideas of the things about us, and to express these exactly and completely—for this alone is the true purpose of the writer and the true field of his writings.

Writing is not a game of dice to be played today and forgotten tomorrow. It is a garden which in its proper time must be seeded, tilled, harvested, and enjoyed. The morning shower, the afternoon sun, and the evening dew—each hour must count. For writing is a cumulative process. If we would write of life, we must live intensely, fully. We must discipline the imagination. We must preserve and cultivate all suggestions and ideas our experience gives us—for experience does not give us more than we need. "He that would hope to write well hereafter in laudable things," wrote Milton, "ought himself to be a true poem." Nothing more than that can be said.

LETTERS OF A FIRST YEAR MAN

Dear Friend & Admirer,

I guess you been sorely disappointed for the reason I didn't get you a letter wrote last month, eh? Well, I will proceed to make you acquainted concerning the reason why not, just lend me your ears.

That last letter which I wrote you pretty soon after the Wofford Faculty resumed operations on us in Sept. the same fell into the hands of the alleged editor of this monthly & he had it printed, so as all the Campus gossips could talk concerning my private affairs, which he ought not to of done. Also the editor of the College weakly newspaper took the pleasure to refer concerning the letter in his so-called news sheet. So I conceived the idea of not writing you a tall last month so as to put one over on them two editors, see?

& so now as I have nothing on my **agenda** for this P. M. (as the League of Nations fellows are wont to remark), I will proceed to seize this opportunity of saying it to you with a, b, c's.

Skeet, you just auto be up here so as to be exposed to these Wofford profs. They are no more like them in all the world, which is additional grounds for Thanksgiving Day. But after all is said & done college profs. are nothing else except only common school teachers of a high and aggravated degree, which have a incurable habit of asking you such questions about the lesson as you did not even know they had a answer to them, let alone what is it? They all of them also have pseudonyms, which is the Hebrew equal of nickname, so far as I am able to learn. For a sample your pseudonym is Skeet, whereas your name is Damocles Hector Abernathy, see? One of these aforesaid profs. is wont to call you into his private sanction whenever you are about ready to bust on a subject & give you a lecture to the effect you better get to work or else (?). Also one of them has a habit of saying to you "exnihilo nihil fit" which is the Latin equal of you can't get blood out of a turnip or something to a similar effect.

Exams are in full blast up here at Wofford for the time being & believe me, Skeet, they are sure a fly on the ornament of my content as the poet is wont to remark. Our phiziks prof, says I showed him something in my paper which scientists have been trying to discover for some hundreds of years, namely, the absolute zero. The folks around home have got a right to feel proud of the writer, don't you think so, too? Yes?

It's a wonder I can do so good however for the reason the Honor System we got up here cramps my style when I go to stand my exam. It is a newsance, Skeet, & it should be put out of business for the reason it violates the U. S. Constitution, which says clear and plain it shall be unlawful to maintain a combination in restraint of grade.

Well I got to stop now & study some so as to keep up my enviable rep. Write me, hear?

Your pal,

Kay Lamity.

TO MOTHER

By J. C. Bailey

The dearest one on earth to me,
The truest friend I find in thee,
The one who loves me tenderly,
My mother!

A helpless babe, you held me tight,
When I lay ill through weary night;
In your tired face, a heavenly light,
My mother!

Your eyes, they have a wonderous glow,
From them lovelight does seem to flow;
My every care they seem to know,
My mother!

Thy voice, it has the sweetest sound,
Thy smile would scatter any frown;
Could one be sad when you're around?
My mother!

You have a disposition sweet,
A kindly word for all you meet,
A cheery smile for all you greet,
My mother!

You always have a word in store
To cheer me when I'm troubled sore;
Each day I love thee more and more,
My mother!

An angel you, indeed, must be
That God sent down from Heaven to me;
His likeness in thy face I see,
My mother!

O would I were a better man
That I might worthy hold thy hand,
And shameless in thy presence stand,
My mother!

UNDER THE MISTLETOE

By C. L. Eaddy

AT FIVE his mother had died. At eight his lonely father had taken him from his spinster aunt who had cared for him, and his contact with women was broken.

For several years then he had lived in some dozen or more places here and there in the great wilderness of the northwest, following always the zig-zag course of a roving mining engineer; first in Montana, then in Canada for a period of time, then stopping again in the heart of the mining center of the Rockies. He grew into manhood within the shadows of the great timber lands and the vast loneliness of this mountain country. His schooling had been negligible as far as formal learning was concerned. But he was well drilled in the great university of the outdoors. Nothing in this realm stumped him.

At twenty he was just beginning his first advances in schooling himself in the essential that he had missed, when his father left the mining camp with a party of geologists in search of iron out-croppings. Winter came and brought the fearful blizzard and snow that is still remembered by the people of Waschuke, and the party of three failed to return. The boy took that as he had accepted cold and hunger and loneliness since childhood. He plunged into the task he had set for himself with a double interest: to learn and to forget.

And so Robert Basil went into school like he might have gone into the river for his bath: with a great, jumping head-first dive, loosing himself. Nothing checked him when he was once set on a course. He was large and powerful of body and mind, and as fearless as one ever grew to be. Only when on strange ground intellectually, as well as topographically was he even cautious, for he did not like being lost anywhere. He went the full length of any road ever set out upon, but he always knew his way back; and he was scrupulously attentive to painful experiences that might have been avoided. No use butting your brains out upon clearly discernible barracks he reasoned; and, therefore, tried to shape his course of life upon that kind of policy. He was honest and fair and interested in other folk, but he was so accustomed to being alone that he was scarcely gregarious, and he was too blunt and vigorous for the most of them. Although he had many true admirers of his courage and young strength, he had few intimate friends. Somehow his nature or heritage insulated him from contacts that would mean friendships. Thus he grew into manhood, and left college to go out into the wilderness and make it serve man. He was conscious both of his limitations and his powers. He knew the big places, the rich places, and mineralogy. What more did he need?

At twenty-six he made his first find of copper ore. And it was while in Chicago transacting business which this find necessitated that he renewed his contact with women. And with this renewal came the realization that in his headlong crashing through life he had neglected to acquire so many conven-

ient accomplishments. A knowledge of the open and of mineralogy was not all he needed after all. So he went back to the mountains, the copper and iron country, a rich man for his years in money, but a poor man in that he carried with him the persistent, mocking memory of Eva Navone, the superb brown-eyed belle of the elect circle of Waltersbroke Drive, who had irresistibly, without trying, it seemed, wrapped her delicate, adept fingers about his heartstrings and made him know despair and helplessness.

Her memory stayed with him constantly, he revelled in it and made her the heroine of all his fancies; but he wanted more than her memory. And then he would become conscious of his limitations and curse himself for such an indulgence into the region of fancy. He was of the open—the woods; he was part of them as much so as were the wild creatures that made it their home. She was of a finer civilization, of the dance halls and the congested cities. Her customs were so different from his that they were as much separated as if a barrier that reached as high as the blue heavens above were built between them. And then he would laugh at the amusing idea of the elegant and lovely Eva Navone, with her gossamer silks and finery out there in the woods. Her neat little feet, which danced so gracefully on the highly polished floors of the dance halls in Chicago, would be as hopelessly out of place here as he would be in her habitat. He would argue to himself that they were of different spheres, and that she had treated him kindly while he had known her because he was strange and new to her. He remembered how she would laugh gaily at his blunders and cheer him on to try again and not to be embarrassed. Her laughter did not hurt then; she had been so considerate and gentle with him. But now he cursed himself for not having seen that she was not interested in him, only in the way that a child is with a new toy which pleases its fancy and is soon cast aside as useless, or better as a cat who plays with a mouse, only to kill it later. But she had not seemed that way then.

He floundered about in this manner for several weeks with the image of this lovely, dark-haired, brown-eyed girl tantalizing him ceaselessly. The he felt again the old Robert rising to the foreground. He would plunge into his work in the same way that he had gone at his schooling. He had made himself forget; he could again. Back then into the forests once more he went tramping alone over the craggy hills, camping in snows, and leading the harsh life of the frontiersman. This time his find was even greater than the first, and he found himself going again to civilization and to the girl who had never left him during all that lonely year.

The next year instead of going back to the woods he spent his time near Eva. He watched the sort of men closely with whom she associated and tried hard to make his conduct conform to their standards. He had never failed in any undertaking before and perhaps he could do this, not that it was so hard because there was nothing so inherently uncouth about him except his own estimate of himself. And in this strange ground he was afraid and cautious, where he had heretofore rushed without hesitating. Something

had changed him since meeting Eva Navone, and he despised himself for his weakness.

He watched the girl, studied her closely—her unconscious poise and gracefulness as she moved about in society, pulling men irresistibly into her ever-lengthening train of admirers. And she did it so naively, seeming unaware of her power over them.

When the time came Robert told her that he loved her and she told him that she too had learned to care for him. They became engaged and were to be married the following year. The day was set for Christmas. And Robert Basil, man of the woods, thought himself far more fortunate than when he had made his first find of ore. Well he might have, for brave hearts and fearless knights had gone down in turn before this fair girl who had given herself to him. All the others she had sent away with firmness upon the first declaration, and yet with such sympathetic tenderness that they felt it a privilege to join in that fast-growing group of friends. That she was artless and good he was aware. Ah! so much so, that the more he knew her the more she awed him and the more he felt the handicap of his woodsman nature coming up between them.

At first he said he would outgrow this, but the nearer came the day of Christmas the more he realized that he had not overcome this difference. He began to hate his northland and her civilization with equal strength; his woods for making him what he was, and her world for taking her above him.

The difference was nothing that he could detect. There never was a quarrel. She was always happy to make plans for the two of them. And they were always going into the merry whirl of balls and dances, for it was now late summer when the season for gaiety was at its highest. But through it all he could not escape the fear that there was that difference which he felt but could not single out.

Now and then he saw her look at him with a sort of perplexity, and he thought that she was wondering how in the world she could ever come to care for such an uncouth savage as he. Once she looked at him and said almost timidly:

"You remember the night you first spoke to me? Well, it took me weeks to forget the way you caught me and held me so forcefully—like a cave man."

"You won't see it again," he promised, flushing. "I know I'm rough, but I'll get over it, and you won't notice it then."

But he did not; the breach grew and widened.

Winter with its snows had come again, and with it he felt the call of the forest. Some deep inner-urge tugged at him during the day, and at night he dreamed of it. He found himself tiring of the city. The bustle and noise and lights suddenly began to bother him. He wanted to leave them. He had to! He would!

And so tonight he sat thinking, with Eva sitting on the divan beside him rather nervously swinging one satin-clad foot, waiting. He was thinking how out of keeping he was there in that richly furnished parlor, and how in harmony with everything the girl seemed to be; she was waiting for him to say something. Weeks before she had noticed how

estranged he had seemed and had told him that things must be said. Until now they had not talked and he was glad. That was odd within himself, for he was not the kind of man to try to dodge consequences. He realized that things could not go on thus. Yet he was glad. But tonight was their last chance. He drummed with one foot upon the thick rug and searched for a word with which to begin. What was to be said must be said now.

"I leave tomorrow, Eva," he began.

"Leave, Rob! You're not going away?" came in a surprised and hurt voice from the girl.

"Going back to the woods for good," he said without looking up from the floor.

"Why are you going, Rob?" questioned the girl, her eyes scrutinizing every expression of his face.

"You know, Eva, I hate this place. I'm not in my sphere, I was made for the woods and the woods for me. We're different—belong to different worlds, and there's no use pretending any longer. You would hate me later for it—I'm going back to where I belong."

"Rob—!" this was a stifled cry.

"I know," his voice was tight. "I'd hoped it wouldn't be necessary to say it. I hoped that until you said—that we must have it out."

"You weren't alone in hoping," said the girl.

"It's best to face it, whatever it is. I've done everything I know, Eva, and it has failed. I cannot make myself belong to your world. There's no use trying any longer."

He waited a moment, expecting that she would go on from that start and say something, but she sat silent so he spoke again.

"I thought at first that it might be because you were a girl that you seemed so above me, and that I would overcome it later and cease to feel that way. But we've had months together and somehow there hasn't been any change—only for the worst."

"Yes; it has been so," and the forced casualness in her tone, the studied detachment in her face, which he glanced up at for the first time chilled him.

That rocked him, but he only said:

"Your honesty is admirable."

"That's nice," looking down. "But it hasn't worked out, Rob. You admire and it stops there."

"No, I love you, Eva. But it's our worlds—They're too far apart."

"But, Rob, you hadn't thought to ask me to go with you. I would love it," smiled the girl, placing her hand lightly upon his arm.

The bushman laughed—a harshly cynical chuckle. The idea of a girl who had never done one hour of work in all her secluded artificial hot-house life, who had never learned to fix her own hair, or sweep her room, going out to his world was amusing. How he wished it could be that way—but she would tire of it soon and want to come back. She belonged to this world of ease, not to his.

"It cannot be," he said.

She drew a line on the rug with her slipper.

"Why?" she asked.

"We've been particularly blunt tonight," began the man. "I wish you could understand—I've worked without end for you. I've been cold and underfed for weeks. I've spent months with no one but an Indian so that I might give you the things that I thought a woman might want." He did not notice the quirk of her mouth; he was warming to the conviction that he had been misunderstood, and underrated. "I used to like those things, but I made over my life for you. I changed from a bushman, a savage, to a partly civilized being so that I could be like men you've known. You've been my reason for achieving not only money and a reputation of a sort, but gentleness and consideration. I've— but what's the use? You won't understand, Eva."

He finished speaking and stood with eyes staring straight to the front and into the glowing grate.

The girl rose. Her brown eyes were just below the level of his and he was conscious of the splendor of her dark hair, the high color of her cheeks, which shaded down to the white of her throat and arms. He became giddy and her words came from a distance.

"Don't say I won't understand, please! But if our adventure is to go smash, the sooner we end it the better."

Robert gathered himself as he might have in the face of a grave physical danger. She seemed to be shaken, but he was concerned only with his own helplessness and did not notice. He spoke from a dry throat.

"Yes, I think so."

A curious change seemed to come over the girl and she seemed to lose some of her assurance.

"A woman of pride, Robert, cannot ask for anything else."

The man eyed her. He was hurt when she did not call him by the old name of Rob.

"But I am going to ask just one more thing of you before you go: won't you come and spend Christmas Eve with my aunt and me like we had planned? She is an old lady now, and I promised her that we would be there. And childish old people don't get over disappointments early, you know. And then it is far away into the country in the tiniest little bungalow, surrounded with trees and flowers. You'll like it, because it's in your world." She said these last words cynically. "Rob, say you'll come whether you want to or not, just for the sake of what has been. Do you mind doing this last request for me?" she finished in a subdued voice.

"I'll come," he promised, and went out into the night and back to his world.

It was rather a careworn Robert who got off the train at the little country stop two months later on Christmas Eve night, just as dusk was beginning to fall. His face was tanned and roughened by the winter sun and snows in the woods. He looked about him at the group of some dozen men, who stood in a knot to watch the train come in and leave. He failed to see the face he looked for, and walked over towards the little shed used for a depot. He was still searching for the girl. She had written that she would be at the train to meet him—just a note it was; that was all.

He was dreading the meeting, for in the

lonely nights and days that he had spent since leaving her he had blamed himself for acting roughly that night. He couldn't forget the reproach in her voice, that seemed to say that he alone was to blame. But he had promised to come, and so he was here. And down in the deeper self was a yearning to see her again, for she had not left him during all those months a single time. Her face mocked his sleep in spite of his attempts at arguing that he could forget, and that their worlds were different, and that she had forgotten him even by now. He had decided not to come down here for Christmas until she had written him that note. Wonder how she was going to greet him he was conjecturing when a silvery voice called from a low racer that was almost hid behind one of the three dilapidated Fords parked to his left.

"Hello, Rob!" it called. "Aren't you ever going to recognize me?" laughed the girl, jumping from the low seat and running towards him with outstretched hands.

"Eva!" exclaimed the man, dumbfounded at the sight which he beheld.

The girl whom he had seen only in town, robed in the height of fashion for the ball rooms, stood before him dressed in a neat serviceable sport suit that accentuated her beauty and smallness. A becoming small brown hat from beneath which flew a few strands of rebellious hair, pulled out by the wind as she had raced over, made a pretty frame for her laughing face.

"I never would have recognized you," he continued awkwardly. "You've changed."

"For better or worse?" she laughed gaily. "But I know you would say better since it is more like your world," she teased, without waiting for the flush to subside which her question had caused to rise to his face.

He stepped into the gray racer beside her and they sped away like an arrow, carried by the soft purring, high-powered motor. Rob was silent. Somehow he was too conscious of that other night months ago, of her cool, collected voice and calm face. The girl was unusually gay. Every varying object in the last glowing of day called from her an excited response. She seemed to be living as he had never seen her. He noticed this, noticed the tan on her face that had not been there before, and noticed the unaffected calmness of her manner toward him. She had forgotten. He squirmed at the idea; but women were that way. Why had he been such a fool? But he would be gone after tomorrow. He would forget then.

Both had lapsed into a momentary silence as they sped down a long stretch of country road, which led to the top of a gentle sloping hill two miles away and disappeared into a crimson and golden glory of sunset clouds.

"Beautiful," murmured the girl.

"Like the north," agreed the man.

Then there followed another silence. The girl looking rapturously at the limpid, kaleidoscopic coloring ahead; the man observing the girl who sat beside him—a new girl, a stranger. He had not known an Eva like this in Chicago. He noticed how easily she managed the flying car, and thought that he had never even known her to drive one in all the time he had known her. In fact, she be-

longed to the out-doors now as much as she had belonged to the city then.

They swung over the hilltop into the deeper shadows of the valley below, then around a sharp turn in the road.

"A wagon," cried the man.

"Gosh," said the girl, laughing as she swerved easily to the side of the road, missing the vehicle. "You almost frightened me. It was a close call though. Eh?" she sang out lightly, and her voice, thrilling with excitement and laughter, was immeasurably sweeter than it ever had been before.

The decisive movement of her arms, the splendid poise of her head, and the fluttering wisp of hair against her cheek and hat sent a torrent of blood crowding into his head, which was as swift and mad as the racing car. It beat upon his caution and overwhelmed his reserve. He wanted this woman as he had never wanted her before, wanted to fold her close and keep her forever his! She was slipping away though—and he consented to it—and the desire to possess, the primitive impulse, as natural as the life in the bush, as natural as the old Robert who had smashed through life, asserted itself.

For a moment he was blind with want. His mouth went dry and his heart leaped against its weight. This girl who had promised herself to him, the girl whom he loved was slipping away from him when he had strong arms— And all because he had thought that she could never consent to be what he saw in her this afternoon. Fool he had been. She had forgotten him now. She showed it in her manner of total abstraction and unconsciousness of him. For the moment he was helpless, heedless, unthinking, only feeling—and it was her cry which brought him to himself.

"Look! Across yonder where those lights are is where we stop. It's a lonely place back here for some, but I find it so lovely and free. I adore it." Her voice was simple but animated. "Rob," she began after another pause. They were slowing down for the gate that led into the driveway up to the house. "I have just one more request which goes with this invitation. I hate to worry you with myself, but would you mind granting this last one for me? I promise it to be the last."

"Ask me and let's see," said the man, wincing inwardly at the detachment in her voice.

"I wish, if you wouldn't mind, that you would just pretend for tomorrow that we had never quarreled. Auntie doesn't know yet, and I don't want her to know, or her Christmas would be spoiled—she likes you so from what I've told her. Of course, I gave her to understand that we had decided to wait, but no more. You know, she has heard me say so many impulsive things about you when I would come out to see her. We are pals, you know, and she's so childish, too. Then you'll be gone away after tomorrow. Would you mind?" she asked looking at him.

"It's only fair that I should do it," he replied without looking at her.

"I knew you would," said the girl satisfied.

An hour later Robert Basil, the bush-man, sat before the sputtering fireplace in the cozy little sitting room, a haven of comfort and all those little undefinable touches of femininity

which make up a home. He was thinking fiercely—thinking of himself, thinking of a night in the late summer which protruded itself out of the past, thinking of Eva Navone, thinking of what the little gray lady was saying as she chattered away from her chair beside him. The girl had excused herself shortly after arriving and had gone to see about preparing supper.

"Yes, Rob, you don't mind if I call you that, do you? I'd love to, since I've heard Eva speak of you so much by it. Yes, Rob, I'm glad you are just as you are. Not a prudish fellow from the city, but a dyed and stamped man of the open."

The man actually smiled—a whimsically cynical smile. "If Eva had only thought that way," he half way muttered to himself. And he moved impatiently at the thought.

"And it has been good to hear her when she would come out here to get away from the tiresome city, talk always of you—her bush-man, she'd call you. That's why you managed to capture her heart," continued the gray little lady, while a paradoxical smile of childish interest and motherly care softened her wrinkled face.

Robert flushed and fidgeted awkwardly. But he loved to hear her talk. There was something about her that touched him, a thing that was wafted across the long past since the time when he was a child, something that caused him to recall vaguely the mother whom he could not remember, but who moved softly in the dim background of consciousness as an imperceptible yet existing, guiding power of his life. Then, too, he was hungry for the very words that the little lady was saying. He wanted to know more about this side of Eva's life of which she had kept a secret. The girl who had met him this afternoon was a different being from the gay moth of Chicago's dance halls. The man was alive to every change. But even while thinking his heart sank. "Fool!" he muttered as the cool face of the girl swam into recollection. He had let her slip away—and he was the cause.

The little lady was still chattering away in her motherly manner to the attentive Robert, when some minutes later the door opened into the room and a cheery voice called out:

"Just look there, if you would. I believe both of you have forgotten about supper."

The man turned around to see an elfish vision of loveliness framed in the doorway. The girl had changed her riding costume for a neat creation in the way of a girlish house dress.

"What were you telling Robert, auntie?" she asked smilingly.

"About your wild horse ride through the gap the other week when that terrible horse got frightened at the scent of that animal," replied the little lady.

"She has been telling on you. I didn't know you rode," said Robert.

"Oh, yes, I do that often when I want to go off to the good hunting places," blushed the girl.

"What! you go hunting out here?" exclaimed the man.

Things were being revealed to him too rapidly. Was this a fake that the two ladies were pulling over him?

"What! Eva hasn't told you of that?" queried the little lady, turning to the blushing girl.

"No," admitted the man, looking half quizzically, half admiringly at the confused girl, who had put her arm about the waist of the little gray lady.

"Aren't you two ever coming to supper? It will be getting cold if you don't hurry," she said.

Robert followed the two ladies to the dining room, where a typical Christmas supper—in the unsophisticated country fashion—was spread appetizingly upon the exquisitely decorated table. Nothing was lacking to give the room the care-free atmosphere of Yuletide.

"Please, you two sit down, and I shall get the tea from the stove," said the girl, disappearing into the kitchen.

"You see," smiled the little lady, "I can't do a thing with her when she gets out here. She goes hunting alone, and rides that wicked horse of Bartley's, and time as she gets here she turns my cook off for a vacation, so she can do all of the cooking hereself. Say's that she likes it; that it's living. She has been doing this for years now; and, law-sakes-alive, she is a better cook now than I ever was. Why, she cooked everything that you see here on this table. I always look for the time when she can come out here. You are going to have to leave her part of the time with me when you get her," she finished teasingly.

The man emitted a low whistle under his breath, and gave the little lady a look of incredulity.

"Rob, you certainly made a find in her. I was always afraid that she would fall in love with one of those foolish men in Chicago, but I'm glad she met you," came next with unaffected frankness.

The man felt a tug from somewhere within him at her words, and he winced at the unpleasantness.

Just then Eva appeared in the doorway, with a teapot in one hand and a steaming plate of biscuits in the other.

"You two talked so long that the others got cold," she explained.

After supper the little lady led Robert back into the cozy room which they had left. But although she talked away as much as ever the man's ears were atuned to other sounds. Back in the kitchen he could hear faintly the sound of a silvery voice singing the touching lines of "A Perfect Day."

"When you come to the end of a perfect day,
And you sit alone with your thoughts—"

And then—

"Now this is the end of a perfect day,
Near the end of a journey, too—"

Robert Basil was brought back to earth seconds later when he became conscious that the little lady had stopped talking. He glanced up to find her smiling reminiscently while she looked at him. He turned red to the roots of his hair.

"Did you ask a question?" he blundered.

"Oh, that's all right. I know— She does sing superbly, doesn't she?"

"She used to sing that one for me when I first knew her," said the man.

Soon Eva joined them and some few min-

utes later the little lady graciously excused herself, saying:

"I guess that you young folks want to talk some since it has been so long since you have seen each other."

"Oh, no, auntie, we talked all the way up from the station this afternoon, and I know that Robert must be tired after his long journey, so since it is already late, I think we had all better go to bed," said the girl without looking towards the man.

So she did not care even to talk with him alone. Robert Basil was hurt. He wanted to talk to her. He had hundreds of questions that he must ask her. But she failed to catch the meaning glance which he gave her, or if she did she paid no heed to it.

Far into the night the man tossed upon his bed, with the happenings of the evening rushing through his hot brain, crowding his memory, and always Eva was the tantalizing mistress, who moved in the foreground to mock him with her detached expression, which told to him the story of forgetfulness.

The following morning he awoke and walked across to his window and looked out upon a white-blanketed, sparkling world. In the darkness of the night the snow had silently been at work and had bedecked mother earth in Christmas splendor. Young, green spruce pines, with tops bowed under the weight of clinging snow, made shadows in the distance of early morning light. A young negro boy trudged through the snow with an armful of wood with which he would soon have a fire crackling and roaring in the fireplace of the room below.

But to all this, Robert Basil was but dimly conscious. From below, out of the kitchen, came the lucid voice of a girl singing, a voice which he had heard before, but which now carried softer, more plaintive music because it was the song of a girl singing to herself through sheer heart-joy, unaware of listening ears.

"Just an old fashion, an old fashion garden,
But it carried me back to a dear little shack,
In the days of long ago—"

The man quietly dressed and went down even though it was so soon that no one would be expecting him. The singer was alone and he must see her.

When he opened the kitchen door softly, the girl had her back towards him. She was busy preparing some dish, and failed to hear his step. She sang softly at her work in the same lucid voice that had come to him in his room.

"Why so happy?" laughed the man.

The girl looked around with a startled little jump.

"Why—I—I—" She was clearly confused and her cheeks were mantled with a deep flush. Her eyes dropped. "I didn't expect you," she said.

"I heard you singing and thought I would come and help with the work that made one so happy," said the man, amused at her embarrassment.

"Wonder what she had been thinking about to make her blush that way?" he mused to himself.

"All right," said the girl recovering, "I shall need some help shortly, so you can just wait around."

After watching her for a few minutes Robert asked:

"Eva, how long have you been coming out here?"

"Oh, for years now," she answered.

"Why hadn't you ever told me?"

"In Chicago this would not have been much to my credit. And then I thought you liked me best as what you thought me to be. I thought that until—until that night."

She still busied hereself with her work.

"Why didn't you tell me then, before I left?" he asked next.

She worked nervously and hastily.

"I didn't think you cared to know then," she replied.

"Didn't care? I know that you knew better than that. You knew that it was for you that I left. I did not want to spoil your life by taking you into a life that I thought you knew nothing about. Say you understand that," he pleaded.

She had stopped her work and stood, tapping the knife in her hand lightly upon the table.

"Yes, I knew that, Rob," she consented.

"Then, why did you let me go without telling me better?"

"Because I— I knew you would come here if I asked you— And I wanted to surpise you in this novel way."

"Then, Eva—?" he said.

"Have you been blind, Rob?" she cried out. "Can't you see that— that civilization doesn't change women? Don't you realize that what we want is not the flimsy bauble?"

Her voice was unsteady and warm tears welled in her brown eyes.

"And, Rob, I wanted to be pursued, I wanted to be captured and held like that—like this—always! And anything else was baubles, Rob, baubles."

"Law-sakes-alive," said the little gray lady, appearing in the doorway just at this particular moment. "Your biscuits are burning, Eva, child."

But seeing the two, she retreated backwards out of the room, smiling.

"It's all right for her. He caught her under the mistletoe that she insisted upon hanging up in the kitchen."

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS

By J. E. White

On Bethl'hem's hills the Shepherds watched
  Their flocks all scattered 'round,
And whilst they watched, the night was filled
  With wondrous light and sound.

There in the sky, o'er Bethl'hem town,
  A glory-beaming star,
Poured forth its rays of purest light
  And showed itself afar.

A sound of music from on high
  Caused them to lift their eyes,
And lo, a host of angels fair
    Completely filled the skies.

And from the heavens there came down
  Bursts of triumphant song,
Which angel hosts in light arrayed
  Sang joyously and long.

"Lo! We, to you and all mankind,
  Good-will and peace do bring,
For unto you is born this night
  A Saviour, Christ the King.

"Therefore, arise and get you hence,
  And go to Bethl'hem town.
You'll find Him in a manger laid
  With cattle lowing 'round.

"Then worship you the Christ, your King,
  Your hearts unto Him give,
For He is come to save mankind,
  To die that they may live."

The music stopped, but still the star
  Shone brightly in the East,
And led the wand'ring Shepherds where
  Their search forever ceased.

For in a stable bare and crude,
  And in a manger laid,
They found the Babe, for whom they sought,
  In swaddling clothes arrayed.

And lo! These many years have passed,
  Since that first Christmas night,
But in the hearts of men still reigns,
  That Babe, the Prince of Light.

FIDELITY

By W. K. Wynn

She keeps her nook, sitting with folded hands
And looking abroad with dim, unquestioning gaze,
Her heart grows strangely quiet and tolerant.
She has learned patience; those she loved are gone,
And youth is gone, and all the dreams of youth,
And grief itself has found its natural ending,
And now she feels there is no more to learn.

"The Old Woman"—John Bunker.

IF I WERE ASKED to name the most admirable virtue in any person I should name absolute fidelity. **Absolute** fidelity is exceedingly rare; that which is exceedingly rare is exceedingly valuable, and that which is valuable is admirable. The meanness or insignificance of the recipient of one's fidelity does not make that fidelity less admirable. Conscientious, uncompromising fidelity to a cause or to a person (regardless of how worthless the cause or the person may seem to others to be) will invariably win God's sanction and man's applause. The little, dirty cur dog, which is faithful, is admired by all, even if his fidelity is wasted on a debauched tramp. Why has the story of the little Dutch boy, who saved his city from being inundated by suppressing a leak in the dike all night with his hand, been so widely known? Because he was faithful. What is it that makes the Greek myth of Hero and Leander so beautiful? The fidelity of lovers. Why did those who suffered death at the stake rather than disown their religious convictions make an immortal name for themselves? Fidelity to a cause is the answer. After a boy has besmirched his name with the vilest of all sins there is one who still remains true to him—his mother. Here, we must all agree, is the apogee of earthly loyalty.

For the reason that absolute fidelity of any person is so very rare and so very admirable I am going to relate an experience which held my attention and which I have reason to believe will be no less interesting to you.

The steamship Birmingham was slowly winding its way toward the mouth of the Savannah River, just twenty miles from her destination. Night had fallen and I was standing at the bow of the ship, deeply inhaling the fresh marine odors which were borne on the light breeze from over the salt marsh. Since the ship had entered the mouth of the river I had noticed several fishermen's huts along the bank; but now not more than fifty yards ahead I noticed a peculiar little hut, which stood on an island in the river. As the vessel drew nearer I saw the old, bent form of a woman, hobbling along under the weight of a lighted lantern. She stopped when she reached the brink of the water and slowly waved the lantern backward and forward. To my astonishment, the pilot of our ship blew three short, doleful blasts of the whistle. At once the old woman stopped her signaling, stood still a moment, and slowly walked back to the hut. I at once recalled that on my trip out of the harbor a similar occurrence had taken place at this particular island; I thought at the time that it was the signal for a drawbridge. I now clearly saw that there

was no obstruction in the path of the vessel and I could not understand why the signal from an old, decrepit woman was essential to the progress of the ship. The captain was standing on the side of the ship nearest to the island, with his whole attention directed toward the old woman. I went to where he was and asked for an explanation of this seemingly unnecessary signal. I was compelled to call to him twice before he became aware that one was addressing him. When he looked up I noticed that he wore a rather despondent expression on his face, he answered by saying, "excuse me just a minute, please, and I'll tell you the whole story when I come back." I noticed that he went toward the stern of the ship in order that he might get a last look at the old woman. He now leaned over the rail and waved a farewell, remaining in this attentive attitude for a rather long time. Finally, he raised his head and walked over to where I was standing. His countenance still told of one who harbored grief; but he soon lost himself in telling this sad but beautiful little story to me, which he asserted to be true.

"The old, bent form," he commenced, "which you saw back there with the lantern is not more than two years my senior, yet she looks to be ten or fifteen years older than I. When I was a boy in knee breeches, playing in the parks of Savannah, she was my playmate. When I later took to the sea she was still my pal—nothing but a pal, understand; I never loved her and she never loved me, but no two boys have ever been better pals than we were. In fact, we were better pals than any two boys could be, for she had qualities in her merry little heart that are foreign to boys. No boy could be so faithful, no boy could be so thorough in everything that he did as could my pal—Alice. I have since wished that a mutual love could have existed between us; for if it had I know no lover could have had a truer love than I. For some unknown reason, however, we never thought of love. I suppose it was just because we were thrown together from our early childhood and learned to regard each other as brother and sister more than members of different families. Anyway, to go on with my tale, I went to sea when I was twenty and didn't return to Savannah again until six years had gone. When I did return I found here a fellow whom I knew was the most fortunate fellow on earth; his name was Jean Danette, and the cause of his good fortune was my pal, Alice. Danette had completely won her love and confidence, and, characteristic of Alice, she was actually buried in her love for Jean. I have told you that there was no half-way ground with Alice—what she did she did with her whole soul or not at all. I always did enjoy watching lovers when they were together, and I found that enjoyment often satisfied when Alice and Jean were together. If I just mentioned his name her whole face would beam with her love for him. She still regarded me as her best pal, and literally opened the door of her noble little heart for me to read all that Time had written there. By the way, friend, I don't believe there was any purer heart on earth than Alice's; that was what made it possible for her to love so, her pure life—you don't find girls that really love nowadays, 'cause

you don't find girls who are as careful of how they live. I guess you think that I am trying to make an angel out of Alice, but it's all true, it's all true, as time has proved. I took special care to find out just what kind of a fellow this man Danette was; I felt that no man was worthy of Alice, and especially no average seaman. I learned that Jean was a fine old boy, and doubtless cleaner than most of us sailors. After I learned this I rested easy and enjoyed seeing them together more, because I didn't want to see Alice waste her life on an unappreciative devil.

"Just before I left Savannah to be gone for several more years, and just a few months before Alice and Jean were to be married, the terrible shock came. Jean sailed on his regular trip as second mate on the ship Altamaha, which was bound for London. The Altamaha reached her destination and returned to Savannah on scheduled time; the captain said that he hadn't seen Danette since he weighed anchor in London, and nobody has seen him to this day that I know of. I am almost certain that something happened between him and the captain of the Altamaha, 'cause I always did believe that captain was a bad egg. You know a captain is absolute monarch while at sea, if he had a fuss with Jean he could have gotten rid of him without anybody knowing it. Well, Alice's people moved out of Savannah on a little farm to try to make Alice forget Jean; but she couldn't forget, friend, 'cause she really loved. She loved like she did everything else, and she believed that Jean would come back to her some day.

"Her father and mother soon died and left her the little farm. She rented that and built the little hut that you saw back there on the island. Why? So she could signal every ship that came and went to see if her lover was aboard. I have been running my ship here now almost fifteen years and she has never failed to signal, whether we come at two in the morning or midday, summer or winter, rain or shine, Alice is always watching, with a lantern at night and a hankerchief in the day. All the captains know her and know all this that I am telling you, so they all answer her signal with three short blasts as you heard me do awhile ago. Alice's signal always means: "is my lover aboard?" Our answer is as clear to me as a human voice, now listen next time that you hear it and see if those three blasts don't say, "N-o-o, n-o-t y-e-t." Most people think that Alice has lost her mind, and it does look to a stranger kinda like that, but I know my old pal hasn't lost her mind, friend, she has just lost her heart. She gave her whole heart to Danette and he carried it to the bottom of the sea with him. But she won't have to suffer much longer, she's getting old, and if there's a God and a heaven, Alice will soon meet Jean Danette there."

A few minutes after this I walked down the gang-plank of the ship on to the streets of Savannah, but I did not leave this old sea captain's tale of Alice behind. I have carried it always with me, for I believe that it teaches an invaluable lesson; that lesson is—FIDELITY.

FIRE: A CHRISTMAS NARRATIVE

By Bertrand P. Ramsay

The Foreword

The Stranger has traveled far. He is tired and he would rest; he is hungry and he would eat; he is cold and wet—he would be warm and dry; he is sick and very near to death.

The Stranger comes to a fork in the road and he does not know which way to go.

On one side of the road the Stranger gathers, from the forest, pieces and timbers. In one great pile he lays them; and on that pile he lays himself.

In the clear night sky, pieces of fire are burning and shining. The altar is prepared; the sacrifice is made. "Fire from heaven, descend!"

I—The Kindling

I tried to kindle a fire of roaring flames from the flickering light in my hand, but the timbers were green and the pieces were damp, and I laid them too hastily on.

A sudden flame flared forth from five withered leaves; and I clapped my hands and laughed, for I thought I had kindled a fire of roaring flames—I thought the bark, and the timbers, and the pieces, and all were burning, burning, burning!

But the leaves were consumed and the flaring ceased, the soggy bark was left smoking, smoking.

And the feeble flame in my hand flickered, and quivered, and struggled, and grew fainter and feebler, and went out—but not quite!

Now it flames stronger and stronger; and I shall build another fire—with care, I shall choose my pieces and, with care, I shall lay my timbers.

And from the flickering flame in my hand I shall kindle a fire for you—roaring and hot!

II—The Terror

The wind is blowing with a shriek; the cold is freezing and biting; the darkness is black.

A child cries out in fright. The shrieking of the wind stops to hear the strange, unusual cracking—the terrible cracking of a thousand tongues lapping. The cold stops freezing while the heat is scorching and burning. The black darkness becomes fearfully bright.

Again, a child cries out in fright. A mother rises in the night. Ah, such a sight! Mother, be not so wild. The flames are only licking the head of your one, dear child.

The loving, maternal breast inspires the heavenly fires—too sacred for the sacred maternal breast!

A father gathers into his arms the cinder of a child, the ashes of a mother. Through the corridors he runs. From above, the fire descends on him and on them—crashing, smashing!

III—The Hearth

Brilliant flames are flashing in the grate. A dog, with his head on the paws made golden, is sleeping with one eye open. A tabby-cat is purring.

The faces of five are lit by the flames. One is telling a boastful tale of the northern coast; another is spreading butter on toast.

The flames in the grate have gone up the chimney, and the tale has been told.

Cinders are glowing on the hearth—unspeakable, unforgetable cinders! Hearts grow warm, for on the altar of the family hearth, cinders are glowing. Prayers are said, and five go away to bed.

Mystic shadows flicker on the walls, and creep across their ceiling: and by their magic, eyelids grow heavy. Sleep and Peace.

IV—City and Country

Still December morning! The smoke from the factory stacks stands as it stood yesterday when the whistle said the mill should stop, at six o'clock.

The whistle blows again. The smoke, so still all night, comes rushing forth and rolls out of sight.

Far across the fields, against the clear, cold sky, a solitary cabin stands—waiting, as a sentinel in the stillness, for the coming of the dawn.

A glimmer appears in the cabin window; a thin blue smoke comes up the chimney, leaping.

On the hills of war, many camp-fires begin to burn.

Two wayfarers are sleeping on the roadside. Between them, embers are glowing—fire divine!

The Afterword

In a little stable, in a little straw, in a little hay, in a little fodder, a sacred flame began to burn.

First, three wise men came, and lit their torches from that little sacred flame.

Then, twelve men came, and more: and women too. And from that flame they carried the holy fire into all the world.

And on that last great day, the whole world shall be consumed by a burning intense—a holy fire, divine, sent from God on High.

Oh, little sacred flame of burning Love!

"YOU AN' TH' DOG—AN' ME!"

By Robert Marsden

JOHN APPELTON, one of those adventurers of old—hardy, keen, aggressive—had left the small revolutionary settlement of Appleboro two years ago. But the fact that only one message had been received from him caused little anxiety, for he was a silent man, almost to the point of seeming indifference. Nevertheless, his strong character, strong face, and strong love made him a strong friend, one to be sought for, one to be taken into confidence, one to look to for good advice at opportune moments. He was a general favorite, loved by everybody, and cherishing in the deepest spot of his bosom a love— characteristically strong—for Betty Whitehead, whose popularity rivaled that of "My Irene, the Village Queen."

John's single message came during the seventeenth month of absence, evidently by round-about means, it turned out later. It was startling, almost unbelievable in its wonder.

" 'Tis a rough country; hardly would you believe the grandeur of it. Very majestic are the mountains. The wild life is abundant, especially the genus of wildcat, known as the mountain lion. There is easy trapping, and many are the lions I have caught. My only fear is that they will capture me.

"Already have I brought in many. I have made a fortune off of their skins. Also have I caught many mink, muskrat, and others. My cabin is by a small stream in Hickory Nut Gap. The wild is supreme over all."

* * * * * *

The busy little town took slight heed of his absence. Even Betty Whitehead seemed at first to pay little attention to the prolonged excursion of the man who was her lover. But finally her merry chestnut-brown eyes showed that she was resting in no easy mood. She remembered the parting words of John: "I'll be back soon. Hardly would you dare think of the things which await me in the mountain passes. And when I come back I will have something greater awaiting me! 'Tis you! My heart will be yearning for the settlement, but for you it will be yearning far more. Be ready on the year, or thereabouts."

"Be ready on the year!" But the year was gone. The first two months over the alloted time caused no special fear to arise. Then on the third month the brown eyes showed slight signs of trouble. Their brows were lowered in a perpetual scowl of worry. The delicate cherry lips seemed to feel the prevalent downcast foreboding, and the corners drooped slightly downward. But her "hope chest" filled quickly as the weeks flew by. Her nimble fingers worked untiringly in the absence of the man who had promised—promised—

Then on the fifth month after the year, the handsome young pioneer sent back a note. This revived Betty's lagging spirit in her work on the curtains. And there was the quilt that must be finished before the winter came; and the heavy bedspread that would be needed on the colder nights of spring.

* * * * * *

It was one warm summer afternoon. Betty was sitting on the front porch of her father's cabin. Her clicking needles were working fast. Her fingers were moving mechanically; they were certainly not guided by her thoughts, for rather than her surroundings, she could see a lone man trudging along in a shady mountain cove. He was staggering along toward his shanty under the weight of a heavy mountain lion and two long minks; then there was the arrival at the shack and the skinning of the game. After that the remembrance of the words, "My heart will be yearning for you," rang in her ears until she was awakened to the true world—the clicking needles, the cramped porch, and a tall, stalwart, black-eyed man, standing uneasily at the edge of the porch.

"Thought y' mought want t' know," he announced. "The's go'n' to be a meetin' over t' Johnson's house t'night t' see 'bout huntin' fer—fer— 'im. Thought y' mought want t' know."

"Yes—thank you, Mr. Houser—. I—" She broke off before finishing her sentence. Was it possible—? Then she opened her mouth to finish her reply, but Jake Houser was gone. She was left alone with her thoughts—and, oh! what thoughts—and her work. She tried to drown the horrible images from her imagination by fast knitting, but her thoughts kept turning back to the man in the mountain pass. Her needles slowed down, stopped, and the work fell unheeded to her lap.

She knew not how long she sat there; her fancy building fine castles of air, and the remembrance of "Thought y' mought want t' know," tearing them down and blowing them away; when her father appeared on the steps and accosted her in gentle tones.

"Well, my Tetty, you look through the ground, it seems. What were you thinking of? But 'tis an unfair question. Come into my parlor, said the spider to the fly. We had better be partaking of nourishment, as the parson would say."

After the little supper was over, Mr. Whitehead and his "Tetty" went to the conference "t' Johnson's house." The result of the gathering was certain from the start. Daniel Morris and Kit Lesesne were chosen to go on the hunt.

The work of preparation for the departure was completed in a short two hours before breakfast the next morning. After a frugal meal, the men made their farewell; Betty was the last one to stop waving a goodbye to the pioneers, who were hunting—hunting for John Appelton. When they sank out of sight behind a low ridge, she turned slowly on her heel and started hesitantly toward home. Her thoughts were far beyond the two little specks that were climbing up the hill to the north, leaping over the rough mountains to the little cove in Hickory Nut Gap.

A hard day's tramp carried the hunters to the top of a large hill. An extensive and impressive view of valley, hill, and mountain was set out before them. On the western side of the hill lay the majestic grey bulk of the mountains, rising high above the surrounding country. Thin, mysterious, fleecy clouds floated listlessly about in the valleys;

bright red ones skimmed along like fleeing phantoms at the higher levels. As the sun went lower, its dazzling orange radiance was diffused over all the hillsides and valleys, turning the white clouds into red pools of blood or crimson war horses. Slowly the sun sank lower, as if reluctant to leave the glorious scene. Gradually the red orb went hesitantly below the grey mountain barriers, casting only a few stray beams to illuminate the battlefield of life. Far away to the east, on the brow of a dark hill, flickered faint fires at the settlement.

"Dan'l," began one of the shadows wonderingly in a hushed tone.

"Yes, Kit," broke in the other, anticipating his companion's thoughts. "They're thinkin' 'bout us back thar. It'll be a big bite to chew all t' once, but we got t' find that thar cabin. It'll be a big bite, but—"

The two adventurers lapsed into silence. The atmosphere around the camp fire seemed heavy with the work ahead of the pair. And then the moon peered above the hills, found that the way was clear, and came up to cheer the watching soldiers of life to renewed efforts on the following day.

But the morrow brought no encouragement to Daniel Morris and Kit Lesesne. A long hike brought no results, and when a slow drizzle set in, they made a camp under a large sheltering tree. A rough lean-to was made, and the two men crawled inside to sleep the sleep of the exhausted. A cold grey dawn greeted them when they woke. Thick mist enveloped all things, making the men low-spirited and touchy. Dry wood was not easily procured, and, in consequence, the breakfast was a poor one. When they had finally eaten and made their start, the sun was high in the sky, making a dull red blot in the sombre grey veil that was drawn over the very trees before their eyes. Later in the day the sun came out and their spirits rose accordingly. It was with great joy that they unexpectedly came upon a neat two-room cabin—well-built, clean, and pervaded by an air of great activity, to which a little stream added its busy bubbling.

"Surely," they thought, "this must be our goal."

Two great hounds came leaping at them, barking a hearty welcome; a bewhiskered mountaineer lumbered out of a small door to hush the dogs. Alas! This was not their man. Of course, he asked them in for the night, and as it was nearing sundown, they readily accepted.

As the three new friends smoked their after-supper pipes, one of the red hounds came into the cabin, stretched, and, after circling around once, curled up in front of the little log fire, which had been lit to drive away the nip of the chill night air. The host looked lovingly at him for a moment, and began to tell the history of his dog.

"Thet's a fine dog," he began, "an' I shore does love t' watch 'im on a hunt. He c'n bring down a deer in half th' time hit takes my other one. Funny, too, how I come t' have 'im. Couldn't tell fer sartin', but I b'lieves thet he b'longed t' a feller whut cum by here almost a year an' a half ago. Th' dog cum 'roun' 'bout nine months after he passed, but thet thar critter looks t' me like th' one whut he had."

"You know, Kit," forwarded Dan'l, "I b'lieves thet thet's John Appelton's dog. He migh' o'—"

He broke off into an indistinct mumble. A long silence followed, until the bearded host volunteered, "Whose dog? I b'lieve I've heard un 'im before."

The two visitors gave a start at one accord. Could it be possible that they should come to a solution of their problem like this? It seemed so; the man was going on.

"A feller cum by this way 'bout eighteen months 'go. Sez 'is name wuz Appelton—John Appelton. We passed th' time o' day, an' he went on. Never did see 'im but onct after thet. He cum here fer some wheat; says his wouldn't grow. Then thet thar dog, he come lopin' in 'bout two month atter."

Bright and early the next morning they arose. Cheerfully they started on their journey, made a short stop for dinner, and went eagerly on toward their goal.

"Said we could make it in a day. Well—. I wonder—what we'll find!" These last words were almost whispered in their intensity, coming out like muffled cannon shot.

They hiked along at a steady pace, and were surprised when they came unexpectedly upon a decaying two-room hut. The spot was singularly wild and impressive. Crouching against the side of the mountain, as if for protection, was the shack; tall trees were on all sides. The steep wooded slope of the mountain towered majestically above the small dwelling. Thick undergrowth shut off practically all light, and a diminutive stream sprang over a small precipice, making an indescribable groan that played a ghostly accompaniment to the moaning of the trees. Far away a mountain lion raised his lonely cry, and the two toughened men cast an involuntary glance at each other, shuddered, and, as if by mutual agreement, they slowly turned into the shelter, afraid of what they would find.

Their worst fears were realized; the cabin was in a state of confusion. An overturned table was sprawling in a crazy attitude in the middle of the room; a smashed chair lay crumpled up by the wall on one side, and the cot that had been once kept in the corner was crushed to the floor and lying on its side. A dead mountain lion of prodigious size was hanging half in, half out of the small window, with a gory trail leading to it from a dark bundle in a corner.

The next day was a busy one for the men. A grave was dug, and John Appelton was laid in his last resting place after a short but impressive service. The small back room of the cabin was explored and found to contain a large stock of skins. The men decided to stay through the winter to get revenge on the tribe of animals that had taken the life of their companion. Needed repairs were made on the shanty, and they began action on a trapping line before a week was passed. The winter wore wearily on; the avengers brought in many skins. Snows fell, streams froze, and still the two hunters fell upon the mountain lions with terrible vengeance. Five months of this slaughter brought in a number of valuable skins. Then Kit and Daniel decided to go back to Appleboro for the rest of the winter. Christmas Day was decided upon as the time for the arrival at the settle-

ment, so they eagerly waited for the day of departure to come.

The men made their packs on the afternoon before the trip began. Instead of sitting before the log fire after supper, the two trappers sought their beds, where blissful dreams of a happy Christmas spent at home filled their sleepy heads. When morning came their interests were whetted to a sharp edge; a small breakfast was fairly swallowed whole in their haste to make an early start.

The white snow had no dampening effect upon the travelers' spirits. A happy line of conversation was kept going between them, despite the frequent drifts of snow that had to be conquered. A fairly good distance was covered by noon, and a small fire was built to melt snow and cook a scanty meal. Realizing that a better pace must be kept up, the men quickened their steps. The miles were conquered slowly for a while, but when they came upon a wind-swept valley, where the snow had been blown away, they hit a high speed and kept it going with that tireless persistency known only to a seasoned woodsman. The keen air, which blew off the snow fields of the mountain side, made the tramp a pleasure, and these pioneers let no advantage slip by unused.

Their night was spent with the old man and his two hound dogs; while the men were smoking their evening pipes, the host spoke about the dog that had strayed in to him.

"I ben thinkin'" he said weighing each word that escaped his flashing teeth and hoary beard, "I ben thinkin' thet hit 'uld be good fer youunses t' take thet houn' home with y'; jes' t' 'member 'im by, y' know. Mebe th' girl 'uld want 'im. He'd like fer y' t' give hit t' 'er, and I allers likes t' do th' will o' th' dead. I ben thinkin', an' meby he'd like hit done, y' know."

The men gladly accepted the gift. Kit Lesesne was the spokesman; he seemed to think that the dog would be a welcomed gift by which to remember John Appelton.

The hospitable host treated his visitors to venison steak for the morning meal to strengthen his invitation to stay another day, but they declined, extending to him instead an invitation to go to the settlement for Christmas. The old fellow answered that he "mought as well as not," so the party increased its members to five. The dogs followed close upon the heels of their master after they had fallen into a deep drift of snow and had to be pulled out.

Instead of camping on top of the hill which had been their stopping place on the trip out, the trio made their station at its foot to avoid the high wind, which swept angrily over the top of the hump in Mother Earth's back. They dug three holes in the deep snow, which was piled high in a drift, and lined them with their furs. The dogs followed suit, and slept warmly in their dugouts; the blanket of two inches of snow that fell during the night only served as extra covering. Because of the extra thickness of the nap of the white carpet, an extra night was spent on the trail. Camp was made about three miles from home, so that by making an early start their entrance into the settlement might be used as an opportunity to greet the villagers with carols. The arrival was triumphant. The singing brought out

the inhabitants from their beds, and the little band of three voices, with two extra on the refrain, grew to fifteen. Finally, the whole town had turned out, and the time was taken to make a report on the results of the trip. Betty had seen the three silhouetted figures as they first entered the little town.

"Certainly," thought she, "those are Kit and Daniel—and John."

She quietly slipped into her clothes and went to the little clearing that served as a theatre, town hall, and auditorium. The meeting had started; Daniel Morris was telling the assemblage the story of their adventures.

"The room kept filling with furs," Betty heard. "We knew that every new skin brought us more wealth; so hard did we work."

Ah! So he was ready! Riches! It might be that he would take her to the city, where there were six stores, and maybe they would journey to Charleston, the city by the sea. Oh, the wonders of the sea! And all this was to come to her!

She glided swiftly back to her home and slipped into the little room that contained her handwork, her "hope chest," all that she owned. She nervously fingered her dainty creations, looking lovingly at each piece of frabic; she inspected the whole contents of the chest—the crocheted table cover, the little white curtains, her dainty little aprons, and, last but not least, the exquisite wedding gown, her best and most prized piece of work. Just as she laid the last article carefully in the inlaid cedar box, she heard a faint knock on the door to the front room. She hurriedly clapped down the lid of the chest, and with a becoming little blush went to the door to open it. She started swinging it back slowly, but her eagerness got the best of her, and she flung it open wildly, ready to throw herself into the arms of the man whose return she had been waiting. She peered out of her room for a second, but saw not the sight which she thought would greet her eyes. There was Kit Lesesne, nervously fingering his cap. His steel-blue eyes showed signs of a troubled mind behind them; his high forehead was wrinkled with pain from the message he bore, but his strong jaw was set.

"Jake Houser," he croaked after a painful little pause, "he says he thought y' mought want t' know. We, thet's me 'n' Daniel, set out'n here last summer, an' in four days we foun' whut we wuz lookin' fer, but hit never pleased us none. He—he—he wuz —dead! Kilt by a mountain lion! An' we've come back, an' I ain't got nothin' fer y' 'cep'n'—'cep'n' th' furs." He really meant to say more, but a perverse lump rose in his throat and nothing could pass up and out from his laboring chest, which held so much that he wanted to say and couldn't.

Betty seemed hardly able to take in Kit's story; so John was gone—gone to the Great Beyond.

Tears welled up in her eyes; the deep brown of them seemed almost to fade. "Well—I—. I guess I better be going in to my room. Th—th—thank you, Mr.—I mean—. Co— come back, Kit. Well, g'bye."

Betty went to her room and threw herself

upon her bed. She arose an hour later at the sound of her father's footsteps on the porch. He knocked gently, and answering her call to come in, he opened the door slowly and stepped into the room. He had nothing to say—just put his strong arms around her heaving shoulders. His gentle fingers smoothed her raven locks back from her forehead where they had fallen, placed a tender kiss upon the throbbing temples, and reminded her by a little lift that her breakfast was ready. But her appetite failed her; she seemed to have so little strength—not even enough to bring the savory sausages to her mouth. It hardly seemed to be hers, though—that mouth, white-lipped and quivering. Then a sudden revulsion for food came over her. She could stand to stay at the table no longer.

"Father," she almost whimpered, "I—I'm not feeling—well. I think I'd—do—better—in bed."

And she stayed there for two months, tossing back and forth in a fever that would not leave. After the first month, she grew better, though, and received a few gifts of dainty dishes from the generous villagers. One day she got some charlotte russe—from Kit Lesesne, her father said. It was a strange thing about Kit—that strange antipathy she had for him. Then she decided it was because he had brought the news—the horrible news.

She started taking an interest in Kit. Maybe he would tell her all about it—how he had found the shack—how the trapping had been carried on—the whole story. He must have played a heroic part, this man with the steely-blue eyes and the prominent chin. . . .

Another bowl of charlotte russe came from him. She sent her father out to the kitchen to boil some water for her. While he was gone—she knew not why—she hurriedly ate the desert. Before she had finished, her spoon scraped over a piece of paper. She pulled it out wonderingly; there was writing on it. She was preparing to read it when her father came in. Instinctively, she thrust in under her pillow. Mr. Whitehead commented on the speed with which Betty had cleaned the bowl. "This place," he added, indicating the spot where the paper had been, "you must have licked." She was seized with a great fear. What should she do if he inquired? But he left her again—he'd just come in to see if she wanted anything. Then she pulled out the note and read it. "Wish you'd get well—got something to tell you"—those were the sentiments expressed. Wasn't it sweet of him to show that interest in her?

Another note came—and another—and another—and all in the same way: in the bottom of a bowl of charlotte russe. Three a week came for three weeks; then one said, "Your illness causes me as much pain as it does you. I must speak to you, if just to speak, but a very important thing have I to say. I pray to the Almighty God to make you well for your comfort and for my sake." Betty felt a wave of anger surge up within her. But Kit was a fine fellow—honest—of a good name—strong in character—thrifty—and he had done all he could to make her happy. Maybe—

The next bowl of charlotte russe settled

the final doubt which was lingering in her mind. It acknowledged a love for her that was greater than any he cherished in his heart; they were full of pathos, those lines written on the paper in the bottom of the bowl. A strange feeling came over her. First, she was angry—but he really must love her. She even went so far as to reason that she could like him—he **had** done all he could for her.

* * * * * *

It was three days later. Betty had recovered sufficiently to sit up. The flames in the big sitting room fireplace were licking the logs, playing hide and seek over them. Betty was sitting in the big arm chair gazing into the fire, with a large volume lying in her lap, sandwiched between her dainty hands. The door to the long room silently opened, and Kit came in leading John Appelton's dog. He stood motionless for a moment, gazing at the curly ebon tresses which hung around her delicate neck. Then, walking slowly and silently, he advanced to the side of her chair and slipped the leather leash, which held the dog, into her limp fingers. She seemed hardly to realize that someone was in the room with her at first, but after looking amazedly at Kit for a moment, she spoke, still not sure whether she saw rightly or whether she were still under the influence of her fever. She realized that she had seen and not imagined, and spoke to him in soft tones, almost whispers, yet containing that ringing note which made her voice sweet.

"Why, it's you, Kit! Get a chair; but why are you bringing me this dog? He's a mighty large one—for me." Her voice purled like the brook.

"We—er a—it wuz hi— thet wuz John Appelton's dog. Thought y' might want t' keep 'im—t' 'member 'im by. Ye know we cum up on 'im t' a mountaineer's shack up t' th' mountains. Yer, we thought y' mought want t' keep 'im."

The red hound sulked over nearer the fire; his slim tail curled up under his long body, and the extended neck sent up a whine to the drooping jaws, which in turn passed it out to the embarrassed pair. Kit sat uncomfortably stiff in his chair. Betty fidgeted nervously when the dog left her. Her face was a delicate pink, making a striking contrast to Kit's blanched cheeks.

"An'— Thought y' might want t' have th' dog, jes' t' 'member 'im by, y' know. Won't y' take 'im? He ain't near s' bashful as he seems t' be. I know he'd like t' stay with y'. An' could I stay with y', Betty, could I stay with y'? Then it'll be you an' th' dog—an me!"

"Yes—" crooned Betty. "Let it be you an' th' dog—an' me."

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EDITORIALS

Examinations

By the time this issue of the "Journal" comes from the press we shall be in the midst of our first term examinations. These are the first college examinations for some, and among the last for others; but none of us have yet stood an examination which the world is waiting to give. There are two examinations that we stand every time we stand one at college, one is the examination given by the instructor, which is an examination of the knowledge that we have absorbed from text-books. The other examination is conducted simultaneously with that of the instructor's but is given by the student himself, it is an examination of the type of characters that we are building.

These college examinations are but stepping stones to the more difficult examinations that the world holds in readiness for each of us. The grades which we make during our college examinations determine the grades we shall make during the examinations given by the harsh, unrelenting school of the world. Do not misunderstand me, I refer to the indelible grades which we give to ourselves while at college, not the grades recorded on the college record. There are some boys who leave college with very credible academic grades for their four years work, but who have failed, failed completely. There others who have had nothing except mediocre grades to their credit while at college, but who have graduated with honors. These paradoxical statements may need a little more development: We say that we are standing examinations, which is true; we say that we are standing examinations in English, geology, French or what-not, which is only half true. In addition to being examined in the various prescribed studies we are having our manhood examined, the latter is not graded by an instructor, we grade that ourselves, we are instructor and student in this examination. You may, without justification, grade yourself very highly at the completion of this examination, but the world is waiting to verify the grade that you have given yourself. The world will learn the true grade that you made on your manhood while at college and will give you that grade. The world's grades are not represented by figures, it grades with hope, progress, good-reputation and happiness to all who pass; and with despondence, stagnation, disgrace and sorrow to all who fail. The college professor always lends a sympathetic ear and grades with a sympathetic pen, if there is any doubt in his mind he invariably gives you the benefit of that doubt; the world grades with an unsympathetic, deter-

mined hand, if there is any doubt it always takes the benefit rather than let you have it. The knowledge derived from our college examination is seldom put into use in after life; the knowledge derived from the examination that you give yourself in college is used every day in after life. The world does not care how much you made in history, physics or Latin; the world asks how much you made in character-building.

The Spirit of Christmas

We have heard from our earliest recollection that if you would enjoy your money, your possessions, and your food, give part of them away. It sounds absurd to make such a statement. How can one enjoy one's money if one is to give it away? It seems logical that if one can get a certain joy out of a sum of money one can double that joy by doubling the source of it. Surely one cannot double one's joy by halving its source!

No, it is not absurd for man to find joy in giving, it is man's nature to do so; but it is an impossibility for the lower animals to find this joy—it is a gift peculiar to man. Have you ever seen a well-fed dog, which was enjoying a meal, step aside that a half-starved cat may relieve its sufferings? I have known some beasts who have forms similar to men, speak the language of men, and associate with men, yet who find joy only in receiving.

One of the many traits that strongly differentiates man from beast is his love and care for his fellow men. I am thankful that "no man can live to himself alone," that

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Christmas is a time when we give and receive gifts; but the receivers of these gifts are usually as financially comfortable as the giver. There is a family in your town who will have no obvious reason to feel the Christmas joy that you will experience, or no particular reason to understand why Christ's birthday should mean "joy to the world." If you wish to smile a little more often this Christmas, sing a little louder, and feel a little more satisfied with life, then make the twenty-fifth of this December **Christmas** for a family, who, had it not been for you, would have thought it just another Thursday.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

"The Carolinian," University of South Carolina

We pounced upon "The Carolinian" with the avowed intention of being scathingly critical. The pleasing appearance of the outside of this well made-up magazine, however, took some of the edge from the inten-

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tion. The only adverse criticism we have to offer the outside appearance is the thickness. This physical fault is more than made up when we read the table of contents. Four stories, six poems, one essay and one sketch, together with well-balanced editorial, book review and exchange departments make a magazine of good proportion, in spite of the fact that the issue appears thin. Probably the unusually large page accounts for this.

We are thankful for the "Who's Who" section, although it requires no comment, being neither better nor worse than any other similiar list of contributors.

The Sophomores seem to have the edge on all others in this issue. Mr. Caligan, with the superfluous "non de plume," Thomas Morning, contributes liberally and, on the whole, well. His "When Thanksgiving Comes" is a good piece of versification, although his thought is somewhat disconnected and he might have used more appropriate words in several places. It is by no means the best contribution. "The Waif," another of Mr. Caligan's pieces, reminds us of several ancient Greek myths. It is told well, the style is good, and, but for its improbability in this enlightened age, would be unassailable as to subject matter. Some doubt must be expressed as to the likelihood of the phraseology of the speech of the character with the "massive muscular build of a Roman warrior." The "Indian Song" is a better poem than Mr. Caligan's other effort. It has a poetic subject and was evidently more spontaneous. Moreover, the verse form is not in any outworn fashion such as is common in Indian love lyrics. But it is not a sonnet, as it is erroneously labeled. If his good work continues this gentleman will indeed be a valuable asset to "The Carolinian" in future years.

"The Gray Ghost of Fenwick Castle," an expanded anecdote, mistakably called a story, is good. Nevertheless, we seriously doubt whether such a romantic situation

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could arise along the coast of our own State, where such "castles" as the author describes are extremely scarce.

"An Islet," a poem by Mr. Nielson, author of the above mentioned anecdote, holds a high place for the position as best contribution to this issue. It has poetic feeling and is well written in good form. Appropriate words are used. In fact, our humble critic feels it not in his sphere to criticize this beautiful lyric outburst.

The poem of Miss Swindell, "The Conqueror Soul," is excellent. Having read some of her work before, we are moved to say that this is not her very best; however, we reserve our decision as to whether or not this piece deserves first place. Its value lies chiefly in its thought. The first stanza is well written; it shows keen discrimination in words, emphasis and pauses are placed so as to throw important words and thoughts into prominence. The second stanza has a serious fault in the third and fourth lines where:

"That mighty sea, unnoticed beats and swerves
Around its base,—"

There is a too abrupt introduction of a rather inapt metaphor. The pronominal adjectives have no antecedents. With a little consideration the thought can be understood, but a change here would help greatly. **L'Envoi** is neither good nor bad. As a whole the poem is above the average, but Miss Swindell has done better.

It requires no great powers of deduction to discover that we consider the poetry the best feature of "The Carolinian." Miss

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Faust has contributed "Etude," a very modern, and, therefore, very unconventional piece in three parts. The expression is good, the versification is perfect in its riotous uncontrollability. The second part, entitled "Summer," to our mind, far outdoes the other two, mainly because it is almost comprehensible. The whole piece may be all right, but we don't like it—don't like anything like it. Really, the author is much better at one-act plays, witness her two South Carolina College Press Association prize plays—"Slaves of the Lamp," a humorous composition, and "Our Lady's Juggler," a truly beautiful and poetic play with a worthy moral not obtusely forced upon the reader. If Miss Faust wishes, she can also turn her excellent powers of written expression to prose sketches. But let us hope she will not attempt any more purposeless, formless, incomprehensible "modern" pieces.

Two other poetic contributions are yet to be mentioned. One, the "Ashes of Dreams," is a rather insipid treatment of a worthy subject. The meter chosen is not suited to such a theme. It gives an impression of superficiality by its too lightly tripping movement. "L'Envoi d'armour immorte" might be made into a great poem if only it had the power behind it "d'amour immorte." It is to be hoped that this author in his subsequent efforts will choose less difficult themes. The other, "To Proserpine" by Miss Revelise, is a promising near-sonnet. We hope to see more work from this source.

Since we have been so carried away in poetic criticism the remaining articles must get only a cursory review. "O. Henry," an

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essay, is merely a bibliography with a few comments to connect quotations. "An Early Student at the University" is a sketch worthy of note, but a little disconnected. It could have been so much better that the writer must be censured. "Frozen Fountains" is an unusual story, but this cannot excuse the absolutely unnatural conduct of the hero in the moonlit garden. Let us hope no such painful incident will ever occur in life. "The Flickering Phantom" is a boxing incident, hardly worthy to be called a story, but interesting. Mr. Hines could write many good boxing stories from his own experience, and we hope to see more of them. But it is to be hoped that he will choose one style, and write in it to the exclusion of the other, and not mix up two good but mutually insoluble types in one composition.

The editorials are in good form, are not startling, have no serious faults and so require no comment. The Book Review section is better than the average college effort in that line. Books of more or less general interest are reviewed in a somewhat pleasing way. Only be sure you keep to the books, such as "The Little French Girl," which mean something to contemporary literature.

It seems to be the policy of the Exchange Editor to do what we are attempting. We always appreciate sincere criticism of any sort, believing that only in this way can the greatest good be accomplished.

"The Erothesian"

The literary department of the Lander College "Erothesian" for November is very well balanced. There is a sufficiency of

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short stories and of poems, with a play, a biographical essay and two or three contributions of a class by themselves thrown in to boot.

We like the story "Under the Church" best of the narratives. It is interesting. The style is good, the action well-motivated, and the local center accurate. We are held in suspense, thinking that the heroine is going to do the melodramatic thing and find the stolen money. The feeling of satisfaction when she gets her cherished desire, the promise of a college course, is greater on the part of the reader than if her wish had been obtained in the expected, spectacular way. "Tapestry" is good, also. The thought that each of us lives his own life without realizing what conflicts and struggles are going on in the lives of our associates is finely brought out when the ruined business man is saved from suicide by the story of a soldier's moral heroism. Sill more charm is added by the fact that the scene is laid in the newspaper office with the monotonous hum of every-day life going on as an undertone. We are at a loss to place "Arrows and Feathers." Several elements of a good short story are brought in: a half-wit Indian, a beautiful colonial girl, her soldier lover, the disapproving father, the ominous Indians in war paint. We expect a lot of action, but we are completely disappointed, for none ensues. The story stops, leaving too much to our imagination.

We note with interest the play, "Esther." We wish to commend heartily the idea of dramatizing this episode from the Bible. There is a wealth of material in the Bible

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from which we may draw to write, or rather rewrite, in the form of plays or short stories. We have, however, several criticisms of this particular attempt. In the first place, the play is far too short to be put in three acts. It could easily be arranged and put into one act. Not that the Book of Esther does not contain enough material for even a five-act play, but the amount treated in this play is not enough for more than one act. Again, the play is written in the old English phraseology, using "thee," "thou," "shalt," etc., and the author does not make the tone of some of the speaking conform to this style; that is, she handles the archaic talk a bit clumsily. One instance: in the second line of the third act, Ahasuerus says, "—on the fifteenth day,—art we gathered." Now "art" is second singular and cannot be used as first plural. Lastly, the author sticks too closely to Bible text and does not originate enough herself. It seems to us that it would be better if she would originate some more conversation than that that is either given or hinted at in the Bible.

We liked "Modern Psychology" a whole lot. It is as readable and as chatty as anyone could wish. We should like to know just what name to give to this type of contribution, which seems to be almost exclusively characteristic of magazines from girls' colleges. "Statistics" is another example of the same type, and it is also readable and interesting, which, we guess, is all that it is supposed to be. "A Soph's Soliloquy," still another example of this peculiar type of literature in the first person, is hardly up to the standard set by the other two.

Of the poems, we vote for "The Real Failure" as a philosophic gem. Let us congratulate the author on her brevity and pointedness, phraseology and rhythm. Next, we liked "Nantucket." In four stanzas it gives us one general and three particular pictures of the place. It is sketchy, impressionistic and good. The so-called "Triad," "Morning Glories in the Corn" is very pretty and colorful. We should like to see more rhymed verse. There is a tendency to think that it doesn't take anything to write free verse that will pass, therefore we will all try to write that kind. But "vers libre" has to be mighty good in our estimation to come up to good, old rhymed poetry.

The critical and biographical essay on Charles Egbert Craddock shows a thorough knowledge of the subject on the part of the author, and it is very instructive. We wish to criticize the length of the paragraphs. Some of them are tremendous, and contain enough material for three or four.

On the whole, we compliment the staff on this copy of the magazine. We don't like jokes and personals in a literary publication, but since there is no newspaper to put them in we will have to forgive them, we suppose.

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We should also like to suggest that the advertisements be separated from the contributions as much as possible.

C. C. H.

———o———

THE OPINION OF OTHERS

"The Wofford College Journal," October brings a full issue from Wofford's Literary Arena. The contents include three stories, six poems, two sketches, a play, a monologue, an essay, and the editorial department. On the whole we consider this issue to be highly creditable both as to quantity and quality, and hope that the dwellers in the Piedmont will keep up the good work. We note the change in form with some doubt, but with with a slight leaning toward the old cover design.

"Cold Spinach" is quite an ambitious attempt at the one-act tragedy. We have no objection to tragedy as such, but it must be convincing. This one has elements of reality that are rather good, but it has at least three serious defects. The first is that we are entirely unprepared for the ruthlessly inhuman blood-thirstiness of Amanda. This creature calmly plans to kill her own father, who undoubtedly loves her, merely because of his objection to her choice of husbands. Her love for Thomas isn't nearly of the character to warrant such a procedure. Secondly, we consider Mr. Gillespie's hasty firing on Thomas and Joe too unlikely, to say the least. Thirdly, dramatic unity is insulted by the introducing of so many distracting and more or less irrelevant plot elements. Assuming that the love of Amanda and Thomas is central, the motive of the estranged wife

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restored to grace is inexcusably superfluous. Especially is this true in light of the fact that Amanda kills herself just at the moment when her mother is redeemed. The final poison scene is good, but we do not feel anything like strongly enough, the force which makes suicide necessary. Altogether the play shows real talent, but an ignorance of technique. It would be more effective in three acts. The poem, "A Circus Girl" is a whimsical sidelight on the inexorableness of destiny. "When Billy Cussed" is a very successful "Bad Boy" story that is both original and interesting. There is too much seeming effort to ingratiate an intimacy with the reader, but this is the only defect worth noting. As a bit of witty verse with a snappy ending, "The Rent" succeeds admirably. "A Night On High Top" is a sketchy account of a mountain climb, with a sunset and sunrise thrown in. While it is not consistently mediocre, the writer did not begin to do justice to the subject. "Right now" contains some fair description, but is both rough in execution and lacking in poetry. The monologue "Laziness" is written in an abortive "kick" style that reminds of Nasby and Artemus Ward, but we fear the resemblance stops with the style. "The Letters of a First Year Man" are quite amusing, but more on account of our familiarity with the subject than for actual merit. The poem "Days" makes rather questionable use of two or three words, but an element of true poetry is present and, as a unit, the effect is pleasing. "Bobby's Investment," another boy's tale, is excellent. We consider "Old Fashioned Flowers" to be rather mediocre as poetry. The essay "Mara-

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thon" is stylistically well done, but utterly fails to present any new idea or viewpoint of the old question of "IF—."

At some time or other everybody tries to describe a sunset. This fact indicates the merit of the subject, but also makes originality tremendously difficult. The sketch, "A Mountain Sunset," has one or two good spots, but is mostly platidinous. One serious error in astronomy is worth noting. The writer gives only a half hour from daylight to the "scintillating brilliance" of the star-laden heavens. We suggest that he take a watch on the next trip. "Uncle Jack's Fortune" is exceptionally well written and is refreshingly original. From the story standpoint, it does not develop rapidly enough for the highest interest. "An Answer to 'In Flanders Fields'" exhibits some rather ambitious idealism, but isn't much poetry. "Taps" is only fair. The editorials are typical of the first issue and need no comment.—The Carolinian.

"The Wofford College Journal."—This is a well-appearing magazine whose best features are three short tsories, a play, and an historical essay. "Cold Spinach" is a highly creditable play. The characters are appealing and well presented. The action is good. "When Billy Cussed" is a well-told, enjoyable story. One reason we like it so much is because we happen to know a boy just like George, who has a goat just like Billy. Write another "absurd" story, Mr. Eaddy. "Bobby's Investment" is a well-developed story, true to life in every detail, and, though not very original, quite enjoyable. "Uncle Jack's Fortune" is original, as all of Mr. Wynn's stories are. It is intensely interesting and so weird that we had a very unpleasant night after reading it. "A Night on High Top" is well written, though not particularly interesting. "Laziness" is an amusing monologue. We certainly agree "thet all th' folks whut gets up early ain't happy." "A Mountain Sunset" could have been more colorful. There is quite a bit of pathos in "Taps." We liked it best of all the sketches. It was good. "Marathon" is a forcefully written informative essay. The subject matter is well handled. The " Journal seems to have sacrificed quality for quantity in choosing its poetry. "A Circus Girl" is a true sketch of a circus girl, but rather poor poetry. It really is not poetry. "The Rent" is amus-

ing verse. "Right Now" is a pretty little poem, though there is not much to it. "Days" is the best poem in the magazine. The choice of words is good; the thought is lovely and truly poetic. We like the sentiment in "Old Fashioned Flowers," but it is not real poetry. "An Answer to 'In Flanders Fields' " rings true. We were very much attracted by the editorial department. It is good. Why do you not have a joke department? Is it because you think it would out of place in a literary magazine? Well, sometimes we do too. We congratulate the "Journal" on this worthy issue.—The Erothesian.

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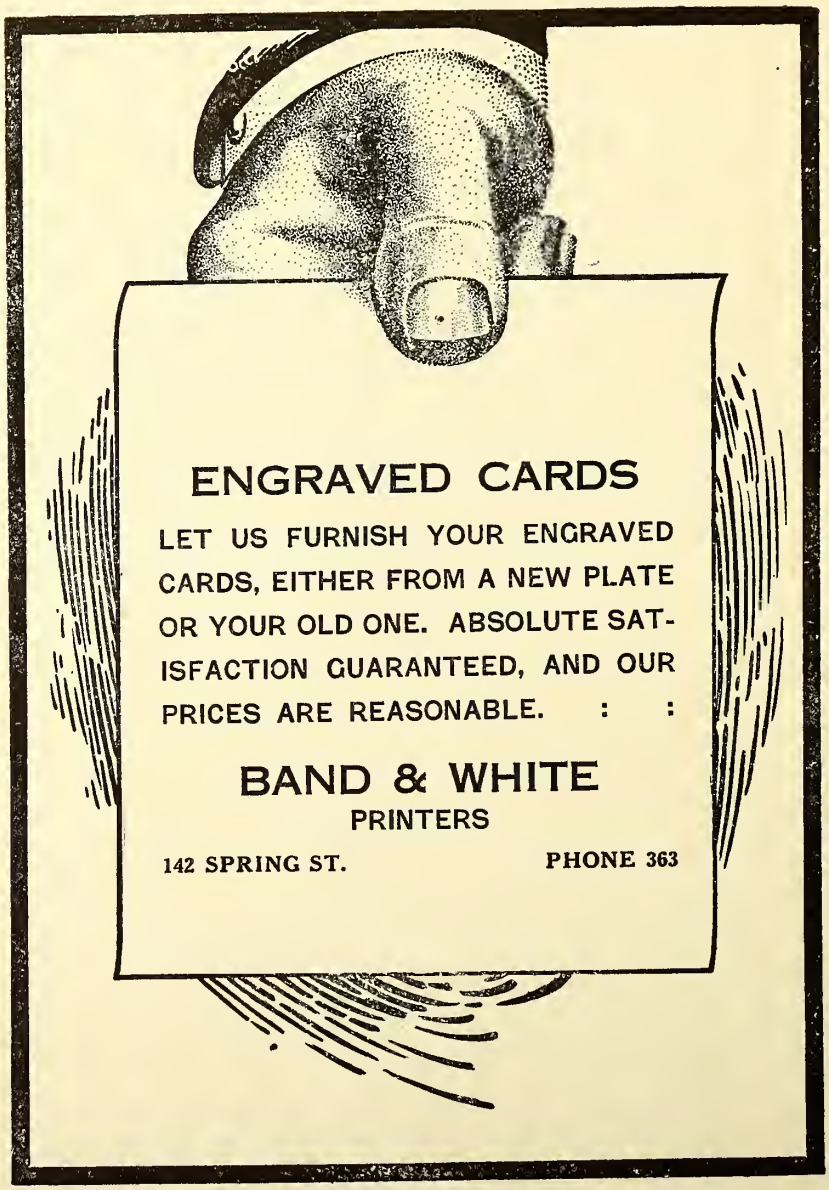
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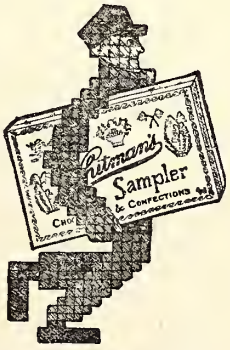

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STARS OF FORTUNE

By Bertrand P. Ramsay

There are stars that rise slowly up;
  There are stars that suddenly leap;
There are brilliant stars that swiftly drop;
  And there are stars now gone to sleep.

Some stars never learn to weep;
  Some stars hardly shine;
Some stars barely creep:—
  Some star is yours, and one is mine.

But who can tell, in Time's skies,
  Which is frail, or which is fine,
Which drags along, which flies,
  Which is yours—which mine?

WHERE THE STRONG SURVIVE

By C. L. Eaddy

WE ARE making ready to enact a fight here for the next hour or so that happened in Half-Moon during an election some years ago. So I should kindly suggest to all readers who are cowards, or who may not like the sight of blood, or even a bespattered name that has been dragged through the cesspools of gossip's fatal course, quietly turn these pages until another title appears. For this is a bloody story, having something to do with one of the most terrific combats this out-of-the-way village ever witnessed; a fight not only of individuals but of groups; a fight that caused not only a few bloody noses, but which caused the separation of sweethearts—and what could be more drastic in its effect than the separation of two devoted lovers—just because of the differences of opinion upon an issue. But such is the deal that fate hands out to those who are unfortunate, or perhaps fortunate enough to be born in a place where people love and hate with equal ardor, where none of the emotions are curbed, nor any of the tongues bridled because of the restraints usually built up by civilization and learning.

When people think in Half-Moon they speak; and if by any freak of chance anyone's feelings are hurt when one speaks there precipitates at once a wholesome "fist and skull" fight—unless both parties, afraid of hurting each other, blow up and explode in a terrible burst of deadly gas (if gas could kill). Therefore, it is noticed at once that thinking at Half-Moon is a dangerous process, or, at least, the act is pretty generally followed by drastic disturbances in the "gas" foundries, or either in the fistic manipulation laboratories of the Half-Mooners. Probably this accounts for the little thinking that is done in this "one-hoss" town. These old moss-backs much prefer a peaceful life to one of excitement and thinking. But the law of equal and opposite reaction that we learn of in physics applies to Half-Moon as much as it does to the rest of the world. Then, when once the powder keg is touched off by some half-sleeping person, who drops the match with which he is trying to light his pipe of corn-cob intellect, great is the explosion.

Which of the following questions concerns you most during examinations? How MUCH you will make? or, HOW you will make it?

It is a most lamentable fact that Joseph Boyd, more generally known as Josh Boyd, happened to be allotted by fate to be born in this place of profound peace or volcanic action (depending upon the day you happened to pass through it), for he was a decidedly neutral by nature; and there was no room for that type when war began in this place. Yet such was the decree of fate. And, not only was he to be born there, but the date of his birth was so fixed that he was

to be born on that particular day and in that particular year that would throw his twenty-first birthday upon the year that Cap'n Spy and Jim Benton were running for the sheriff's office. Nor was the program of fate to be even ended there; he was to have a father that voted for Jim Benton instead of for Cap'n Spy like Old Brown did. Now Old Brown was Lucile's father, and Lucile was Josh's bride-to-be, or, at least, Josh had his own consent for it to be that way, and perhaps hers (who knew?). But the Jonah in the life of Josh Boyd was Old Brown. He could never get the consent of this party—that is, he never thought he had gotten it. The fact was that he had never manufactured enough of that quality called "spunk" at any particular time to ask Old Brown for Lucile. However, of late the old man had finally come around, it seemed, after all. This then was the pitiful plight that Josh found himself in when the election occurred in Half-Moon that voting time.

With this much said by way of introduction we shall now slip around to loafer's corner, in front of Bob Blanden's grocery store, and chat with that group of excited individuals.

"Looks like Cap'n Spy is goin' to win, all right," drawled Bob Dayman, the job carpenter.

"He's shore the man fur the job," agreed Bill Dolittle, the red-haired brick mason, who was a regular member of loafer's corner, since bricklaying in Half-Moon was the next thing to sitting down and patting your foot.

"Well, I don't know about that," spoke up Ed Fisher, bell-boy and proprietor of the only hotel in Half-Moon. "I heard a feller who come over yestidy from Carver's Bay say that that gang uv moonshiners down there had turned over to Jim Benton's side, and you know they poll a lot uv votes down thair."

"What! Phil Bradley and his gang of moonshiners gone over?" exclaimed Uncle Noah Huxley, farmer by occupation and loafer by desire.

"He shore is," replied Ed Fisher, nodding his head and squirting a stream of tobacco juice with the force of a miniature hydraulic pump. "And, furthermore, they say that Josh Boyd's daddy is the one that pulled them over."

"You don't say so! Well, then, Josh's hash is done stewed down to nothin' as fur as that gal uv Old Brown's is concerned," chuckled Bob Dayman, the carpenter.

"Well, I'd kinda guess so; 'cause Old Brown didn't go much out of his way to get to hug Josh no way from what I hear," said Ed Fisher.

"Well, I don't guess Josh cares much, for one, if he doesn't; 'cause I'd ruther a grizzly 'ud hug me than Old Brown," laughed Sheep Carson.

Any further talk that might have taken place about this topic was stopped for the time being by the arrival of a young man, galloping up and halting near the crowd in a rather conventional cow-boy manner. The group of loafers immediately surrounded him.

"Hello, Buck, where'd you get the new hoss from?" asked Ed Fisher, as the group crowded nearer about the horse and began

a thorough inspection of the beautiful, sleek, bay mare that Buck was holding proudly by the bit.

"Oh, I traded with one of them fellers over on Possum Fork for him," replied Buck. Comments as to the worth of the horse passed freely between the different ones until old Noah Huxley, the grey-bearded farmer, having finished his punching and slapping upon the flinching sides and hips of the mare, and finishing by looking knowingly into her mouth, said:

"Lemme swop you out uv her, Buck."

"Why, Uncle Noah, I wouldn't have that hoss uv yourn," laughed Buck. "You couldn't give him to me."

"Boy, you don't know what you're talkin' about. They ain't but two things wrong wid my hoss at all," dryly replied the old fellow.

"What's them two?" asked Ed Fisher.

"Well, the first is he's hard tuh ketch, and the second is he ain't wuth a darn when you git him ketched," replied Uncle Noah as seriously as before.

The crowd brayed a long note of laughter to this as they moved together towards the side of the store to the boxes that served as material to whittle upon, and as seats incidentally.

"What's the news over your way?" asked Ed Fisher.

"None as I know uv, I don't b'lieve, 'cept las' night Josh went over to see Lucile and Old Brown didn't give him time tuh git away in good shape. They say as how he lef' half uv his coat hangin' on the gate latch when he went through. The trouble seems to be about Josh's daddy havin' dealings with Phil Bradley's buch down on Carver's Bay," replied Buck.

"I would uv loved to a seen ole Josh handlin' them slew feet and gangley legs uv his'n. I bet he wuz pickin' 'em up and layin' 'em down aright," laughed Sheep Carson, holding his sides, while the image of Josh's jumping-jack legs played upon his imagination.

"There's some as says Old Brown's swore he'd kill him if he went back there foolin' 'round his gal," continued Buck.

"Yes, an' Old Brown ud do jus' exactly what he says he'll do, too," added Uncle Noah wisely.

And since everybody anywhere in the neighborhood of Half-Moon knew Old Brown well enough to leave him alone when he was angry all agreed with old Noah.

"You're mighty right he would, an' Josh knows it. So I guess that'll end the affair between him and Lucile," said Buck.

"Well, now, that's too bad, shore. 'Cause Josh wuz about ez crazy 'bout her as a Jew baby is about cheese. It's a pity the poor feller can't get to love his girl," sympathized Sheep, who momentarily forgot to pull one of his favorite jokes.

Josh and his escapade were run through the gamut of gossips' tongues, and a great deal of joking and laughter ensued. But for once Sheep Carson was serious-faced and failed to take any part in the joking.

"What's wrong, Sheep? I believe you're gone to lovin' Josh all uv a sudden," teased Ed Fisher.

"No I ain't. But I do hate to see a feller treated like that, and kicked out jus' 'cause

his daddy wanted to vote fur Jim Benton. Josh says he ain't gonna vote hisself," returned Sheep warmly.

"That's just it. They say that's one uv the reasons Old Brown run him off, 'cause he wouldn't express hisself either way. You know he's twenty-one now, an' he ought to vote for one. We ain't got no business with fellers who won't vote for our most important officer, the sheriff," put in Buck.

"Yes, but I just hate to see Josh kicked out like a dog without a chance when he loved Lucile so much, and it all because of the difference in the way two daddies vote. It's a darn shame," answered Sheep indignantly.

"Some uv 'em already gone to speculatin' as to who'll git her now that Josh is out of the way. And there's some as believe that'ere liker-drinkin' Wally Ard'll git her, since the old man likes him pretty well, 'cause Wally brings him a pint uv liker ever' once in a while when he comes over to talk wid Lucile," again said Buck.

"Well, I'd hate to see a pretty gal like Lucile hitch up with a no 'count feller like Wally," sympathized Bob Dayman.

"Don't you think Josh and Lucile'll try to run away?" asked Sheep, keenly interested.

"He wouldn't dare to try it," chuckled Buck. "Why Old Brown'ud kill him on the spot as soon as he laid eyes on him again if it wuz a year later. He's done said so. No, no; there's no worry comin' there. Josh has his walking papers; his hash is cooked, and what's more him and Lucile both know it."

So you easily see by this time that the political issue was getting to be one of importance in this country town and things were getting pretty warm already. Not only were the candidates slinging mud, as all candidates do, but the friends of both parties were waging fights among themselves. It's always so, however, in Half-Moon. Somehow the spirit makes itself into the lives of all and they fight it out among each other.

It was on a Saturday afternoon some weeks after this last conversation that the fight occurred. And it was a good fight. In fact, about as good a fight as ever happened within the recollection of those old villagers. Saturday was the time all the farmers came in from miles around to buy up rations and supplies for the following week, and to get a few extras for Sunday's dinner. And the good wives of the country-side had finally grown into the habit of not looking for the men folks home until long after nightfall, for it had become a custom in time that the men were to spend the entire afternoon of each Saturday loafing and idling in front of Bob Blandon's grocery store, or Jud Morris' blacksmith shop. This in time, somewhere beyond the ken of my recollection, had become almost a sacred custom with them, and was looked forward to as the most interesting happening in their lives. Here they could assemble and "swop" jokes, tell age-old stories that were laughed at even when told for the thousandth time, chew tobacco, and whittle with great, long, sharp knives, never dull ones—Half-Mooners take pride in their knives. From over on Possum Fork, and even as far down as Carver's Bay they came, driving horses and mules, hitched to old wagons, buggies, and road-carts, while some came riding horse-back, both with and with-

out saddles. It made no particular difference how they came, they got there—even if they came walking along with a gunny-sack under their arm in which they were to carry back home the next week's supplies upon their shoulders.

This Saturday just mentioned was only two weeks from election day. And as I said, things had reached a state of white heat, politically speaking, and had begun to glow and give off sparks. Something had to happen or the entire community would die of suppressed anxiety. Yet nothing had happened to break the continued quietness, except for the incident between Josh and Old Brown, and that was only a minor incident. Half-Moon couldn't be worried with the affairs of lovers when a sheriff was to be elected. Things after this had gone along quietly (that is speaking in terms of Half-Moon), without anything really exciting happening. Every day the nervous tension was increasing until now, with the election only two weeks off, the state of feeling was becoming unbearable. Of course, the campaign was in full swing with both sides pulling for their leaders with all the power possible; but didn't I say, when people in Half-Moon thought that there must of necessity be a fight? And until now there had been none. So upon this Saturday afternoon the crowd had already begun to collect. Some dozen farmers of different ages, and with varying growths of beards, ranging from three days to the Santa Claus type, were collected at loafer's corner with the regular gang. The dark-faced Wally Ard, the reinstated beau of Lucile's since the summary dismissal of Josh, was in the center of the group with his coarse laughter ringing out above the occasional braying of the crowd. He evidently had been in close communion with the "moonshine" for which he was known to the most of Half-Moon.

"Old Brown had him walkin' off like a jack-rabbit, believe me," he laughed. "I don't think Josh 's been seed since."

All those others laughed too. For although they were about equally divided as far as politics were concerned Josh was a neutral, and not being able to defend himself on either side, was likely not to have any friends on either and was subject to blows from both.

"So you's got the whole chicken fur yourself now, eh, Wally?" asked one of the old grey-beards.

"Well, it looks kinda that way," swaggered this coarse individual. "But then you couldn't 'spect a cowardly feller like that long-legged baby of a Josh to hold a hand wid a man, did you?" this unabashed and shamelessly.

"See here, why don't you wait until Josh comes to town? I'll bet you won't call him them names to his face," broke in Sheep Carson, who had been listening with an expression of disgust growing upon his face, and ending with this banter.

"Look out there, kid, you ain't grown, there; and you want to stay out uv trouble while it's good goin'," leered Wally evilly. The liquor he had taken was fast turning the evil in him at liberty.

"I'm eighteen, and not so much of a kid at that," hotly replied Sheep, who had a well-

developed temper along with his sense of humor and good nature. Something in the way that Josh had been treated aroused his sympathy and anger, and Wally's speech, combined with his drunken manner, goaded him on.

"Now, don't you go and get smart, sonny. I just as soon call him that to his face as not," came from Wally.

"Then let's see you do it. Yonder he comes now," said Sheep, pointing to the long, awkward form of Josh appearing astride a small mule.

Wally's face turned even redder than the whiskey within him had made it. This was an unpredicted development and the bravado subsided from a tuta forza to a diminuendo. Two or three of the loafers pulled themselves clear of the store against which they had been leaning. Profound silence pervaded the loafers as the outcast lover approached. Josh seemed to sense that something was wrong and was passing the crowd with a mere "howdy" to go into the store when Sheep called to him.

"Hey, Josh!"

"Hullo, Sheep!"

"Come hyeh a minute, Wally's got somethin' to say to you so he says," said Sheep as Josh stalked towards them.

The crowd divided and allowed Josh and Wally to face each other. It was a striking pair. Wally was a dark, heavy-built man of perhaps twenty-five, with eyes that were shifty and evil, especially when he was drinking as he was this afternoon, and generally was, as for that. Josh was a long, awkwardly-built boy of twenty-one, with clear blue eyes looking steadily out of an open face, which was surmounted by a shock of sandy-colored hair.

"What's the trouble?" asked Josh.

"Wally's got somethin' to tell you, I think," said Sheep since that discomfited fellow referred to did not answer.

"What's you got to say to me?" looking squarely at the red-faced Wally, a little timidly albeit.

Wally sensed his timidity and took courage from it.

"I was just sayin' that it looks like you might vote for somebody since you is twenty-one now," he said.

"Well, is it any of your business particular whether I vote or not?" asked Josh.

"It looks like you're afraid to express your opinion. But stayin' quiet didn't help you much wid Ole Brown, did it?" laughed Wally evilly, ignoring the question asked him. The whiskey was beginning to make him unruly in temper.

Not many smiles came from the group of idlers standing stifly and awkwardly about these two. None of them had ever seen or heard of Josh fighting, and they had no way of predicting whether or not he would fight this time; yet, how could he keep from it with the whiskey-crazed Wally jeering him in this manner?

"I'd ruther you wouldn't mention that," said Josh slowly and steadily.

"Ha! ha! ha! ha!" laughed Wally harshly. "That's a good'un. I 'spose you had, 'cause who would want to be talked about for being run off, and for leavin' part of his coat when he went, and for bein' a coward?"

"Who called me a coward?" came angrily from Josh to the amazement and bewilderment of the crowd, who had never seen anything akin to anger in this awkward boy before.

"I did—for not votin'," said Wally.

The last straw can break the camel's back often, and these words of the sneering, evil, bloated-faced Wally were the last words needed to kindle the fire that had always remained dormant and peaceful in the quiet, bashful Josh.

"A coward, am I?" came between Josh's clenched teeth as his long, big-jointed arm shot out to catch the surprised Wally under the chin and send him reeling to the ground. Then between breaths and blows as the bruised casualty regained his feet and began an attack: "Who said I ain't gonna vote? I am. And I'm gonna vote for Jim Benton and not Cap'n Spy, too. And no feller can call me a coward an' go to see my gal an' get off with it neither."

It was a battle royal. Now the odds were in favor of Josh, now in favor of Wally. Then, from a terrific slug in the nose, Wally fell bleeding to the ground with the furious, loose-jointed Josh astride him, declaring that he would know the next time whose girl to be bothering around. For a second or so there was a melee of kicking feet, writhing bodies and flying fists, but Josh kept his seat astride the body of his victim. Probably this would have been the end had not Bob Dayman reached in to pull Josh away from the bleeding Wally. Now, Bob Dayman was voting for Cap'n Spy, and so was Wally, but Jim Byrd, standing among the crowd wasn't, and so he interfered with Bob's attempt to rescue his political brother, and the two went down together. Some one reached to pull them apart and still some one else interfered until in about three full length seconds there were seven pairs of slugging and hugging battlers, where a moment before there had been a group of loafers.

"Look out! Wally's getting his knife," yelled Sheep, the only unemployed one left.

There is no way of predicting how this unusual fracus would have finally ended, nor of telling what would have been the final result had not the bellowing voice of Old Brown, together with the report of his forty-five, frozen the fight from the entire fourteen battlers, as he rushed in among them swinging his large pistol carelessly and, to the now onlookers, dangerously.

"What's the trouble?" he bellowed, excitedly, ready himself to begin fighting as soon as he knew where to start.

But the fight was over as suddenly as it had begun. Some few were wiping bloody noses with red and blue bandana handkerchiefs, while others stood back nervously, some running their hands through their hair and others scratching their heads, looking silently at the fuming face of Old Brown. Josh crawled slowly from his seat upon the prostrate and bloody-faced Wally.

"What's wrong with you, boy?" yelled Old Brown, spying Josh for the first time.

"We were jus' settlin' a little difference between us," said Josh.

"He was fightin' me 'cause I been goin' wid Lucile," groaned Wally from the ground where he still lay.

"Fightin' about my gal?" shouted Old Brown, jumping straight into the air and swinging his pistol at Josh. "Didn't I tell you never to let me hear of you mentionin' her name again, you rascal? By—! we'll settle somethin' now," he bellowed, while the hammer of his ugly forty-five began to move slowly back. A fraction of an inch more and it would fall—and Josh would breathe his farewell to Half-Moon.

"Why, goddel midey, gentlemen, don't let's fight," puffed Cap'n Spy, laboring for breath as he came rushing up at a pace not known of him in these last twenty years. "Brown, put up that gun, and don't raise any fuss. You know, we're friends, and if you done anything like that around here I wouldn't get sheriff two weeks from now. Come on, gentlemen, and let's not have any more of this fussing," he commanded.

Now, nobody else in the world could have gotten off with that but the old Cap'n. He was the one man in the world that Old Brown obeyed. The old Cap'n had always been his ideal of a man, so he put the gun into his pocket, but first, with a threatening look at the two lovers, warned them that from now on they were not welcome at his house, and if they wanted to fare well they had better not be caught around that particular spot again.

The war cloud had come at last and the first shell had been fired. From now until the election was finished was destined to be a stormy time for the formerly quiet little Half-Moon. Intermittent and sporadic fights occurred with and without warning for the next two weeks, but as usually is the case in fights of these kinds there were no serious casualties. The sewing circle was busy and neighbors' names were literally demolished—as much so as gossiping of a good type (I know it's a good type because it is of an old-standing and regularly practised type) could make them so. Nor was loafers' corner deserted. The farms in the country side were however, and the farmers became every-day loafers with the "gang."

The night of the election the supporters of Cap'n Spy staged a dance in the open tobacco warehouse that was newly built in town, and which furnished ample room for the big crowd that was present. Not a member of the opposite party could be seen. Cap'n Spy had won, and that by a large majority. So there was to be a dance for his supporters, and his only. None of the others were invited and the feeling had been running so high of late that none would have gone anyway; so there was no use of wasting formality. There was to be music and dancing for the young folks, and whiskey and wine (on the sly) for the old folks. It was a great occasion, and accordingly was to be carried out in a great way. Daylight was to be the sign for departure.

The crowd gathered slowly but steadily, until by twelve o'clock there was a large, jostling group comprised of people of all ages and types upon the floor of the large room. Old Brown, with a few others among whom was the dark-faced Wally, disappeared from the room and reappeared after some minutes wiping his mouth with the back of his huge, rough hand, while his face had that foolish, happy expression common to

those who have just recently been reconnoitering some place for hiding strong drinks. Everybody was gay. Girls screamed and laughed at the light jokes of wooing boys. Jim Bates, the weasened little fiddler, who had already taken on about as much of spiked wine as he could steer straight under, sat with his back to one of the post supports in the center of the large room, and with swaying body and patting foot sent some half dozen couples dancing through a Virginia reel to the tune of his jiggering music. And ever the noise increased. The later grew the night, the louder grew the laughter, the livelier danced the dancers, the louder sounded the steady stamp of feet, while ever above it all sounded the devilish squeal of the violin. Old Brown had already become too happy to stay quiet and had begun to sing snatches of "Barbara Allen" and "Western Cowboy," between hiccoughs. Yet no one payed any attention to a little matter like this; let the fellows be gay for once; what was the harm anyway?

And Lucile, the belle of all Half-Moon, was there. She was a shy, delicate girl, with soft blue eyes that looked at you pensively and appealingly. So different from the father said everyone. She favored her mother who had given up the struggle of trying to be Old Brown's teammate after two years of trying. But all of the manhood in Old Brown came to the front in his treatment of Lucile. He loved her simply and never abused her, which was in itself a **consideration** for him; and Lucile, although not fearing him, thought herself fortunate for not being struck by him. Tonight Wally was staying near by her side, and his liquor-laden breath whispered blandishments into her little ears that caused her to shudder with disgust. She hated him, and yet she dared not insult him when her father had given her to understand that this offensive fellow was his friend. What was she to do? For days after the fight at the store she had been partly consoled over the loss of Josh by the fact that Wally wasn't allowed to come, but he had cajolled her father back into his friendship. So again she found herself the victim of blandishments which she loathed. . . . "Wonder where Josh was? He was so different from Wally. . . . He wouldn't drink, and when he talked to her he sounded honest. Oh! how she hated this soft-mouthed Wally whispering to her now. . . . If Josh was there she would let him beat Wally again for her." . . . And then as she glanced at the giant form of her father, she realized that her dreams were only foolish phantoms. As she looked she shuddered again, for Old Brown had stopped his singing an hour ago and had slid from his chair upon the floor and was now lying stretched full length in the shadow of one of the posts. The crowd had forgotten him.

It was while the laughter rang the gayest and the fiddle screeched the loudest that Sheep Carson came picking his way through the crowd until he was only a few feet from Lucile and Wally. He motioned for her to come to him. Glad to get any chance to escape, she excused herself and went to him. Wally glared at Sheep evilly as she went. He remembered the part this boy had played at the store two weeks before. For a moment Sheep whispered into Lucile's ear, during which a deep blush steadily suffused her

cheeks, deepening until her pretty face was pink to the roots of her hair. He finished speaking.

"But I can't," she whispered excitedly, while the blush subsided and gave way to a pallor of excitement.

"Oh, yes you can," pleaded the boy earnestly.

"I wouldn't dare to—Father," she whispered, glancing nervously towards the prostrate form in the shadows.

"Oh! run away, Lucile. He'll get over it without doing anything," still pleaded the boy in subdued earnestness.

"Why, he would kill us both," she argued.

"But he's dead to the world now, and won't wake up for hours. In that time you could be out of his way. Come, quick," he pleaded, catching her arm and leading her towards the door.

She followed, afraid and yet wanting to go.

"He's around here at the back of the store," said Sheep when they were once outside of the crowd.

Lucile did not reply and Sheep led on quietly until they turned the corner and stood facing Josh, who came silently out of the shadow of the building.

"I'll leave you all now while you talk, and I'll go back to keep on the watch to see what happens," said Sheep. "In case you decide to go, you know where I told you," he laughed towards Josh.

"Why did you send for me here tonight?" asked Lucile, stepping quickly towards Josh, as soon as Sheep disappeared around the corner. "Don't you know it would mean death if father found it out?"

"I know it's dangerous, but Sheep went over home and told me how things was going on and said that if I wanted to get away without your papa finding it out I had better try it while he was dead drunk. Can't we go tonight, Lucile?" he begged.

"But what about when he wakes up?" she asked nervously.

"Oh, we'll be gone away on the train at Junkstown before then. And he'll forget about it sometime and want us to come back," explained Josh.

"You don't know him like I do, Josh."

"But, Lucile, you ain't goin' to let him stand between us, is you?" came next, with a note of hurt feelings accompanying his words, for in spite of Josh's other setbacks he was a lover.

"Well, Josh, I do want to go, but he would kill you; and then I wouldn't have you. . . . Where will we get married?" she whispered acquiescing.

"Everything is arranged and Mr. Roland is waiting around at his house for us now. Sheep said he would be there as a witness," Josh said in a low whisper.

I am sorry that we cannot have the regular or customary scene just at this point, but to tell the truth Josh and Lucile were both so frightened and nervous over their adventure until it was overlooked for once. Josh forgot everything that a bold lover, escaping from a cruel father-in-law, was supposed to do except to catch the girl by her arm and hurriedly assist her into a waiting buggy a little distance off.

Back in the dance hall everything was as gay as ever and no one dreamed of what was taking place. In fact, no one had missed

Lucile from the crowd except Wally, who had taken another drink after she had left. It was about a quarter of an hour after Sheep had come into the room when he noticed that she had disappeared. He was anxious to be with her again, and his anger was growing against that "scape goat of a Sheep Carson" for taking her away. But his search over the entire building resulted in nothing. So he waited some minutes, searched the house for her again, and once more was disappointed. Wonder if she had left off with Sheep Carson? But Sheep had never gone with her before, so there could be nothing to that. However, when she did not return in about a half an hour he became suspicous and worried. He went over to where Old Brown was still snoring prostrate on the floor, with a smile of contempt kindling his face as he looked at the giant form of the old fellow. For a moment he stood considering whether it would be plausible to awaken the fierce old man. Finally, with a glance to see that the way was clear for a hasty retreat if it appeared necessary or even advantageous for him to leave hurriedly, he shook the snoring form lightly. No easy means like that could stir a person that had a full pint of Half-Moon moonshine working to keep him asleep, so Wally had to resort to more drastic means. He kicked Old Brown gently at first and then harder, starting backwards each time. Finally there was some sign of awakening consciousness.

"Hic—what's wrong wid everything?" growled the awakening man drunkenly.

"Wake up, Mr. Brown, Lucile has gone off with Sheep Carson. She has been gone a long time. I'm afraid that she is runnin' away," said Wally, trying all the time to get more consciousness into the drunken man.

"Well, hic—, if she's run away—hic—she's old 'nough to run back—hic—, ain't she?" he mumbled between drunken hiccoughs.

"But I'm afraid she's going' to get married," pleaded the desperate Wally.

"Say, uh—hic—who's dis botherin' me?" came next from the dazed man.

"This is Wally. You know me, don't you?"

"Is dat so? Uh—hic—I say, ole sport—hic—uh, how's life?" smiling foolishly.

"I'm all right. But I tell you Lucile is gone," urged Wally.

"Let'er go den—hic—uh, ain't you happy?"

Wally, who was becoming more and more desperate as the minutes passed and still Lucile did not come, saw that he had to manage in some way to get the old fellow to stirring about and maybe he would regain some of his senses then. He tugged at the heavy form of the cursing, protesting Old Brown. For several minutes the tussle went on. Finally, however, he got the old fellow to his feet at last and led him still protesting, staggering, and tottering towards the door. Wally thought that once on the outside the cool night air would revive the drunken man. Upon reaching the opening and stepping out into the night Old Brown looked up dazedly at the full moon, which was far on its way to the West.

"Hic—I say, Wally, what's you doin' with lights on?—hic. Uh, what's the use uv burn-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 226)

SNOWFLAKES

By J. C. Bailey

Little flakes
  Of magic snow,
From whence you come
  I do not know;

Falling through
  The hush'd air,
Swiftly, surely
  Everywhere.

Are you not
  Some feathers bright,
Plucked from fairy
  Swans of white?

O'er the fields,
  Great drifts I see,
Where you've played
  At masonry.

Busily
  Through all the night,
You've clad the earth
  In robes of white.

Every bush
  And every tree,
Hold out their hands
  To gather thee.

Little flakes,
  You seem to say,
God is not so
  Far away.

In the sky,
  From whence you fell,
He is there, and
  All is well.

NATURE

By E. H. Gregg

Have you ever heard the voices of the winter winds at night?
Have you listened to the murmuring of the brooklet dashing bright?
Have you ever felt the silence of the deep and pensive vale,
And realized a presence in the ocean's maddest gale?

Have you ever seen the rosebud waking to the sun's first rays?
Have you ever thrilled and wondered at the mating dove's soft lays?
Have you ever watched the moonlight playing on the lake's calm face,
And marveled as the ripples ran like ruffled silver lace?

Have you watched the changing colors of the autumn sunset's glow,
When the day gives way to darkness and the stars begin to show?
Have you sensed an ambient spirit in the silences of night,
And felt the touching softness of the magic astral light?

Then you've missed the very essence and the poetry of life,
And your mind is dulled and cluttered with the sordiness of strife;
For the pith and heart of nature is a spirit breathing deep
Like the subtle emanations of the flowers half asleep.

SUPERSTITIOUS "PA"

By Lewis P. Watson

BETWEEN TWO parallel ranges of the Southern Alleghenies, which were hardly half a mile apart, lay the little farm and home of "Old Tom Lance," as he was called. The home was one of a typical mountaineer and his family, which was composed of his wife Sara, and their son Jim.

Old Tom thought there was nothing on earth like a farm. He had not been very prosperous as a farmer, but he **had** been able to make an honest living. It was his greatest desire that Jimmy, as he called the fourteen-year-old boy, become a farmer also. Consequently, Jimmy was constantly being told and shown new things in reference to the farm, such as: at what phase of the moon to plant this ,and just how deep to plant that, things which ordinarily would not remain in so young a mind. Christmas had come and gone. It was now the last of January. The three were sitting around the little hearth, Old Tom with his chair tilted back, his feet almost in the fire, and his thumbs locked in the arm holes of his vest. The only sign of life about him, as he gazed silently into the fire, was an occasional puff of smoke, which was furnished by an old pipe that was carelessly held in his mouth. Sara sat quietly darning socks, while Jimmy sat by his father, with his heels locked over a round of his chair and with his elbows on his knees, his chin in his hands, as he also gazed silently into the fire. It was the old man who finally broke the silence.

"Jimmy," he said, "In four mo' days it'll be time fur de groun' hawg ter be a comin' out, an' if he sees his shadow—"

Here his wife suddenly interrupted. "Jimmy, don't ye never b'lieve a word o' what ye Pa tells ye 'bout that thar groun' hawg. I have tole ye it wasn't so, and **you,** Tom, I hev tole ye to quit a fillin' his head with such stuff. It's jes' nethin' ceptin' superstitions."

"Sara, jes' let him see fer hisself, an' what I'm a tellin' him won't hurt him neither. Er-er, Jim, as I was a sayin', ef that air hawg sees his shadder, then we air gonna have six mo' weeks o'winter."

Jim asked his father several questions about the ground hog, and the old man seemed to take great pleasure in telling his son all he knew about it, while his wife looked at him in a supercilious manner.

The second of February came and went. Old Tom again reminded Jimmy of the day that the ground hog was to appear, and had told him to "look out an' see if 'twasn't so 'bout ther wether." This little reminder of Tom's was followed by a lecture from his mother. Tom sat quietly listening.

"Jimmy," she began. "Don't yer never b'lieve none o' that thar stuff what yer Pa been a tellin' ye 'bout a plantin' 'taters on ther dark o' the moon, an' a plantin' corn on a new moon so it'll gro' tal' an' ther years'll be big. I done tole ye that thar ain't a word o' it so. It tain't a thing but superstitioness, an' jes' don't pay no 'tention ter him 'bout

ther groun' hawg or nuthin'. Don't ye spicion nothin'."

Old Tom had almost gone to sleep, yet he was conscious of the whole lecture. He knew Sara's one weak spot.

"Sara," he asked, after a few minutes of silence. "Did ye begin that thar nu' shirt o' mine yistidy?"

Sara looked at him sharply and replied, "What, me **begin** a nu' shirt on Friday? Ye mus' be out o' yer head!"

Old Tom chuckled to himself and dozed off to sleep.

LIFE'S DAY

By Edwin

A cold, unchanging,
Shapeless clod
Is given life
From the breath of God—
'Tis morn.

A strange, consuming,
Fireless flame
Is lit by a clod
Of another name—
'Tis noon.

A faint, flickering,
Hopeless spark
Is lost to view
In the coming dark—
'Tis night.

No reputable manufacturer places his wares before the public until those wares have successfully withstood a series of tests---Examinations are more than an intellectual test.

AMERICAN SWITZERLAND

By R. James

FOURTEEN MILES from the main line of the Nashville, Chattanooga and St. Louis Railroad, and situated in the midst of the Cumberland Mountains, is a cottage where I spend my summers. To reach it, one must undergo an hour's ride on one of the sturdy little mountain trains, which are used chiefly to haul coal down to the factories of Irontown. As the diminutive little engine puffs noisily up the steep grades and ventures nonchalantly out on the very edge of the various precipitous and awe-inspiring cliffs, one is interrupted in the contemplation of the grandeurs of nature, by the thought of what would happen if the foolhardy little thing were to jump the track. Most of those who make this trip have in view a vacation in the mountains where worldly cares are forgotten, but at several of the sharper turns it looks as though all mundane connections are to be severed entirely.

Until a few months ago I had considered my perennial retreat to be pretty much isolated, but last September I visited a colony of Swiss, who lived in a locality compared to which my own was quite urban. The visit was made by one of my friends and me at the behest of his mother, who had decided she must have a Swiss maid.

Accordingly we set out one Sunday afternoon about two o'clock in one of the old model Fords, which are the only kind of machines to be had that far away from civilization. The first few miles covered familiar territory and offered nothing new in the way of scenery, but soon the road began to climb, and the oak and maple trees were replaced by the more dignified pines. The air became cooler, and on account of the spicy fragrance of the pines, almost intoxicating. There is nothing more delightful or invigorating than the cool clean tang of a pine forest. Our blood tingled as we drank in great lung-fulls, and even the decrepit chariot of antiquity in which we rode seemed rejuvenated, and coughed out its pleasure exultantly. The road itself changed from a prosaic top-soil affair to one as smooth and soft as a feather bed, the billions of pine needles forming for it a thick blanket and co-operating, as it were, like so many well-trained soldiers, to bear us gently on our way. Here in the heart of the mountains was a place to motor, not excelled by any devised by man.

After many short miles of such beautiful and pleasant driving, we came out on the mountain side and before we knew it we were in the midst of our colony. It is scattered in a seemingly aimless fashion, along the sloping shoulder of the ridge, and no doubt affords a beautiful view in the daytime, but it was now almost night and the valley lay wrapped in a cloak of dusk. It was not too dark, however, for us to distinguish the dark outline of a river, marked by the trees growing along its banks, and from afar came the muffled roar of a waterfall. In the distance loomed the vague forms of countless other ridges, the farthest of which met the horizon in a hazy black line.

Near at hand the lights of the cottages gleamed hospitably. The tinkle of cow-bells and the joyous welcome given to their mothers by the calves, informed us that we had arrived at milking time. We stopped before the nearest farmhouse, and as we went in we heard, coming from the barn in the rear, the ring of milk being squirted against the bottom of a tin pail, gradually softening to the steady sluhr, sluhr, sluhr as the foamy liquid covered the bottom and began to rise along the sides.

We were met at the door by an old woman and her husband. On learning our mission they smiled. "You won't be able to find any one here that will do for a maid," said the old lady, "Our daughter is the only one here who has had any experience and I don't think she will leave again."

The daughter came in just at this time, with a plate of freshly-cooked mountain trout, caught that afternoon by her father. She was a woman of about twenty-three, fully five feet five inches tall, but she looked fully two inches taller on account of her erect carriage. Her pink cheeks accentuated the whiteness of her complexion, and with her bright blue eyes and her hair the color of buttercups, she epitomized my conception of a dairy maid.

In spite of our eloquent arguments—the most eloquent of all being made by the salary which we offered—she was obdurate. She didn't like the city; she had lived there once for a short time and it was so dirty and smoky. The salary didn't attract her. She was happy where she was, etc., ad infinitum.

All of her objections were offered very pleasantly, but she was firm. After she had convinced us that our quest was in vain, she and her parents united in insisting that we stay to supper, and the aroma of the fried trout, coupled with ravenous appetites, was too much for us. We sat down to a simple but most delicious supper. Besides the fish, which was beyond description, there was home-made lightbread, fresh country butter, incomparable cherry preserves, large quantities of sweet milk that was half cream, and several round loaves of Swiss cheese. It was the first real Swiss cheese that I had eaten, but it didn't take me long to acquire a decided taste for it. I think my friend and I astonished the good people by the amount we ate, but there was the greatest abundance of everything and they apparently enjoyed watching us satiate our appetites. To cap the climax, our host went down into the cellar and brought out a gallon of wine. He informed us that he had his own grape arbor and made the wine himself. This particular gallon, he said, was part of some he had made twenty years before and which he used only on special occasions. Judging by the taste it could have been some brought over by his father when he came from Switzerland.

After supper the old people lighted their pipes, while their daughter went to an old-fashioned cupboard and brought out some needle work to show us. It was indeed exquisite; there were napkins and tablecloths and any number of different things, some of which were unfamiliar to us. The cloth was of a thick linen material, much heavier than the kind you see ordinarily. We finally suc-

ceeded in purchasing two dozen napkins and a couple of tablecloths. Only when we returned home did we realize how badly we had cheated our hosts, for then we found out that the price we paid was not one-twentieth of the real value.

We spent about an hour in conversing with the three and listening with much interest to their tales of Switzerland; then, thanking them as heartily as we could, we took our leave. On the way home, with the big full moon amicably adding her silver beams to the tiny one cast by our headlights, we began to wonder if these simple people didn't lead a life that in many ways was enviable.

CAN SPRING BE FAR BEHIND?

By Harold M. Patrick

O trees, by winter's frigid blast laid bare,
Stark limbs that quiver in the chilling air,
Though stripped of all thy verdure, do not fear,
For spring's not far away.

Soon shall thy heights with chirping voices ring,
As from thy budding twigs glad song-birds sing,
For soon shall fall the verdant robe of spring,
As winter steals away.

O dismal heart, disconsolate and drear,
O soul restricted and engaged with care,
Think not that burdens thou must always bear,
For comes a brighter day.

Each winter dull is followed by glad spring,
Souls, once despondent, must with laughter ring,
The somber heart a song of joy must sing,
As worries fade away.

Any chimpanzee can be trained not to take that which belongs to another---would that some of us were not so remotely removed from the chimpanzee!

TOLD BY THE PINE

By Bertrand P. Ramsay

I

In darkness of the night, the moon had set;
The eastern rim grown heavy, black, and wet;
And stars grown pale, and heaven's glory waned;
And melancholy winds, like freedom chained,
Began to wander to and fro, and groan
As tho' high hope had taken wings and flown.

Tho' still all mortals in solemn stillness slept,
The weeping willow stirred from sleep, and wept;
And while the fir stood trembling near the lake,
And maple tossed as if her heart would break,
The sighing pine, who long had pondered, said
To the sycamore that stood as a ghost of the dead:
"I saw a thousand ants that came this way
To fashion a homing-place within yon clay.
Beside the road they built a hill-like mound
And filled the roomy chambers underground,
With all such foods as ants must have to live—
With such as warming winter comfort give.
But autumn rains completely washed way
The winter ant-house from yon bank of clay;
And when the ices came to that roadside,
Those laboring ants—a thousand—froze and died."

II

The morning passed, and later noon, and day;
And then again the evening came that way.
Then sighed the pondering pine, and shook his head,
And whispered to himself before he said:
"A drove of bees once came and built a hive
Within an oak, and there prepared to live.
They ceased not labor during summer hours,
And filled the oak with sweetness from the flowers.
But freezing, frosting winter winds came soon
And tarried late till near the advent of June—
Within the hollow oak, they starved and froze
Before the budding of the honeyed rose."

While mortals then in solemn stillness slept,
The wilting weeping-willow in sadness wept;
And maiden fir stood trembling near the lake;
And maple heaved as if her heart would break;
The white-barked sycamore, the ghost of dead,
Stood near; and shook, the pine, his pondering head.

"THE SONGS OF SALMON"

By Don L. West

THERE WERE only two ways of settling the matter. Either the Rev. Salmon Judson had to betake himself unto another congregation or the membership of the Mount Sinai Afro-American Baptist Church would betake itself unto another preacher. That was that. At least the board of deacons were of the opinion that it was and they decided that something should be done about it right away. Having met for this purpose one Friday night, they finally arrived at the conclusion that the most logical and practical thing to do would be to ask Rev. Salmon Judson to hunt himself another church as the flock of Mount Sinai desired a new shepherd.

The sentiments of the board of deacons regarding the matter were summed up by John D. Rockefeller Moore, chairman of the board.

"Gemmun," he said, pounding at times on the table around which they were seated in order to impress the deacons with the gravity of the occasion, "we is dissembled heah to-nite to decide an impawtant question, namelessly: Whethuh we is gwine hunt up a 'nother preacher or not. Puhsonally, Ah don't think we oughta keep a preacher what says such things like Brothuh Judson procrastuhnated in that sermon last Sunday. Gemmun, that sermon was too puhsonal. Fact is, that sermon was so puhsonal it was almost a insult. Now its up to us to decide whethuh we's gwine let Brothuh Judson continuate the way he's been doin'. Ah asks you, is we is or is we ain't? Does Ah heah somebody make a motion?"

The members of the board of deacons looked at one another questioningly, each man waiting for someone else to act. It is true that they were displeased with the way the Rev. Judson had been discharging his ministerial duties, but the act of telling a Baptist preacher, who has served a church as long as Salmon Judson had Mount Sinai, that his services are no longer desired, is a delicate undertaking and not one to be plunged into headforemost. Still, resentment rankled in their breasts because of certain disagreeable and revolutionary doctrines propounded by the Rev. Judson in the discourse referred to by the chairman. All that was needed to crystalize this sentiment into action was for some one to get up and make a motion that a new preacher be secured.

The text upon which the Rev. Judson had based the sermon that proved so obnoxious to his congregation was a verse from the 8th chapter of Jeremiah, reading thus: "At that time, saith the Lord, they shall bring out the bones of the king of Judah, and the bones of his princes, and the bones of the priests, and the bones of the prophets, and the bones of the inhabitants of Jerusalem out of their graves." It was a unique text, but not more so than the sermon which followed it. First, the pastor of Mount Sinai made clear to his congregation the meaning of the word "bone," so often repeated in the text, by

reading definitions of the term taken from Webster's dictionary, a book on physiology, and two encyclopedias. Next he told of the various uses made of bones through the ages from the transmutation of one of Adam's osseous segments down to the present time. Then by the psychological law of the association of ideas he tried to show his hearers that from the early, laudable employments of bones had evolved wickedness and vice in the form of a popular pastime, known as "rolling the bones." For three-quarters of an hour, gesticulating wildly and perspiring profusely, he denounced the ivory cubes as inventions of the devil, and plead with the members of his flock not to indulge in that demoralizing game sometimes known as "African Golf." The congregation had sat through this tirade dumbfounded—some experiencing acute qualms of conscience because of the realization, so suddenly thrust upon them, of the enormity of their backsliding. After going home, however, the congregation began to think the subject over, the result being a reaction from the first placid acceptance of the sermon as the gospel truth. The reaction had been swift and culminated in the meeting of the board of deacons on Friday of the following week.

After the opening remarks by John D. Rockefeller Moore, the deacons sat for a few moments in an awkward and shiftless silence, no one wishing to make the motion to oust the Rev. Salmon Judson. Finally, Cicero Clement, an ardent devotee of the sport which had suffered such a berating from the pastor of Mount Sinai, was heard to clear his throat, cough nervously, shuffle his feet, and then was seen to rise.

"Mistuh Chairman," he said, "Ah moves that we asks Brothuh Judson to resign an' that we gits a new preacher."

"Does Ah hear a second to this motion?" asked the chairman.

Alexander Holmes, the grocer, seconded the motion.

"All in favuh of the motion will significate by raisin' their right hands," directed the chairman.

Every one of the ten deacons voted in favor of the motion.

"Gemmun, the vote is anonymously in favuh of the motion," announced Mr. Moore. "Now we needs somebody to infohm Brothuh Judson of the action which we has decided on. Who will volunteer to do this?"

This was an unpleasant task which none of the deacons relished, so none of them volunteered. For a moment it seemed as if the results of the meeting were to come to naught. Then Cicero Clement again saved the day.

"Mistuh Chairman," he said rising, "Ah moves that the chair be auth'rized to 'point a committee to attend to this mattuh."

The motion was put to a vote and carried. Chairman Moore now proceeded to appoint his committee.

"Ah 'points," he announced, "Mistuh Clement as a committee of one to see Brothuh Judson and infohm him of this body's action."

This arrangement seemed to please all the deacons except Mr. Clement, who scowled reproachfully at John D. Rockefeller Moore.

Being a good sportsman, however, he made no protest, since he had been the one to suggest the plan. This weighty question settled, the meeting broke up shortly, and the deacons went to their homes, highly satisfied with the way they had handled the situation.

Cicero Clement, early next morning, set out to the parsonage of the Rev. Salmon Judson to discharge the unpleasant commission imposed upon by the board of deacons. It promised well to be one of the most distasteful tasks Cicero could remember himself having performed, and as he made his way toward the parsonage dark forebodings raced through his troubled mind. He wasn't at all sure that the Rev. Judson was going to see the thing in its true light. He might disregard the fact that Cicero was merely acting as agent for the board of deacons and try to make a personal affair out of the situation. Cicero also hated to think of encountering the Rev. Judson's righteous and stern-faced wife. He always felt embarrassed when in her presence, for he knew that she had an utter contempt for him, which she showed by subtly ignoring him. Secretly, he hoped that she wouldn't be at home. It would make the ordeal just a little easier if she wasn't.

The goddess of Luck, however, must have been a little peeved at Cicero, for the first person he saw on arriving at the parsonage was the dreaded Mrs. Judson. She was engaged in sweeping the gravel walk leading from the parsonage porch to the front yard gate. When he saw her, Cicero experienced a kind of depressed feeling, but putting on a bold front he went on in.

"Good mawnin', Mrs. Judson," he addressed the minister's wife, trying his best to be ingratiating. "Ah think it's gwine rain pretty soon, don't you?"

Mrs. Judson stopped in her sweeping for a moment, gave Cicero an icy stare, and muttered "Humph" in a tone that was calculated to disparage whatever ambitions Cicero might have had of becoming a meteorologist. Rebuffed in this manner, he stood for a few seconds awkwardly fumbling with his hat, which he held in his hands, before again venturing to incur the risk of becoming the brunt of Mrs. Judson's sarcasm. He did finally muster up courage enough to ask weakly, "Is Bruthuh Judson in the house?"

"He ain't nowhere else, but," Mrs. Judson deigned to answer.

Cicero was so flustered that he went on into the house without knocking, and unannounced, entered the Rev. Judson's study, which he knew to be the first room on the right of the narrow little hallway. The Rev. Judson was busily engaged in reading a book when Cicero entered. On becoming aware that he had a visitor, he closed the book abruptly, made some peculiar motions as if trying to hide it under his coat, and then seeing that he couldn't, laid it on his desk, face downward, but not before Cicero had read the title. It was too flaringly conspicuous not to be noticed, executed as it was in letters of violent purple on a cover of screaming yellow. There could be no doubt in the mind of the observer, even after the most cursory of glances, that the Rev. Judson was indulging in light fiction. The name of the

book was "Flaming Youth," a title wholly in harmony with the flamboyant cover.

"Good mawnin', Brothuh Judson," began Cicero. "Ah see you is readin' a ve'y interesting book."

"Yes," said the Rev. Judson, somewhat recovering his composure. "Ah'm preparing a sermon fo' next Sunday on the general demoralization of the present generation, an' Ah'm reading this book to sorter get an insight into conditions."

He motioned to his guest to be seated. After they had both sat down Cicero spoke again.

"Ah's read that book, Brothuh Judson," he said. "Sho was hot stuff Ah must say. How does you like it?"

The Rev. Judson, desirous of changing the conversation into safer channels, completely ignored the question.

"Now, what kin Ah do fo' you this mawnin', Brother Clement," he asked.

"Nothin', Brothuh Judson. Absotively nothin' atall."

"Then you wish to see me about somethin'."

Cicero assumed an air that was both grave and severe.

"Brothuh Judson," he began pompously, "Ah has a 'nouncement which gives me much regret to announce."

"Ah'm suht'nly sorry to hear it," sympathized the unsuspecting Rev. Judson.

"If you ain't you's soon gwine be," said Cicero, suddenly becoming very frank. "Brothuh Judson, your sermon which you preached last Sunday has so anatomized the congregation that they wasn't but one thing to do, an' the deacons met las' nite and did it. They decided, Brothuh Judson, that your services as pastor has been unsatisfactory and they asks you to resign."

So saying, Cicero arose and departed without more ado, leaving the Rev. Judson helpless from astonishment and incredulity. If a thunderbolt had descended from a clear sky and struck that reverend gentleman, it could not have been a greater surprise than this unexpected announcement. To the stunned mind of Salmon Judson it connoted catastrophe, spelled with a capital "C." It meant that he was a preacher without a church; that the people he had served so faithfully for ten long years had renounced him simply because he had not hesitated to tell them of their shortcomings. It meant further that he would have to give up a good salary and a comfortable home and maybe spend months trying to get another church. It was awful, to say the least, and in the abjectness of the misery that engulfed him, the Rev. Judson lost interest in everything but his grief, even the alluring pages of "Flaming Youth" being unable to arouse him.

At the mid-day meal the Rev. Judson related to his spouse the calamity that had befallen them. That worthy lady was righteously indignant, and held forth some time on her personal opinions of Cicero Clement and the board of deacons. Needless to say, these were not very complimentary to either Cicero or the august body which was responsible for her husband's troubled state of mind. Her attitude, however, was radically different from that of her disheartened swain. Instead of a passive acceptance of the deacon's

decision, the course he seemed inclined to pursue, she—being of a firmer mold—advocated a determined resistance.

"Salmon Judson," she ejaculated, when he had finished telling her about the visit of Cicero Clement that morning, "you don't mean to exsinuate that you's gwine let that low down triflin' bunch of nigguhs treat you like that?"

"Ah don't sinuates nothing else but," responded the Rev. Judson, forlornly. "What else is they to be did?"

Mrs. Judson seemed taken aback for an instant.

"Well," she said, "Ah can't think of nothin' right now, but Ah'm posutely shuah that you ain't gwine give up that chu'ch."

The Rev. Judson went to bed that night in a reasonably peaceful state of mind. His wife had expressly declared her determination of finding some method by which he could retain his church. And he knew his wife to be a capable woman. Years of experience had taught him that she always got what she went after, regardless of obstacles, sometimes even to the discomfiture of himself. Therefore, he felt more confident, like the criminal who has just secured a high-priced emotional lawyer to defend him.

Came dawn. Mrs. Judson was the first to awaken and it was evident that no alarm clock had been instrumental in arousing her. She was too vivaciously wide-awake for that. She gave her husband, who was snoring outrageously, a prodigious punch in the ribs, with the result that he disembraced Morpheus with a startled yell.

"Wake up, Salmon! Wake up, Salmon," his wife was saying when the Rev. Salmon Judson recovered consciousness. "Ah've got it! Ah've got it!"

"Got what?" inquired that disturbed gentleman, wrathfully. "The insanity?"

"No, Ah've thunk up a plan how you can keep your chu'ch. You likes to sing, don't you?"

"Yeah, singin's 'bout the fondest thing Ah is of."

Mrs. Judson then demanded that he lend her his ears, and unfolded a wonderful plan that had come to her in a dream, which would outwit the malicious board of deacons. Her husband listened eagerly, and when she had finished he was grinning happily.

"Hot dam! Tabitha," he exclaimed. "Tha's the ve'y thing." Then he added admiringly, "You shuah does use your brain a lot fo' thinking."

The day was Sunday, and when it was time the Rev. Judson went to the church as usual, just as though the board of deacons had not met on Friday. When he entered the church he noticed that there was a stranger, dressed in the conventional ministerial garb, already on the rostrum. The work of the board of deacons had evidently been swift and thorough. But the Rev. Judson, regardless of this, calmly strode down the aisle and ascended the rostrum. This seemingly simple act caused gasps of astonishment and looks of wonderment in the congregation. The countenance of the new minister registered perplexity, and some of the deacons showed signs of anxiety, evidently fearing that the Rev. Judson intended to start something. The new minister came to him and asked him

if he had come to say a word of farewell, to which the Rev. Judson replied in a curt negative, and thereupon assumed an air of sphinx-like immobility.

The new minister got up and announced the first song. This somewhat alleviated the suspense—and perhaps remorse—which the members of the congregation had experienced on seeing their rejected pastor in his accustomed place, and they sang with all the enthusiasm of their pent-up feelings. Being much relieved, they then sat down to await developments.

And developments were not long in forthcoming. The new minister arose to announce his text and at the same time the Rev. Judson was seen to get up also, bearing a song book in his hands. He advanced on a line wth the new minister to the front of the rostrum. When the new minister opened his Bible the Rev. Judson opened his song book. Then the new minister began to read and simultaneously the Rev. Salmon Judson lifted up his voice in song.

Nonplussed, the new minister stopped reading and retired to his chair, leaving his singing rival in full possession of the rostrum. The Rev. Judson continued his song, which was a stirring negro revival hymn, and so great was the emotion he put into his singing that soon he had several dusky religious devotees shouting the chorus with him. At last when the song was finished, he sat down.

For a few moments all was deathly still in the church. The new minister glowered inimically at the Rev. Salmon Judson, while that gentleman, imperturbed, glowered back The congregation all the while watched with bated breath the slightest movements of the two militant churchmen. It was beginning to sense that a battle royal of wits was on.

At length the new minister again arose to announce his text. The Rev. Judson was not a second behind him, with the result that they both stood once more before the congregation. Seeing that it would be useless to try to read his text, the new minister closed his Bible and and announced: "Ladies and gemmun, we will now have another solo by Mistuh Judson."

Again the deep, mellow bass notes of Salmon Judson's voice resounded through the church. This time he sang "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot," another soul-stirring revival hymn. His singing of it proved, beyond the shadow of a doubt, the theory that "music hath charms." Several members of the congregation joined him when he came to the refrain, "Swing Low, Sweet Chare-e-e-ot, comin' fer to carry me home." When he started on the second verse one excitable old lady in the middle of the congregation began shouting, "Glory, glory! halleluyah!" for all she was worth. Her religious zeal proved so contagious that when Salmon concluded the song, practically everyone in the audience was either shouting or singing. Only two or three of the deacons, among them Cicero Clement, remained calm, and even they were having difficulty in restraining their emotions.

The new minister, after the Rev. Judson had sat down for the second time, arose again with the manifest intention of making a final desperate effort to read his text. He was doomed to disappointment, however,

for the Rev. Judson again repeated the tactics he had been using with such success. This time he launched grandiosely forth into the inspiring strains of "Oh, I ain't Gwine Study War No Mo'." The effect was like magic. The already over-wrought emotions of the audience burst forth again in a frenzy of vociferous shouting and singing, everybody lending his bit to the general bedlam, even to the hitherto apathetic Cicero Clement. Evidently the Pied Piper of Hamlein had nothing on the Rev. Salmon Judson when it came to the charming qualities of his musical accomplishments.

This third song having been rendered, the Rev. Judson once more took his seat. He looked triumphantly at the would-be usurper of the Mount Sinai pulpit. The brief glance made in return by that individual was certainly not brimming over with affection. Dejectedly the harrassed new minister got up; but this time he did not approach the Bible on the pulpit. Instead he picked up a song book and then addressed the congregation.

"Let us conclude our worship by singing the doxol'gy," he said.

On Monday night there was another meeting of the board of deacons. After calling the meeting to order, John D. Rockefeller Moore asked: "Kin somebody please state the puhpose of this meetin'?"

Cicero Clement was the first to address the chair.

"Mistuh Chairman," he said, "Ah thinks the puhpose of the meeting am to reinstate Rev. Salmon Judson as pastor of our chu'ch. Theahfo', Mistuh Chairman, Ah moves that Mistuh Judson be reinstated."

"You has heard the motion, gemmuns," said Chairman Moore. "All in favuh of the motion, please raise their right hands."

Ten hands went up.

TO A CITY

By W. Clough Wallace

Trains, smoke, dust, houses strung for blocks and blocks;
Cabs, trucks, men, women, children, and steaming asphalts;
Movies, street cars, subways, stores, banks, and vaults;
Pits and brokers' dens, a babylon of stocks;
Parks, buildings, schools of bricks and of rocks;
Mighty factories with their great furor;
High society and wealth with all their glamor;
All of life with its educating knocks.

Dark alleys and dungeons of vice and crime;
Stages of tragedy and dances giddy;
Girls, instruments of crime, objects of pity;
Dank cellars filled with dirt, and filth, and slime;
Poor laborers, industry's slaves for all time.
The good, the bad, go to make a city.

SHADOWS

By C. L. Eaddy

The night is calm and still,
  The moon is old,
The stars the heavens fill
  With glittering points of gold;
And each enshrouded hill
  Shadows enfold.

Gentle breezes blow,
  Waves lap the sand;
And here the fireflies glow,
  Set by some erie wand;
And echoes murmur low
  O'er rippling lake and land.

Wee, tiny voices sing,
  The harmony sweet;
All revellers of night on wing,
  Or cushion-padded feet;
A welcome does night bring,
  The day I greet.

The woods are very still.
  The valleys old,
The rising sun shall fill
  With glory and gold;
And each dancing rill
  He shall behold.

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EDITORIALS

A "Tea-Hound's" Discourse on Womanhood

The thought has been thoroughly scattered that we present-day "balloon-trousered," greased-haired college boys are void of, or greatly lacking in, common sense. We have been compelled to face such serious accusations or bold inferences of such, so frequently that we are rapidly becoming calloused to what the world thinks. Since there are often more serious moments in our lives than the casual observer gives us credit for, and since there are less frequent visitations of serious thought accompanied by these aforementioned serious moments, we wish to take advantage of one that has been in our minds (yes, we are quite certain that we too have minds), and let you judge for yourself whether we are something more than we seem to be or not. The following is not the thought of the writer alone, but it is the thought that prevails over our campus as expressed among the boys themselves. It will doubtless be read with about as much credulity as we usually give to a fairy tale; but regardless of the presence of incredulity, prejudice or what-not, it comes sincerely, not from a college boy but from college boys in general.

Underneath all our apparent superficiality there still lives, almost unchanged, a sincere and high respect for womanhood in general and Southern womanhood in particular. Oh, yes we all go to the dances, parties and to everything where "Good Time" may possibly be a guest also; but the average girl whom we meet and who attracts us momentarily seems to have lost the charm of permanent attraction. Need I add parenthetically that we "Tea-hounds" are aware of the fact that we have always recognized the absence of any type of charm or attraction in ourselves. A typical group of the above mentioned type of college boys recently had one of those rare moments of seriousness, their conversation, as nearly as I can give it, was as follows:

A—Oh, well, I had a pretty good time last night; but those girls were about as silly as I have ever seen them.

B—You said it! That's the only way they think they can give a fellow a good time though. I'd hate to be bothered with any one of them for life. What you say, C?

C—I suppose that I go to as many dances and things as the next one; but there's a girl back home that I keep my eyes on, she's a real sho 'nough girl. She wouldn't any more do what those girls did last night than she would smoke this cigar. I've given her the same chances, and more of them, than I gave those girls last night, too. She's the kind of

girl a guy wants for keeps.

D—I'll bet you are talking about Mary, ain't you, C.

C—Yep, she's as good as gold, too.

D—Dern right! She's no angel, but I don't want to be bothered with angels down here anyway. Mary is just a regular girl; a one hundred per cent. girl. I don't feel like making a fool out of myself when I get around her.

Did you ever think what seemingly trivial things make up the attractions which constitute the charm of a girl; and that her charm is in direct proportion to the intensity of them! If a girl grows to be as large physically and as muscular as boys; if a girl walks in long man-like strides; if a girl becomes as careless in her ejaculations, as thoughtless in her conduct, and as foolish in her habits as is the average man, then has her charm flown, as far as man is concerned. In short, the most attractive traits of a girl to us are her lady-like qualities—I may safely say her unmasculine qualities. We know that we are rough, uncouth, and thoughtless, but we feel that a true woman possesses just those attractive virtues that we lack yet that we so ardently admire. The number of girls who have acquired masculine vices, thereby shedding their glorious womanly virtues, is appalling. Vassar girls voted four hundred and thirty-three strong for the approval of cigarette smoking among the girls. This is almost half of the student body of Vassar. Do you think that we read these figures calmly and thoughtlessly? There is not a "Tea-hound" in college (regardless of the degree of his "tea-houndism") who does not turn away in disgust and thank God all the more for the "one hundred per cent. girl" whom he has his "eye on back home."

Girls, we have a high untarnished opinion of you, but all indications point toward a rapid shortening of the high pedestal on which you now stand. Do not continue to lower your pedestal until you are on our level, you belong above us and we want you

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where you belong. What a prosaic world this would be with nothing but men in it, even if half of the men did wear dresses!

The avaricious manufacturer, who wraps up man's vices in convenient form for woman's consumption, has not yet succeeded in establishing a paying business in our Southland. For the sake of our country, for the sake of the "Tea-hounds," and for the sake of yourselves, guard jealously your lady-like characteristics. This plea is from your modern "Tea-hounds," please let that fact penetrate to the required depth for registration. Under this "Tea-hound" veneer there is something that is solid, it was placed there by our solid, lady-like mothers. We realize that the worth of our civilization is determined by the estimate that womanhood puts on herself; and that man's estimate of womanhood is also determined by her estimate of herself. We have never believed that woman is the "lesser man" in any respect except physically; but if she persists in exchanging her magnetic virtues for man's repulsive vices she will unquestionably and inevitably become the "lesser man."

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

The Wesleyan

We wish to compliment "The Wesleyan" on the artistic and attractive make-up of its January number. Its appearance is unusually pleasing to the eye, a quality which does credit to the designers of the magazine. The pen-sketches interspersed throughout the reading matter are a rather unique feature for a college magazine, but they lend a dis-

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tinctive charm to the pages of "The Wesleyan." If "The Wesleyan" has no copyright on this feature, we believe that other magazine would profit by adopting it also.

"The Wesleyan" is, we notice, conducting a series of prize contests for the best material submitted for publication. This is a decided improvement over the methods employed by the staffs of most college magazines for securing material and deserves commendation. It should result in a better type of material and more of it.

The most glaring fault of "The Wesleyan" is the absence of any good short stories. For the comfort of the Wesleyannes we might add that this has been our observation in regard to most of the college magazines today. "High Finance," the prize story in the short story contest, is very good, both as to plot and technique. We enjoyed reading it. However, we belive that a short story contest should bring out better stories than that. "Emptiness," a story which received honorable mention, deserves criticism for several faults. The transitions are rough and hard to follow, and the story lacks interest and even realism. The author actually asks the reader to believe that the heroine—if she may be termed such—could go through junior high school and not know the meaning of the word "step-mother." Such a situation as this story deals with, is, we believe, impossible. "The Enchanted Moon-beam," also awarded honorable mention, is a very charming little fairy tale, and well deserves the honor. "The Little Sister" is well written and has a very good plot, though we doubt its originality. We liked also the story "It Came On a Midnight Clear," though we believe the author would improve her style if she would not use as many adjectives as she does. The sketch "Uncle George Philosophizes" is very good except for the heart-rending opening paragraph, where we read, "The family sits around the fire, watching rather fretfully the old year's dying gasps." The sketch would have been materially improved by omitting

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this horrifying scene, as the subsequent let-down is rather jarring to the reader. However, we did find some entertaining and helpful philosophy in this sketch and regard it as a very good piece of work. The essay "What Is Man" is a very sane and conservative treatment of the age-old question of the origin of man. It is rather choppy in construction, but we withhold criticism on that account, as the author has appended a note to the effect that it was not prepared for publication.

All the poetry in this month's "Wesleyan" is good, and incidentally, it is all New Year poetry. We like the thought of "Long Live the King" best.

As to "The Wesleyan's" suggestion that we add an alumni department to our magazine, we should say that it is our belief that the appropriate place for such a department is in the weekly paper. That, of course, is a matter of individual preference. We should suggest that "The Wesleyan" discontinue its joke department, as we believe this to be out of harmony with the character of a college literary magazine. D. L. W.

We acknowledge the receipt of the following college magazines: "The Wesleyan,"

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WHERE THE STRONG SURVIVE

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 203)

in' the 'lectricity—hic—dat way?" he said.

"That's the moon," explained Wally, tugging at the unwieldly form of the drunken fellow, who had stopped to gaze unsteadily at the moon.

"Don't pull at me—hic—I ain't ridin' out t'night," he said standing as steadily as he could in his drunken state.

"Man, come on and let's look for Lucile," pleaded Wally anxiously.

"I say, ole hoss—hic—we's good friends, ain't we?" he asked, slapping Wally's back and missing it, and would have fallen to the ground had not Wally caught him.

"Yes, we're good friends," began the young man.

"Well, then—hic—switch off dat moon up dere. It's burnin' too much juice."

By this time the desperate Wally was getting frantic. Something had to be done, yet each moment he realized the hopelessness of his impossible protege. Still, what could he do alone, for by this time he was positive that Lucile had eloped. Was it Josh or Sheep? And he breathed a terrible oath between his teeth at the thought of Sheep. He hated him.

Over half an hour had elapsed since the

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disappearance of Lucile before the persistent Wally finally began to get his unruly subject to understand the import of what he had to say. But once the awakening giant felt the meaning of the young man's words dawning in his mind he was a raging, fierce beast ready for the warpath. He bellowed out curse after curse upon the one who had dared to leave with his daughter. As his cursing and threats increased in volume, number, and blood-curdling terribleness the crowd came as far as the door to see what had happened; and then, seeing the raging, frantic figure of Old Brown, with his huge forty-five swinging carelessly in his hand, only a few of the bolder ones remained to peep from around the windows and doors to see what followed.

"Is that scallawag uv a Josh been seen 'round hyair by anybody?" he roared.

Silence greeted this question.

"If anybody's seen him an' don't tell me I'll shoot his lights out as soon as I know it," he threatened. Then turning towards the frightened Wally he said, "Which way did they go?"

"I don't know," started Wally.

"Well, what do you know, then?" he roared at the shivering young man.

"I guess they went to the preacher's first," Wally volunteered.

With this as a cue the two men jumped into a buggy and disappeared into the night, cursing at and applying a whip to the sides of the racing horse.

In the meantime, Josh and Lucile had hurried away to the home of the Reverend Mr. Roland, the Baptist minister, only to find that

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he was there alone in his study. Not another person was on the place, Mrs. Roland having gone to the weekly meeting of the sewing circle of Half-Moon; and what good could a minister be to them without a witness? Josh was quite sure that Sheep would be there soon, and he would know where to go to find another person besides himself that would do. But how long would he be in coming? The Reverend Mr. Roland insisted that they be seated and await the arrival of the delayed Sheep. So, in spite of their nervousness, the elopers sat down to wait. Josh was moody and quiet, and despite the garrulousness of the minister, he scarcely ever spoke. Lucile sat beside him with a deep blush coloring her pretty face, and would move with a start at the slightest sound of noise on the outside.

The novel experience, together with the suspense of waiting and the dread of Old Brown coming up at any moment, was visibly beginning to show itself in the actions of the two young folks, when, at the end of some fifteen minutes, Sheep whistled on the outside and was admitted by the minister. Another person came in behind him. This other person turned out to be the smiling, short-breathed old Cap'n Spy, the beloved old Civil War veteran of Half-Moon, who had the day before been elected sheriff.

"Hope we didn't keep you waitin' long," grinned Sheep. "But I had a hunch that there wouldn't be anyone here to see it well done, so I stopped by for Cap'n Spy to come along too."

"Howdy, folks," greeted the old Cap'n sonorously. "Josh, boy, that was a good'un

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you pulled for me in the election. I owe you a lot of thanks, for if it hadn't been for that trick I don't think I would have been elected. But, why, goddel midey, boy, how did you manage to work it?" he asked as he extended his hand to the confused young man.

"Well, I just caught Phil napping and got the strings on him," he replied, taking the old man's hand.

"Well, I'm indebted to you, Josh." Then turning to Lucile who was standing with her pink face averted, while she occupied herself by tapping her foot lightly against the leg of a chair, he said, "So little girl, you got the big fellow at last, eh? And now I guess you are wanting to get over with it. Ain't that so?" he laughed, to which the girl nodded an abashed, yet smiling consent.

The almost inaudible "yes" of Lucile was scarcely said and the last words of the minister spoken, when from the outside came the rattling of a buggy being driven at a tremendous rate of speed, mingling with the staccato of a running horse's feet. Josh's face blanched, and he felt the trembling arm of Lucile tighten within his as the buggy came to a sudden stop before the door of the house, amid a volley of oaths and a bellowing "Woah-h! Woah-h, thar!"

"Run, Josh!" she cried, pushing him toward the back door.

"No, I ain't," he said, with his voice steadying, "I'll stay with you."

"Oh, please go," she pleaded, while her tear-filled, frightened eyes sought his with impassioned entreaty. "Josh, he'll kill you if you don't."

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What Josh was going to say next I do not know. Whatever it was was stopped by a heavy knock upon the door. And then, as the old Cap'n opened the door, the fierce voice of Old Brown came:

"Is Lucile huh?"

"Why, goddel, midey, Brown, what's wrong?" evaded the old Cap'n.

"Everything! But I said was Lucile and that scoundrel Josh Boyd in there?" savagely replied Old Brown, as he partly shoved the sputtering old Cap'n out of the way in order to get within the door, which the Cap'n had been holding half closed. "So—there you be!" he roared, as he saw the two, and at the same moment he threw his big forty-five point blank at the breast of Josh and fired.

A stifled scream sounded and Lucile fell into her husband's arms. For Josh had not fallen. The old Cap'n had jumped to the furious man's side and pulled his arm aside. The bullet had missed its intended victim.

"God—, but did I kill her?" groaned the crazy man as the smoke from the pistol cleared up so that he could see the crumpled form of his daughter, huddled at the feet of the standing Josh, who stood tensely awaiting the next shot that would be the messenger of death for him.

Then, changing quickly from emotion, the voice of Old Brown grew harsh and cold as he looked up at the boy and said evenly: "So you caused me to kill her, you devil; well, here's yours."

And the great pistol rose without trembling again towards the breast of the dazed boy.

"Wait, Brown, wait!" exclaimed the hor-

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rified old Cap'n, who had been paralyzed for the moment when he saw Lucile fall. "You've done enough already. Maybe she's not dead."

At the suggestion of his having perhaps killed his only girl, the hand of the fierce old fellow fell and he glanced at the pathetic little form where it had slid to the floor from Josh's arms. The old Cap'n stepped ahead and took the pistol from Old Brown's hand and then led the way to where Josh had stooped to pick the limp form of the girl in his arms to place her on the davenport.

"Is she dead?" asked the father, as he approached with an expression of fear and a dazed manner, resembling one in a half-sleeping state.

"I think she's only fainted," replied the Cap'n. "I don't think you hit her. I think the bullet passed over her."

A sigh of emotion and relief showed how much the fear of the father had been when the old Cap'n had finished his survey of the lifeless form, and raised his head to say:

"She's only fainted. Get some water quick, preacher."

"Come here, Brown," said the old Cap'n, leading towards the door after Lucile had began to breath regularly again, and Josh sat beside her holding her head tenderly, while he spoke soothingly into her ear words of reassurance.

"See here, this thing's over with now. It can't be helped. You see how bad it almost happened just now. They're married and fussing won't help things. And besides you ought not to be angry with the boy. He's a trump. You know how Phil Bradley's gang come back to my side the day of the election? Well, that boy in there was the cause of it. He caught Phil at one of his dirty tricks and threatened to turn him up if he didn't bring his gang over. It was pretty work on the boy's part, I tell you. And then he voted for me himself, so you ought not to be so angry with him, do you think?" said Cap'n Spy.

"Well, I'm the durn fool, Cap'n. I thought the boy wuz a regular cur with a yellow streak down his back, an' I didn't want him in my family," agreed Old Brown, surprised at the words of Cap'n Spy.

The shock given him when he thought he had killed Lucile, whom he loved as he loved no other living thing, had sobered the big fellow, and all the good in his being was rallying under the leadership of his best friend, the old Cap'n.

"Yes, I'm the goat. An' if the boy is of that kind'uh stuff I guess he's all right after all. Is Lucile all right?" he asked, turning towards the entrance to the house.

Cap'n Spy walked silently to the door and peeped in. He returned with his face beamin the pale moonlight.

"She's all right," he chuckled. "Why, goddel midey, Brown, the boy is holding her as tenderly as ever you or I did any one of our babies, and he is soothing her like a mother would a frightened child. Man, it was a sight worth seeing," the old warrior ended almost sympathetically. "Josh is a fine fellow."

"Tell 'em I said to come on home. I ain't got nothin' again'em now, an' tell Lucile I need her if they will stay with me now,"

mumbled the rough old fellow as he walked with his head down, toward the buggy where the frightened and downcast Wally had waited during all this time without moving.

"I guess I ought to have arrested him, but it's over now. And, then no harm was done, nohow. . . . Gosh, but that was a pretty sight to look at," chuckled the grey old sheriff of Half-Moon, as his eyes followed the retreating buggy, which soon disappeared into the dark.

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MARCH, 1925

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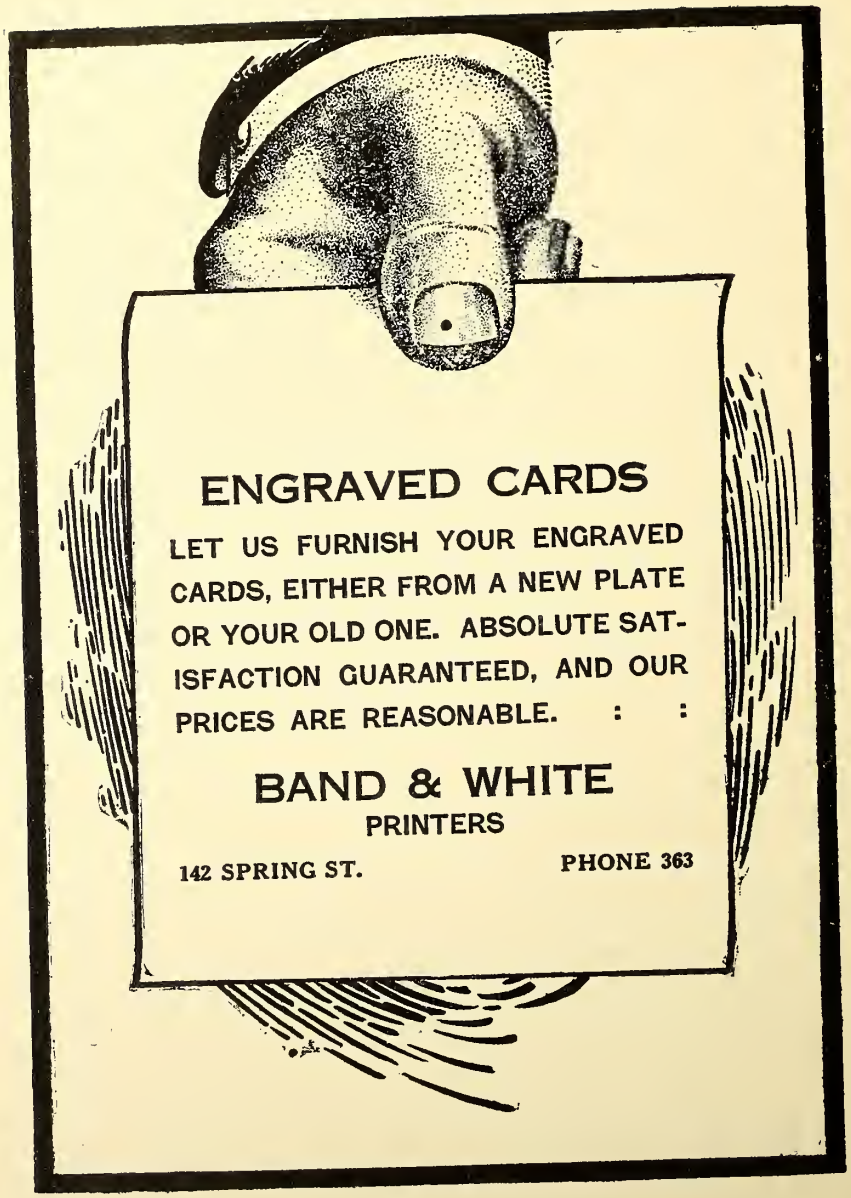
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March, 1925

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WILLIAM, THE CONQUEROR

By J. N. Holcombe

THE TERM "Conqueror," as it is popularly understood, usually implies wanton aggression and unjustified conquest. Atilla, Alexander, and Napoleon may be justly described as such; but it is not wholly correct to refer to William of Normandy as a conqueror, although history has constantly associated that term with his name.

The great historical event with which William's name is inseparably linked and which constitutes his claim to the high and important place which he holds in English history is, of course, the Norman Conquest. The conquest which was—in fact, the accession of William to the English throne, is one of those landmarks in English history to which all other historical events for centuries preceding or following are referred.

It did not rest wholly upon military force. The King of England had died without a male heir. Four candidates immediately came forward as claimants to the throne, one of which was William, Duke of Normandy, a cousin of the deceased king. William's claim was certainly entitled to some consideration, and he doubtless considered it paramount to all the others. When later he became King of England, he evidently considered himself ruler by right of inheritance, rather than conquest. Whether he did in fact possess the best claim to the throne is and must always be a matter of opinion and not of ascertainable fact. It is one of those questions which Time has robbed of its importance, without definitely settling the issue involved.

The all-important thing to the student of history is the fact that William succeeded in making good his claim. The rightfulness of it in those days probably was not of so great importance after all, except for the moral influence with which William's cause was thereby aided. Although England at the time of the conquest was theoretically an elective monarchy, with the Witenagemot, or council of the leading men of the empire, possessing the legal right to choose a king when the throne became vacant, the right to rule was determined in large measure by the relative strength of all those who claimed the crown.

William, the seventh Duke of Normandy, was a lineal descendant of the half-savage chieftan, Rollo, who was expelled from his native Norway. Rollo lived for a while on the gloomy islands off the northwestern coast of Scotland, and then sailed down to the northern coast of France to wrest from Charles, the simple, the rich and beautiful province later known as Normandy.

The mother of William was not the wife of Duke Robert, his father. She was a poor peasant girl, the daughter of a humble tanner of Falais. Robert, however, seems to have loved her with a strong and sincere devotion. The son she bore him was a great favorite with his father—and indeed with all the court. In early boyhood, tradition has it, William was very fond of playing at war. He possessed a certain temperament and vitality which easily marked him as the nat-

ural leader in any group of boys with whom he happened to be associated.

When William grew up, he did not come into peaceful possession even of the Norman crown. While he was still a mere boy, his father, Robert, the reigning Duke of Normandy, went on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. To provide against loss of the crown, in the event of his failure to return alive, Robert obtained a pledge from the subordinate nobles of his realm to support his son's claim in such an event. In the meantime, William was placed in the court of the French King, while the regency was exercised by Alan, Duke of the neighboring province of Brittany.

Duke Robert died on the pilgrimage. When reports of his death reached Normandy, several aspirants promptly came forward to assert their claims to the crown. The Earl of Arques, an uncle of William, was the most powerful. He contended that the young prince was not a lawful heir of Robert's possessions, since he was of illegitimate descent. Even the French king, who had been William's guardian during his father's absence in the Holy Land, finally joined forces with the Earl of Arques. For a while William's cause seemed dark. Eventually, however, by clever strategy on William's part, together with commendable loyalty and devotion on the part of most of the Norman barons who had given their pledge to support his claim to the throne, William securely established his right to reign in Normandy.

From the time of William's possession of the Norman throne to the time of his conquest of England, a period of over twenty years intervened. It was a period of intermittent peace and warfare. He was called upon to suppress uprisings of some of his rebellious subjects; he also, upon one occasion, even lent aid to the King of France in an hour of need. During this period, William organized the internal affairs of Normandy, and despite the circumstances of his lowly birth, established himself firmly in the hearts of his subjects. But history seldom affords us the example of a highly successful military leader who is willing to retire gracefully from the field and content himself with his achievements. William now began to look about for some grander object to pursue.

Yet the Norman Conquest was not wholly the fruitage of William's ambition. It is not to be supposed that he would have invaded so powerful a country as England without some cause—a cause, moreover, that would enlist the support of his Norman nobles.

Edward, the ruling Kng of England, who was William's second cousin, was growing old without an heir. He was perplexed in respect to the succession; he feared that Harold, son of the hated Earl Godwin, was aspiring to the throne. Edward's own nephew, who was the lawful heir to the crown, had died. This prince had a son named Edgar; but King Edward knew that Edgar could never command a following strong enough to cope successfully with the powerful Harold. Therefore, in his dilemma, he turned to William of Normandy as the only prospective successor who could save the realm from the usurper.

Moreover, while Harold was in Normandy

about two years before the conquest, he had given William his oath, invested with the most solemn sanctions, that he would do the utmost in his power to assist William's accession to the throne of England. This oath was given, however, while Harold was virtually a prisoner of William; and when he later openly violated it, he justified his course on the ground that the promise had been given under duress and was, therefore, null. At any rate, Harold's violation of his oath had its effect upon William's Norman supporters and gave William's cause at least a semblance of justification.

When King Edward died, Harold had made his plans well. In utter disregard of his oath to William, he summoned the Witenagemot and accepted the crown it offered him. The action of the body was, perhaps, somewhat irregular; at any rate, Harold was destined soon to know that he did not have the undivided support of the English aristocracy.

When William learned of Harold's behavior he was furious. He sent what might be termed an ultimatum to Harold, but failed to receive a satisfactory reply. Immediately he began making preparation for the invasion of England—deliberately, resolutely and thoroughly. He sent Laufranc, his faithful minister, to seek the Pope's approval of his plans. The Pope supported William's claim to the throne of England, warmly approved of his plans, and blessed the venture. After appointing his wife, Matilda, as Duchess Regent of Normandy, William sailed out with his Norman host toward England in September, 1066.

England was attacked on two sides at practically the same time. At the instigation of Harold's own estranged brother, and in conjunction with his small fleet, Harold, King of Norway, landed a force on the coast of Yorkshire. The English king, who had marshalled his forces on the southern coast in anticipation of a Norman attack, now hurried northward, where he crushed the invading Norsemen. While Harold was in Yorkshire on this expedition, William landed his forces on the southern coast of England unopposed. He advanced northward as far as Hastings, where he met Harold's army. In the battle which ensued—one of the most famous battles of history—the English were decisively defeated; and when night fell Harold, with the flower of the English army, lay dead on the field.

The battle of Hastings effectually settled the controversy with respect to the succession of the English crown. Although local and sporadic rebellions contiued for some years, the English never made common cause against William; consequently, he was able to keep the crown. He advanced upon London, was duly crowned, and lived to become one of the most powerful potentates in the world.

The immediate results of the Norman Conquest were the destruction of the English aristocracy and the introduction of Feudalism into England. A very great number of the English nobility had died at Hastings. Their estates, and indeed the estates of all who had opposed the conquest, were confiscated by William and given to his Norman followers—partly as punishment for the "disloyalty" of his English subjects, but mostly as

rewards for the faithfulness of his Norman friends. In this way, most of the land passed from the hands of the native English aristocracy and were doled out to Norman landlords.

Feudal relationships had begun in England during the dangerous and unsettled times prior to the Norman Conquest. Feudalism, however, in the sense of a highly centralized institution, was brought to England by William. He reduced the existing relations to a system.

The most significant changes produced by the Norman Conquest were probably, however, those of a political nature. Some have become permanent features of the English Constitution and English life. Local governments passed largely into the hands of the new Norman nobility. The lord of each manor—who was usually a Norman supporter of William—kept his manorial court, in which English law was presumably applied. But as the Normans were largely ignorant of English law, a great deal of Norman custom was introduced into the judicial arrangements of the country, and ultimately received the force of law.

More important still were the new developments in the central system of government. William continued the custom of summoning a council of the great bishops, abbots, earls, and great landowners. This council resembled the old Witenagemot, with, however, this important distinction: to the Witenagemot these men were summoned because they were the most influential and important men of the kingdom, while those who came to the new council were summoned because they were tenants-in-chief of the King under the new feudal system. Out of this council grew the present House of Lords.

William soon found it expedient to keep at court a group of his most trusted subjects as a permanent council. The duties of this Curia Regis (as it was called) were to advise the king and to assist with the adminstration of the affairs of the kingdom. In this council, the central law courts, the Privy Council, and the cabinet had their origins.

During William's reign there began a quarrel with the Pope, which continued for almost five hundred years, and ended only when England had become a Protestant nation. It was concerned with various aspects of the conflict between royal and papal authority. Pope Alexander, who blessed William's venture, had died, and the strong-willed Gregory VII (or Hildebrand) had mounted the papal throne. Gregory made three definite demands of William, the most important two of which—that William surrender the right to appoint English church officials, and that he do homage to the Pope for the English kingdom—he refused to grant. Though usually firm in his stand against the aggressive policies of the Church, he did permit two changes in the constitution of the English Church, which, though unimportant at the time, in the days of his successors attained great importance and worked injury to the King's cause; he revived the old national assembly of the higher clergy, thus enabling the Church to act as a unit in opposition to the royal authority; and he established separate church courts, where cases involving officials and property of the church should

be heard and decided in accordance with canon law.

William was not a model ruler, yet he seems to have been governed by a sincere desire to give England a just and efficient government. He was ruthless in his methods, it is true; but his stern measures crushed out all provincial aspirations, and England became for all time English.

William's declining years were not happy ones. "Ambitious men," says Abbott, "who devote their time and attention through all the early years of their life to their personal and political aggrandisement, have little time to appropriate to the government and education of their children; and their later years are often embittered by the dissipation and vice, or by the unreasonable exactions of their sons." This was conspicuously true in William's case. His undutiful first-born, Robert, led a rebellion against his father. William's other two sons, William Rufus and Henry, were at the Conqueror's bedside when he died under pathetic circumstances at Rouen in 1087. They were not there, however, through any sense of filial devotion, but because they wished to hear his last words in respect to the disposal of his great possessions.

The Norman Conquest, with which William's name is inseparably linked, occupies a somewhat equivocal place in English history. That the results flowing from it were of tremendous significance no one denies. The work of fusing the two nationalities required about a century. The modern Englishman hardly knows whether to regard the conquest as a glorious victory for his Norman ancestors or a humiliating subjugation of their Anglo-Saxon ancestors.

William is generally thought of as a wanton, ruthless conqueror. However that may be, as a commanding figure in history, he is profoundly significant.

THE HAUNTING MYSTERY

By C. L. Eaddy

THERE WAS a mystery about it all, a mystery that has perplexed and puzzled ever since that fateful afternoon—fateful afternoon? Yes. Because it marked the advent of this peculiar episode into my life which has called for so much thought and mystification. Something behind those eyes calls into my dreams and awakes me; and I lay there in the vast silence of night thinking, often with a desire to leave at once, to go back to that place and learn all that I have since wished so much to know.

It was late in the afternoon when I reached a small village and decided to spend the night there. The day was Friday, and the saying of "unlucky Friday" has ever since been somewhat of a worry to me, not that I am superstitious, but only that it inevitably couples itself with what happened during that night and the following day.

Being desirous of finding a place to lodge during the fast approaching night, and not knowing where to go, I inquired from a friendly old storekeeper if there was not a boarding place nearby. He replied that there was not, but told me that he thought perhaps I should find lodging in a home not far distant from his place of business. He gave me directions to find the house. I thanked him and left. I shall always believe that I saw him smile as I turned away, a queer, wise smile. I even turned to see if it were so, but if he had smiled, his face, which was now passive, allayed whatever suspicion there had been; I thought of it later though.

Coming into view of the house, I saw that it was one of those spacious old houses which is now becoming so rare. It was a large, two-story manse of the old colonial type. I could not repress an exclamation of delight as I gazed upon its huge, white columns, broad portico, and neatly trimmed hedges, hiding there among a grove of gigantic oaks. This was the nearest to my ideal of a colonial home that I had seen in all my traveling. How wonderful it must be to live in a place like this! I walked up the steps haltingly and approached the door. A feeling of awe somehow began to creep over me in spite of my attempts to push it back. What did it all mean? There was not a sound to be heard within the entire building. Everything seemed so solemn and still. Reaching the door at last, I was in the act of grasping the massive brass knocker that I found and giving notice that I was there, when I saw a small piece of carved board upon the door-facing with some writing in Old English. This is what I read:

"Hail, guest—we ask not what you are!
Though journeying from a foreign land,
If friend, we greet you heart and hand;
If stranger, such no longer be;
If foe, our love shall conquer thee."

"A warm welcome," I murmured as I knocked.

The echo of the knock seemed to reverbrate back and forth without diminishing within that dark, wide hall just inside. I waited, but no other sound greeted my

knock. I knocked again and still no answer came, but the echo and reverberation within the gloomy interior. Thinking no one was at home, I was in the act of turning away and looking further for a place to lodge during the fast approaching night, when from somewhere within I heard a step echoing, first faintly, then louder. Some one must be at home after all, I thought, so I waited. Presently the door opened and a merry "howdy" greeted me from within. I shall never forget the feeling that went over me for the first few moments that I stood facing that girl. Did I say girl? Well, she was, but such an old little girl! Everything about her seemed in keeping with this ancient home that had been preserved from the romantic past. She was beautiful, extremely beautiful, yet there was something else. She was small, with dark hair, her face was full of expression, and her eyes were veritable pools of mystery and brownness. Yet behind it all there was that other thing, that undefinable something that struck me the first time I glimpsed the face. What was it?

Did I say she greeted me merrily? Well, she did, and yet I realized at the same moment that there was something else in the voice other than cheerfulness. Hidden behind the cheery note I seemed to detect a note of immeasurable sadness and softness. The voice was almost liquid in its tones, but hidden there beneath the softness I seemed to hear something pleading; and yet it was not pleading. What was it?

I never shall know how long I stood there without speaking. Perhaps it was only a moment, perhaps it was longer. But I finally realized that I must say something. Could I ask this beautiful creature, that seemed herself to have been brought out of the past as a part of this old mansion, for a night's lodging? My nerve never came so near deserting me before or since that I can recollect. Finally, however, I managed to make it known to her that I wished to spend the night if they had any accommodations for a stranger. And even while speaking I somehow wished that she would say no and let me go away, for I was awed; but in this I was disappointed. She smilingly assured me that they would be very, very glad to have me. That same day she had mentioned to her mother that she wished some one would come along for a night who could talk and liven things up a bit. I assured this smiling, gracious, mysterious girl that I appreciated the invitation, although she was likely to be disappointed in me, since I was not such a great talker. That made no difference, just so there was some one to talk to, it would be all right. And so I was led into this house that is to forever hold so much mystery for me.

After a few moments of pleasant conversation I was left alone by Miss Lorlett (this she told me was her name) to entertain myself within that spacious old sitting room. This was in keeping with the outside of the house, as well as everything else I had seen. The furniture was of an ancient type of carved wood imported from England during colonial times, and the few pictures and paintings upon the wall were just as antique and beautiful. Everything was arranged with exquisite taste. I was scarcely through

my investigation when I heard light, tripping sounds approaching again. Wonder how many were in the family, and what they were all like was the question that found its way to my mind then.

"Come around to supper, Mr. ———. It is served now, if you are ready. But first I will show you your room," said Miss Lorlett as she entered the door.

After making my toilet I came out to find her waiting to direct me to the dining room. I was to meet the others there. When I entered this spacious room with its large dining table covered with delicious things to eat, the only person that I saw was a gracious, gray little lady of perhaps fifty-five years of age.

"This is my mother, Mr. ———. Mother, this is Mr. ———, who is going to do us the favor of spending the night here."

"I'm so glad to know you, Mr. ———, and we are so glad to have you stop over for the night with us. You know travelers come this way so seldom these days, since the automobile has come into use, until we are so pleased when some one happens to stop over for a night whom we can talk to. Just be seated, you all. Mr. ———, you sit there, and Lucile you sit there beside him, in John's place."

"John had to go off this afternoon and will be in a little later," explained the girl.

There followed a pleasant supper, with jovial conversation mingled with eating. An aged negress of the old "mammy type" was there waiting upon the orders of the ladies; and she too seemed to be but a relic of the long-gone past as much as the others. When the meal was over the three of us went around upon the front porch to enjoy the cool breeze that swept away the warmness of the August day and prepared the waiting world for the cooler period of night. We talked for about half an hour, the three of us. They were interested in my trip and asked numerous questions as to my intentions. To these I replied with the object of pleasing them.

Some few minutes of this pleasant talk had passed between the old lady and me, for the younger lady seemed to be listening with a dreamy interest, but scarcely ever said a word. Somehow I wished that she would talk again. I wanted to hear that voice once more with its liquid notes, expressing at the same time something that was sad, something that was tired, something that hinted of weariness and gaiety at once, something that spoke of a world of hidden mystery and yearning, and then there was that fire which seemed to smolder and burn so fiercely just behind the brownness of her eyes. And yet, was it a fire? Could eyes as soft as those conceal anything that bordered upon fire? It seemed impossible, still I could not escape the idea that I had seen it. What was it about this woman of scarcely twenty-three, I guessed this to be her age, that caused me to think like this? I was beginning to wish that I had not stopped. Why didn't John come on home? And who was John? Was he this old lady's son, or was he her husband, the master of the home? Neither of them had mentioned anything more about him.

These were the questions that were beginning to puzzle me when the old lady arose

and excused herself, saying that the night air was becoming too cool for her. "You young folks can enjoy yourself longer if you wish, though. I'm sorry John is not here, Mr. ———, to talk to you, but he will be here tomorrow morning. And I shall leave Lucile to talk with you until you are ready to retire. Lucile, you can come on to our room as soon as Mr. ——— is ready to go to bed. And I wouldn't keep him up too late. You know he has been traveling all day and is perhaps tired," she said.

"Oh, I'll take care of him, mother," laughed the girl.

We bade her good night and she disappeared. I was to talk with this mysterious girl alone. Wonder if she would tell me anything of her past that may let me know a little about her? I hoped I could get her to talk about herself instead of about me. The conversation that followed was one that has burned itself into my memory in lasting letters. Time cannot efface them; only death has that power. The trend of the talk finally turned from me and she began to ask questions about other things, and would follow her questions by long discussions concerning what she had asked. What was she leading up to? There was certainly some motive behind those questions. "What was my idea of heaven? What was my idea of Christianity? What was my idea about hell? What was my idea of sinning? Would God give you anything that he did not mean to be for your use and your benefit? Could sin come from anything that came through God? Was there any sin in being just human after all?" Then came the one that was the final for a while: "Why do we shun that which is **common** and **human** as being vulgar?"

Why was she talking in this trend? Was it that she had committed some terrible sin in her past life that weighed her down with remorse? Perhaps this was her trouble after all. At least it was plausible. Then we began to talk of other things until at last the conversation led back to the last question. Now I knew the fire was there, as I had thought at first. Her voice was low, seductive, sweet, trembling, as she placed her hand lightly upon my arm and pleaded that life comes to one but once; why not live while it lasted? "You are a man," she pleaded, "and yet you hesitate. Why do you not be a man and claim what is yours?"

My dream was shattered. After all, it was not what I had thought that she concealed behind those eyes. Was this the mission of a voice that was rivaled by none I had ever heard before, both in sweetness and in softness touched with sadness? Somehow, even though I had a feeling of contempt and sickness to pass over me, I could not believe it. Thanks to the mother who called at this moment:

"Lucile, you had better come in. Don't you think you have kept Mr. ——— talking long enough?"

And so I was allowed to go to my room, not only not satisfied, but with more mystery to think about. What did it all mean? Was all this the cause of that odd smile that the old fellow at the store last evening gave me as he directed me to this house for a night's lodging? Queer. . . . Yes, extremely queer. Why . . . Why was . . .

oh, why—? Hours had passed since I had gone to my room, and I was tired.

I awoke the next morning to hear a knock on my door. Outside a man spoke and I asked him to come in. I wanted to find out a few things if there was any chance. This proved to be John. He was a man perhaps thirty years old, with a kind, open face and with a few worry-wrinkles between clear, blue eyes. But the striking thing, the thing that held me from the first, was the deep note of sadness that always sounded in his voice when he spoke. Was there a spell upon this place that allowed it to give off only mystery and sadness? All the time during which I was dressing he and I talked. He was entertaining despite all the melancholy sadness in his tones. I enjoyed hearing him converse. He was glad that I had stopped, and hoped that I would consent to stay over a day in order to go out to his farm with him. He had some pretty tobacco, and would like to get my opinion of it, since I was from Carolina's greatest tobacco section. At breakfast he and I were the only ones present. Lucile was sick, he explained. And the note of sadness deepened.

"Mr. ———, did you notice anything queer in her actions last night?" he asked. "Or, did it attract your attention?"

I haltingly replied that I had noticed a little something of queerness, or perhaps I was wrong.

"No, you were right," he said gloomily.

And I was silent, for I knew not what to say after what had happened the night before.

"I guess you thought strange of me for asking a question of that kind, did you not?" he asked later. "But if you only knew, you could understand."

And then he told me the story. Such a strange, sad story it was of the greatest loves and the greatest disappointments. I shall always remember his care-worn face, with the lines of kindness and patient suffering brought into relief by the emotions stirred up in repeating the story to me. I shall always hear his deep, masculine voice, full of pathos and tenderness, richly mellow with it all, as he sat there seeming all but unaware of my presence and spoke of the girl called Lucile.

This is the story: Only three years had passed since a young man led her, a lovely girl, to the altar. Never had there been a happier pair of lovers. Never had God created two persons to live together in such perfect harmony and contentment. Each day she would meet him far down the shaded lane that led up to the old house, and they would walk arm in arm to the great steps that led up to the door. Nothing that she could conceive of that would give him happiness was overlooked. But, alas! Often it is the case that the greatest sorrow comes from the most heartfelt joy, at least it is felt the more. So, only two years of supreme bliss had passed, with nothing to mar the tranquility of their lives, when the wife was taken with a racking fever. A long watch over her bedside followed, long nights of terrible anxiety and heartache when her mind would ramble and she would call for him in a most pathetic way. Finally the fever was over, but the mind had been devastated by

the fever's heat. She was left insane! Since that time she had been in an asylum, until only a few months ago the doctors had pronounced her well enough to be taken back to her old home to be nursed by more loving hands. How unspeakably great had been the joy for them both. Back in her loved haunts, back into his arms she had seemed to grow strong again very rapidly, remembering so much of the past that had slipped from memory during the long sickness. Lord! how fine life had been for these few months. But last night when he reached home he found her sick again. The doctor had been there during the night and found that again the delicate mind was gone. She would have to leave home again.

The gloom that I had sensed deepened about me, and I felt that I must go away from this shadowy old home soon or I too would be caught by its spell. During it all there was a profound longing to do something to help a man who suffered so deeply.

It was when I was saying farewell to him—I had not seen the old lady again—that he caught my hand and said:

"Mr. ———, you are a young man, and I hope that the truest happiness may be yours, but as you go, won't you sometimes stop to offer a prayer for her—Lucile, my wife—the dearest wife that man ever had?"

———o———

A BLOSSOM

By Bertrand P. Ramsay

Have you ever seen a pretty flower?
  Tell me; oh, tell me!
Have you ever seen a flower bluer?
  Tell me—pray—tell me!

In every land, as I well know,
Pretty flowers bloom and grow:
In winds, in rains, in sun, and snow;
Where the damp sea breezes blow;
And where the fresh spring-waters flow;
Where the farmers reap and sow;
In nooks where people never go—
Where they wander to and fro—
In all the world, as I well know,
Pretty flowers bloom and grow.

Ah—but . . .
Have you ever seen a flower bluer,
  'Neath skies blue and clear?
Look you for a bluer petaled flower
  Than this growing here?

JOSEPH CONRAD

By E. H. Gregg

LIKE THE EPITAPH to Lord Jim, Conrad "passed away under a cloud, inscrutable at heart." The creator of Lord Jim and Mr. Kurtz, of Falk and Nostromo, is as baffling to Western analysis as those strange characters of his novels. We should do well to realize, in our study of Conrad, the fact that there is an obvious paradox between thought and language. Although he chose English as a medium of expression, his ideas are Polish, and his vision of life is essentially Eastern. Throughout the pages of his works rings that harsh, sinister, and pessimistic Polish note; and the world is reflected, as it were, through a glass tinted and covered by an exotic philosophy. Probably Conrad's conception of life is contained in the words of the strange Mr. Kurtz, as he lay upon his deathbed: "Droll thing life is—that mysterious arrangement of merciless logic for a futile purpose. The most you can hope from it is some knowledge of yourself—that comes too late—a crop of unextinguishable regrets." How cold and hopeless is such an avowal! Yet we must understand clearly that Conrad was dominated by such moods if we are to understand the man and appreciate the true greatness of his creative genius. We Anglo-Saxons have a way of always looking on the brighter side of things, for our modern stories that receive highest popularity are those bubbling with wit and humor or conducive to hope and happiness. Perhaps that is the reason that we fail to appreciate Conrad. We don't dare face the realities of life! Existence is too full of pathetic despair. And so we are somewhat prejudiced against those of pessimistic philosophy. Again Conrad brings us face to face with reality in one lightning stroke. The hour of death is probably the sanest and most unbiased for reflection over a lifetime. We see the good and the bad in their true light. Conrad recognizes the fact: ". . . perhaps all the wisdom, and all the truth, and all sincerity are just compressed into that inappreciable moment of time in which we step over the threshold of the invisible." "Ugh!" we say, "That's too creepy and cold. It has the chill and dampness of the grave."

Conrad's purpose was not to console, to cheer, to encourage, but it was "by the power of written word to make you hear, to make you feel—it is before everything to make you **see.** That, and no more, and it is everything." As a portrayer of the sea, Conrad is unsurpassed. To him it is barbaric, brooding, capricious, dominating over all on its bosom. "It is," says Mr. Wells, "the most fitting symbol that Conrad could have employed for expressing his strange, mysterious, exotic vision of life." The artist uses the vast gulfs of sky and water as a background against which to picture man and man's reaction to the elements in his appalling loneliness. Here, Conrad is indisputably the master. He searches into the moods and motives of men under the stress of unusual situations, and his psychological revelations

are startling. His characters are not hollow beings; they are alive and they vibrate with reality. We thrill as we hear the faint heartbeats of the mysterious Mr. Kurtz, whose last breath is a bitter arraignment of life and its merciless logic. The capricious mood of the sea he employs to establish the very atmosphere through which the human soul, as he sees it, may be best surveyed. His keen, analytic mind probes deep, and his pen reveals, in incomparable style, the observations he has made. "With the sweep of dark waters beating out the rhythm to his prose, he felt that he could best show how cause and effect are intricately commingled, so intricately and inextricably commingled that who shall separate motive from consequence, or consequence from motive?" Thus one who knew Conrad well puts the reason for the author's stress on the reaches of sea and sky, against whose profound immensity man and man's reaction to that immensity are so vividly portrayed.

Conrad's tales have the stamp of experienced reality. He was especially fond of the indirect narrative, "the Marlow manner," for he often introduces to us the character Marlow, and puts into his mouth the tale that is to be told. Throughout the long winter twilight and well into the night, as Marlow sits with his comrades and recounts to them his strange adventures among outcasts and mysterious haunts, on the sea or in the cruel tropical jungle, we feel that Conrad is that Marlow, that man so ripe in the experiences of the wanderlust.

Conrad's style is remarkably vivid, both in dynamic action, externally and internally, and in pictorial description. The scenes of his stories would have been highly pleasing to Poe, for they create an atmosphere admirably effective for the tale. Consider with us for a moment Conrad's description of the chanting of jungle savages as the sound strikes English ears in the early dawn: "A steady, droning sound of men chanting each to himself some weird incantation, came out from the black, flat wall of the woods as the humming of bees comes out of a hive, and had a strange narcotic effect upon my half-awake senses." Here the artist sets into bold relief the luring spirit of the jungle with its haunting, fascinating power to charm and destroy. We are caught up into the very mood of the tale and we quiver with expectancy as the savage heart of the jungle draws us into its mysterious bosom. Or let us take the scene of Mr. Kurtz' departure from the natives. The man is emaciated and ghastly, the victim of the terrible tropical fever. He faces the savages whom he has dominated by sheer personality and power of mind and bids them farewell. He stands unsteadily, supporting himself against a stretcher held by two Englishmen: "It was as though an animated image carved of old ivory had been shaking its hands with menaces at a motionless crowd of men made of dark and glittering bronze."

Conrad's tales are a modern Odyssey, told by a modern Odysseus. They pulsate with the reality of experience and in them we read the struggling years of the Polish sailor amid the hardships and dangers of the nautical life. Perhaps the greatest of his stories is "Youth"—certainly the greatest in theme.

He, well into his forties, the author interprets and depicts the spirit and vigor of youth in bold strokes, regretful only that for him youth is dead. He revels in the matching of fresh young brawn and wit against the hazards and toil on the fickle seas. The note of pessimism rings clear in "Youth," and the story is shadowed by a consciousness that life must end—that it ends even before death in the death of youth. Thus he laments and eulogizes youth: "And this is all that is left of it! Only a moment— a moment of strength, of romance, of glamour—of youth! . . . A flick of sunshine upon a strange shore, the time to remember, the time to sigh, and—good-bye! Night—good-bye!" Such a passage strikes the world squarely in the face and throws it into retrospect. Indeed, that passage is pure poetry, as much of Conrad's writings is, for it affects us indescribably. It strikes responding notes within us so that the youth exults in his youth and the old man moans his loss. It reveals a soul that knows and feels and weighs the years of human experience. In "Youth" Conrad sets forth clearly the general theme of all his works: the honor and grandeur of heroic struggle against circumstance, a theme of pure greatness and deserving of lofty treatment. Everyone realizes that youth is the period of vigorous, heroic struggle, both mentally and physically, and Conrad's creation is but the splendid embodiment of one of humanity's eternal truths.

The English tongue is not Conrad's native medium of expression; he was well advanced in years before he knew a word of English. But one morning, as he watched the dawn brightening into daylight over the blue Mediterranean, he heard the drawl, the soft, rhythmic drawl of the English speech. He had heard it before during his years on board French cruisers, but on this particular morning it affected him tremendously, so much so that he swore he would master the tongue. Before long he was in the employ of the British mercantile service, as a master mariner under the red ensign of England. Then his career as a wanderer and adventurer began, a career destined to take him among strange people, stranger indviduals, and out-of-the-way places. This life on the sea, which lasted nigh to his forties, was very fruitful in experience, for the sailor-philosopher's mind was eager and restless to search into the hidden souls of men and to explore the far East, that East "perfumed like a flower, silent like death, dark like a grave." It is truly remarkable with what felicity he uses the English tongue, showing a complete mastery over its complexities. Of course, in his earlier works, during the tentative period of his literary career, there are constructions which no careful English grammarian would permit, such as "he made me quite a scene about it," and "I saw again somebody in the porch." But genius urged and Conrad responded. Toward the end of his life, in his later works, his sentences seemed to be a spontaneous, impulsive outpouring. An intimate friend of Conrad compared him to the great French Flaubert. In speaking of this admirer's comparison, Conrad wrote: "Yet there is one point in which I resemble that great man; it is in the desperate, heart-

breaking toil and effort of writing: the days of wrestling as with a dumb devil for every line of my creation."

On the night of August 2nd, 1924, Conrad died. He had been ill for some weeks; but on the afternoon of his death he took a short ride and worked for several hours on an essay that was to form part of another volume. He talked cheerfully of his future work and was in high spirits; but the night brought a sudden relapse which resulted in death.

"A man of the world," James Huneker, an intimate friend of Conrad, calls him, "Neither sailor nor novelist, just a simple-mannered gentleman, whose welcome was sincere, whose glance was veiled, at times far away, whose ways were French, Polish, anything but 'literary,' bluff, or English. He is not so tall as he seems. He is restless. He paces an imaginary quarter-deck, occasionally peers through the windows as if searching the horizon for news of the weather."

THE SPHINX

By J. E. White

Brood on, thou sphinx, and to thine own self keep
Thy thoughts. Through ages hast thou stood and seen
The works of man rise up in seeming power
And for a time endure, then pass away;
E'en as a bubble blown by childhood's hand
Doth for a time to great proportions grow,
And then do burst and naught remains. But thou,
O sphinx, has stood unchanged through all the years,
And still shall stand when man and all his works
Have passed away and naught of him remains.

No man can read the thoughts that lurk behind
That massive brow of thine. O couldst thou speak
And tell the things that thou hast learned, since first
Thou gazed across the desert's golden sand,
Perhaps man's soul would then forget the things
Of earth and upward reach with higher aims.
O too much are our souls confined to earth,
We need to rise above the sordid world,
To loose our earthly bonds and skyward climb
To higher goals with nobler aims endowed.

AN ARISTOCRACY OF ALTRUISTS

By T. M. Nelson

IT IS HARD to understand today how anyone could ever have believed literally in the American slogan that "All men are born free and equal." Nothing is falser in fact or more misleading in principle. Men are born neither free nor equal. Far from being free, they are really slaves to environment, to inherited weaknesses, even to the accident of the moment. Nor are they in any way equal: they differ woefully in physical characteristics, in mental endowment, in moral stability, in temper, in sensibility—in short, in all those qualities which make the sum total of a man's equipment to face his world. Everywhere, in all ages, it is the same. The herculean Milo finds always his opposite in some puny Aesop; a profound Plato must ever account himself of the same species with the stupidest Dogberry; the saint-like Savonarolo is somewhere confronted and confounded by a lying immoral Falstaff. And so the contrasts in human types, the gradations in human differences, go on to endless length. That is not to say that the theory lying behind our proverb is false: in the eyes of the law, doubtless all men should be judged as free and equal, but this is another question altogether.

Not only are men not free or equal now; they have never been free or equal. From remotest times the human race has divided itself into classes—into groups marking the degrees of difference in physical fitness, in skill, in intellectual or moral stamina, or in nobleness of ancestry. History knows no more persistent terms than "king and subject," "master and man," "the wise and the foolish," "the cultured and the vulgar." True, among certain peoples in certain periods, Christianity has changed all this; but sad to say, Christianity has never been accepted by the great mass of humanity. For the superior folk to triumph over the inferior, the strong to domineer over the weak, the thinker to dupe the fool, is as natural as life itself; it is indeed a part of life itself, and belongs as much to the ages as does man's perennial striving for happiness, or his never-ending effort to solve the riddle of the stars. There has always been some kind of aristocracy; there will always be as long as our world stands and human nature remains as it is.

Thomas Carlyle contended, in his well-known lectures on "Heroes and Hero-Worship," that the heroes of the earth have directed the course of human affairs. "Universal history," says he, "the history of what man has accomplished in this world, is at bottom the history of the great men who have worked here." But not only are there superior individual men; there are as well superior classes of men, and the record of these classes is also profoundly significant. To study the shifting forms of aristocracy, to note the particular shape in which it manifests itself, its success or its failure, its origin, its progress or its decline—to study all this is to learn of the changing epochs of the earth and of human life.

There was a time, science tells us, thousands of years ago, when man was little more than a superior animal—when, roaming the unbroken forests with the wild beasts, his enemies, he battled against the elements and wrested from nature an uncertain existence. Those were terrible days in that far-off era, which was in no wise the golden age pictured by modern dreamers. Want, discomfort, cruelty, selfishness everywhere pursued the race, and he who wielded the largest club was master. Biceps counted for more than personality, animal shrewdness for more than sacrifice or love. Not until man emerged into a more humane and secure world did he show forth the spiritual in him. But eventually he did emerge and so passed from our world stage the aristocracy of unmitigated brute force.

Ages rolled by and the human race became civilized. Civilization brought with it aristocracies in many forms. Some of them flourished, but for a day; others continued long and had a varied career; some few disappeared only to return again at intervals. No aristocracy, however, is so predominant in the minds of men as that which for some hundred years dominated the life of ancient Greece. Here, notably in the city republic of Athens, in the fourth and fifth centuries before Christ, was nourished a group of men whose thoughts and whose works of art have become invaluable parts of our world heritage. There is small wonder that the imagination of the world is fired at the mere recollection of the Athens of Pericles! There is small wonder that we regret its passing as we regret few other catastrophes in human history! It was a time of great versatility, when man neglected no activity of the human soul, but gave free reign to them all: to thought, fancy, emotion, love of beauty, love of life! The human spirit, unhampered by a too great desire for action or by a narrowness of vision, was for once released from her fetters and told to soar at pleasure. Poet, philosopher, orator, painter, singer—all flourished, and all flocked to the wonder-city—Athens—where all were welcome. To the newcomer only this was said: "Prove, O stranger, your kinship with the true race of the cultured, and here may you abide!" Phidias, Sophocles, Herodotus, Thucydides assembled under the banner of Pericles, and in the next age came Plato and Aristotle. But, alas! for the great Athenians and their successors! In the pursuit of knowledge and beauty they forgot the sterner demands of right living and the inevitable result followed. They became morally decadent; the masses who supported them grew restless; enemies from without attacked the state, and in a few troubled decades the Grecian civilization came toppling to the earth. For a time its splendor was reflected in the imitative civilization of Rome, especially during the Augustan age; but there, too, the same performance was repeated. Decay followed an unrestrained worship of the aesthetic. And so passed into eclipse the world's most attractive aristocracy—an aristocracy of culture.

If this aristocracy of culture be the most pleasing, however, the most common and persistent of aristocracies is that of blood and ancestry. There is no corner of the

globe that does not have its "best families," its nobility, its royalty, or its caste system. The shades of distinction by ancestry are almost infinite, ranging from the superior peasant group to mighty dynasties. We find the serf, the freedman, the middle classes, the petty nobleman, the great nobleman, and at the top royalty—all emphasizing the value placed upon distinguished ancestors. But this aristocracy of family can hardly be said to have justified itself. All too often the sons of the great have proved to be the opposites to their fathers. Many have turned out to be vain and foolish parasites, whose sole return to the society which honored them has been arrogance, or abuse of privilege, or the example of immoral living. The world has become sick of their pretentions and is everywhere casting them off. The glory of the deified Egytian Pharoahs has passed away, symbolically buried with the monarchs themselves, there in the Valley of the Kings; the Hall of the Montezumas is now only a romantic name; half the thrones of Europe are at present occupied by ministers of lowly birth; and even the royalty left to hold up its head among the living is sadly shorn of its power and prestige. Nor is royalty alone in misfortune, nobility and groups of still lesser eminence have likewise been lowered from their pedastals; everywhere there is a discounting of inherited rank. Democracy has come full tide into the world, and although the aristocracy of birth or ancestry has not vanished, it has indeed fallen upon evil days.

There have been other aristocracies almost innumerable—aristocracies of pagan priests, of medieval knights, of African head-hunters, of New England Puritans, of German scientists; to continue the list would be unnecessarily burdensome. Today, however, there is coming into being another and more hopeful aristocracy, an aristocracy in no way recognizing itself as a separate class, in no way arrogant or pretentious or designing, but growing out of the needs of the human race, namely, an aristocracy of altruism. This is not altogether new in our world. Martyrs, religious leaders of all ages, have given their lives for others. But never before has so much stress been laid upon service in behalf of the whole human family; never before has there been so many notable attempts to raise the general level of human intelligence and promote the spread of sympathetic understanding among men. But, on the other hand, never has there been such need of all this! Never, since the beginning of history, has civilization, has indeed the very existence of the human race, been so plainly threatened.

For just a moment let us consider how desperate is the strait in which the world at present finds itself. Simply glancing at an atlas will make clear how everywhere districts, nations, and even whole continents have, within the last century, been merged into one gigantic world-community. Isolation is no longer possible, either to the lonely laborer on his farm, or to the contented and prosperous nation. The smallest village in the Hebrides is directly connected with the world's largest city; the Atlantic and the Mediterranean, the Amazon and the Ganges, the Appian Way and the newest road over

the Rocky Mountains, are part of one world made of roadways connecting all parts of the world. To circumnavigate the globe is in these days little to boast of; Marco Polo's journey to the country of the Great Khan is one which any school teacher can take now as a summer's outing. Truly Alexander's dream has at last come true: the whole world is one vast domain. National consideration must give way to international, and if we are wise we shall no longer think in local terms but in universal terms.

In one way all this is very fine; in another, very direful and tragic. This linking of nations, bridging of oceans, reduction of distances, standardization of life everywhere, has in it not only great possibilities for good, but also tremendous possibilities for evil. It is easier now for the unscrupulous to prey on their fellows; chaos and wrong thinking spreads faster and penetrates farther; wars are waged on a larger scale and are many times more disastrous. What is worse, the power which science has recently placed in our hands is every day growing more dangerous. Already thinkers like Bertrand Russell are pointing out in alarm that we are threatened by a Frankenstein's monster of our own making—scientific discovery. During the last hundred years man has made revolutionary discoveries in chemistry and physics; he has, by experimentation and accident, stumbled upon ways of controlling the forces of nature which, if he could but realize their true significance and their potential danger, would startle him into soberness. His scientific knowledge has in one brief century outrun his ability to think by many centuries, and before he realizes what the weapon is which he holds so carelessly, he may exterminate himself and all his kind. Man's wickedness or depravity is not so much to be feared as is his ignorance, his proneness to err. Only by intelligent and sympathetic control of man, only by humane and unselfish policy of conducting human affairs can we prevent a world-wide catastrophe.

For salvation then, if salvation we have, we must look to our intelligent altruists, to those whose imagination is alive to what may lie ahead, whose courage is firm to meet the dangers that threaten, whose thought is not first of themselves, but of all mankind. Only they can steer us through the storm safely into the welcome port of some future age. But have we such men? you say. Yes, already they come, one by one, as they hear the call of duty. Slowly they join in the common cause, coming with different proposals perhaps, but all with one purpose. Already we see them at their work. It was not mere caprice which led Woodrow Wilson to plead the cause of a League of Nations; it was no mere fashion which, some years earlier, prompted Rockefeller and Carnegie to give away their wealth in humanitarian enterprises; it was more than desire for applause which caused Mr. Bok to offer his hundred thousand dollars for the best proposal for promoting peace among mankind; it is not by mere accident that novelists and poets, college presidents and prime ministers have turned reformers, have united in a common cause with a common aim. Behind all this activity is a discernable attempt to protect, to save, even to elevate the human race

in the face of dangers which threaten it with destruction.

These unselfish ones, then, do they not form the true aristocracy of this day? Have they not proved themselves to be of a superior class? Doubtless they will make mistakes (for they are human); doubtless, too, they will allow pettiness and selfishness to influence them; but in whatever measure they prove worthy, in whatever measure they work unselfishly for the good of all, they deserve our support and our praise. Let us not begrudge them the small reward of recognition; then all honor to them! May they work in the spirit of their great predecessor, the profoundest of all commentators on life, who not only declared it "more blessed to give than to receive," but lived according to His doctrine, and who on one occasion said in explaining His life and work: "I am among you as He that serveth." This should be their motto; this suggests the attitude with which they too must work if they are to be truly called an aristocracy of altruists.

TO A TEACHER

By Bertrand P. Ramsay

When I see your golden thoughts uprise
  Above the traceless horizon of bleak despair,
I wonder from what heavenly, unknown skies
  They come to bring me warmth and light and cheer.
There are no morning fogs they cannot melt;
  There is no melancholy crypt not warmed;
There is no crevice where they have not crept,
  And creeping, with bright hues and hope-rays charmed.
To germinate and flower each God-sown seed
  They rise beyond the scan of younger years—
To lands beyond my farthest vista lead,
  And set among divinely ordered spheres:
So I may trust they'll rise—when need shall plead—
  To dry the early morning's dew-drop tears.

THE ACE IS HIGH

By C. L. Eaddy

MARY PARNELL, nineteen, charming with her frank, boyish ways and bobbed hair, was in a state of nervous expectancy. She was rushing about in her room putting on the finishing touches in a carefully studied manner that was not habitual to her. This part of her toilet heretofore had made no worry for her. She would usually give a swipe with the powder puff here and a pat there and would go. This morning it was different; she studied every line of her slender figure with care. She just had to look her best.

But there was a reason this morning, a reason that had been absent for these two years since she had come to Half-Moon with her father. This morning Tom was coming—coming to see her for the first time in two years.

A delicate blush made the pink rise to her cheeks as she thought of the meeting. Tom was her ideal. They had always been sweethearts, even since school days, until he had to leave for the war two years ago. They had remained sweethearts during the two years that he was away. They could not see each other, of course, but they could write.

But now he was back in America and was coming to see her, and in such a novel way. He was coming in his aeroplane. For Tom was an ace in the aviation corps.

She allowed her hands to fall idly into her lap while she sat looking pensively into the mirror. She did not see herself, however; before her mind's eye were playing other scenes, both of memory and of imagination. She saw Tom again as she had seen him on that last night before he left for the front, a young fellow, handsome in his aviation lieutenant uniform. She remembered other things: how her father had failed in business in Washington and had come away here to this small village to establish a little bank and recoup his fortunes. A queer place with quaint people she had found it at first, but she liked it now. The people were so kind and friendly. Out here everybody knew everybody else; poor and rich alike were neighbors and friends. No pride was here to cause social distinction along lines of wealth; only sin and unfairness made outcasts.

The girl was roused from this soliloquy by a knock upon the door and the entrance of that quaint little old lady known to all Half-Moon as Aunt Jerry.

"Lawsy me, chile, how pretty you look this mornin'," exclaimed the little lady delightedly. "I thought I might be of some help to you, so I come by. There is always so much to be done on a day like this. And you without a servant and your beau a comin'," she chatted away.

"Why, lawsy me, chile, how you blush. I never have seen you so pretty as you be this mornin'. Mister Tom ought to feel more than paid for his trip down here just for a peep at your pretty face now," she exclaimed teasingly when she noticed the blush that

mantled the girl's cheeks at her former words.

"Oh, aunty, do please hush. How can I help it when you are teasing me so?" laughed the girl, trying to hide her blushes by catching the little old lady who had always been such a friend to her into her arms to squeeze her gently.

"Now, lawsy massy, chile, just look how you're mashin' your pretty frock into wrinkles here huggin' an ole soul like me. You had better be gittin' ready. Your pa told me when I passed by the bank, and told him that I was comin' down here, that he would be down for us shortly. And, chile, you just ought to see the folks that's come to town to see that beau of yourn come down in that airyplane. Lawsy me, why I never seed so many uv them autymobiles before. I was afeared that I would git run over all the way down here. I believe there is ever' bit uv fifteen uv 'em in town, and they just a skeerin' the poor critters of a horses to death. It's a shame to have such things a poppin' all over town an' a skeerin' the poor beasts out uv their wits," fretted the little old lady, with a glow of satisfaction transfiguring her wrinkled, motherly face as she busied herself about helping the girl.

You may imagine the excitement and confusion in the little village on this momentous day. In this little "one-hoss" village, far away from the din of the big cities and the thickly settled country, people were yet simple and uncontaminated by the rapid changes that cloyed the senses of other people who happened to be less advantageously situated. Never had an aeroplane roared its way through the clouds in this direction. Indeed, people had heard of them. Hall Strother had told them about the ones that he had seen during the month that he was away at camp. He told them glowing tales about his experience as a mechanic on one—forgetting to tell that he had never gotten out of the kitchen squad the month that he was away.

As I said, Half-Moon was as yet a simple country village. It had been a period of only one year since it first became infested with its first Ford. Since then two more had been purchased, and Half-Moon was beginning to consider itself one of the rising metropolises with three Fords to cough and clatter down its length of dusty, rutty main street.

But today was to finish her rise to renown. Of course she already boasted that Washington had spent a night there on his visit through the South. Marion, that flighty Swamp-fox, had ambushed bloody Tarleton on the very spot where the village stands today. Furthermore, they boasted of their one distinguished citizen, Cap'n Spy, that fierce old warrior, who led Half-Moon's entire manhood away "to fight them dirty Yankees when they tried to tell us what to do with our niggers." But today there was to be a newspaper reporter from the capital city to record the happenings, and Cap'n Spy had already been ordered by the villagers to reserve a hundred copies of the paper so that every family in the entire community could have one.

Then there was to be the public barbecue and the speaking down in the big oak grove

on the bank of the river, where it ran by the edge of the village. Cap'n Spy was to make the opening talk. And no one ever spoke quite so well as the pompous old Cap'n. Or, so said the Half-Mooners, at any rate.

A queer reception for a fellow who was just on a trip to see his girl, and who was a stranger to everyone in town with the exception of Mary Parnell and her father, you might say. Yet such was the case in Half-Moon.

If Tom McLeary had come like any other ordinary person he would have created almost a sensation owing to the fact that he was Mary's beau from the "big city." But when it was learned (and what one knows in Half-Moon all know) that Mary's beau was to come in an aeroplane it at once became an item of public interest. Everybody began at once to make plans to be there to see that human-made bird come flying through the clouds. Then, since everybody was to be in town, why not make the most of the occasion and have a barbecue and speaking. Thus they argued, and consequently finally decided.

This, in short, was the reason that fifteen Fords had hiccoughed into town during the morning, attracting the attention of the already excited villagers with their noise as they clattered down the choppy street popping, sputtering, coughing on three cylinders, balking on two, backfiring and then jumping forward as they again struck upon the intended combination of four. This was the reason that many times that number of carriages, wagons, buggies, road-carts, and other nameless species of ante-bellum vehicles gathered rapidly into town. Others came riding horseback; still others came walking, all chattering and dressed out in gala-day attire. All gathered about the open, level meadow that had been selected for the landing.

At the head of the field stood a little group who had been selected to meet the aviator and invite him to the dinner which was to take place in the grove. There was Mary's father, the banker, a smiling, fatherly old gentleman, with gray about the temples; then, there was the trustees of the school, John Tryme and Bill Doolittle; also there was the Baptist minister, the Reverend Mr. Roland, a sleek, spineless, hen-pecked little man; not least among them either was the stately old Cap'n Spy, with his chivalrous manners retained from the old South, and his light banter to Mary, whom he loved almost as a daughter. Then, there was Mary herself, blushing, but bravely replying to the jests of the old Cap'n.

It was already noon, and Tom had written that he would be there at that time. Many eyes were at all times strained in the direction from which the plane would come. For hours they had searched the distance of the clear blue sky, and turned again to talk and conjecture as to how the thing would look when it arrived.

Noon had passed now, and the barbecue was cooked. The plane should have been there long ago. Already the crowd of eager people were becoming restless. Would the thing never arrive.

"I reckon that fool jay's fell some place on the way an' won't git here at all," sur-

mised old Noah Huxley, changing his great chew of tobacco to the other side of his mouth and spitting loudly. "I've hearn as how them things falls so often an' burns up er breaks the driver's neck. I never ain't been much fer gettin' offen the groun' myself. That's the place we wuz put, en I guess I kin stay hyar as long as I last. If I was a gal I wouldn't marry one of them fresh jays who wanted to try all of them new-fangled fool stunts nowadays. They're sure as pie to come to death sooner or later anyway," he finished, nodding wisely.

"I bet he's gone an' fooled the gal just to be doin' it," ventured Billy Rompley, the henpecked husband of two years.

Thus doubts and murmurings increased until the most of the huge crowd began to fear that the day was to be spoiled after all. These were in favor of adjourning to the barbecue dinner which awaited below in the big grove.

Then suddenly a tiny black fleck appeared in the distance against the sky.

"Yonder it is," yelled one man.

Hundreds of eyes pierced the distance in search of the tiny speck.

"Why, goddel midey, gentlemen, it looks like a buzzard or I'm a Dutchman," exclaimed the old Cap'n.

The girl laughed lightly, partly at the excited old Cap'n and partly from happiness.

On came the plane, nearer and nearer, until its outline could be clearly distinguished by the eager and awed crowd of spectators.

A rocket was fired to signal the pilot to the landing field. The plane swerved toward the field in response and did a nose dive when directly over the crowd. There were several screams from frightened women, and a panicy rush of frightened people on one side of the field as they attempted to escape what seemed to be a falling plane.

When within a hundred feet of the ground the plane responded to the rudder and glided off in a slow circle as the pilot made sure of his landing place.

"Well, I'll be hecked if I didn't think he

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 266)

O WINDS OF WINTER

By E. H. Gregg

O winds of winter, fierce and cruel,
  Descend in raging storm;
Strip bare the trees and fill the skies
  With lowering swarm.

O frosts of winter, biting chill,
  Spare not the tender rose;
Thou, too, must reek thy vengeance keen
  Till winter's close.

Rage, rage, ye hounds of fate,
  Upon this struggling soul!
The rugged oak more rugged still
  Is made by bitter cold.

Not for naught does winter come,
  Nor comes adversity;
The fiercer falls the winter's wrath,
  The sweeter spring will be.

THE BROOK

By Harold M. Patrick

Clear, sparkling brook, in thine unending course,
  Thou racest on with songs of mirth and glee,
Now tumbling, falling down the rocky stair,
  Or speeding on through valleys silently.

But why dost thou this endless journey run?
  Why travel on with never pause or rest,
When shady pools with leafy boughs o'erhead,
  Invite thee here to stop and make thy nest?

But no, ambitious brook, thou couldst not stop,
  For thou must travel onward night and day;
Through great and mighty rivers thou must pass,
  And to the rolling ocean find thy way.

Out there a mighty task is to be done,
  Gigantic vessels bearing men and gold
Across the billowy ocean must be borne,
  By multitudes of little brooklets bold.

O would that from the steady-flowing brook
  This lesson, full of wisdom, man could learn;
O would into our very inmost souls
  The logic of the little brooklet burn.

Out yonder bigger things wait to be done,
  While we, with sluggard gait, do toward them creep,
Till soon a cool and shady nook is reached,
  And we draw up and settle down to sleep.

Contentment, to achievement is a foe;
  Let not our hearts with trifles be content,
But push with fervor to that distant goal,
  With never thought to falter or relent.

The farmer sets a stake toward which to plow,
  The pilot steers his ship toward yonder light,
The brooklet has the ocean for its goal,
  While mortal man trusts but to judgment and to sight.

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EDITORIALS

College English

"I ain't gonna do it no more; so you are jest wastin' your time beggin'!"

"I wasn't beggin'. I just asked you a plain question, and if that is your answer, all right; I ain't got nothing more to say."

This conversation was not overheard in a lumber camp, nor in a cotton mill, nor even in a high school building, but it was heard, and is heard every day, on a college campus spoken by college boys, and to make the statement more startling, by members of the Senior class.

Gross, grating grammatical errors of this kind are not made on account of ignorance of the college student, but these errors are made because pride has been stunted by carelessness and laziness. The fact that it is much easier to use one's vocabulary and grammar that one learned at the age of ten than it is revise it for use at the age of twenty, seems justification enough for some who indulge in such carelessness. If a college course has not stimulated pride in one's self at least to the extent of creating a desire to speak one's mother tongue with some degree of accuracy, then the four years would doubtless have been spent more profitably behind a plow or a counter. It is appalling even to the casual observer, the number of college men who have been subjected for four years to the college environments, and yet who leave college with a speaking vocabulary no larger than that which they brought with them as Freshmen. The majority of college students do not lack the ability to speak correctly, but since it requires some mental effort to exercise that ability they let it remain dormant. Regardless of how much we dislike to make such a statement, the fact is salient: There are some few college graduates each year who can speak Greek almost as fluently as they can speak grammatical English.

It is impossible for one to learn to converse correctly unless one converses with, or listens to, one who is unquestionably master of the language. Walk through your college library and look on the shelves containing autobiographies, histories, etc., their covers literally shine with disuse. Pass on a little farther to the shelves marked Shakespeare, Milton, and Emerson, take one of these vloumes down, and a cracking noise will greet your ears as you open it, as if it had just come from the press. Now, step around the corner to the shelves labeled "Modern Novels"—the covers are torn on some and soiled on all, the leaves are protruding from some and entirely lost from

others. These ragged literary beggars of the library are published merely because they are excellent entertainers, they are read for the same reason; and the reader never gets more than entertainment out of them.

If this deplorable condition exists in the spoken word among the students, it must be much more deplorable in the written word. If all candidates for a college degree were required to stand an oral examination, in test of their use of spoken English, and to write a thesis, in test of their written English, would not a diploma mean more than it does today?

The Sketches

The pen sketches in this issue of "The Journal" are the work of W. E. Steele of the Freshman class. We feel that these sketches will enhance the value of our publication in giving it a more pleasing and balanced appearance. Although Mr. Steele has only begun his course in this work, we believe that this beginning, however meager it may seem, is indicative of a potential artist. It is our sincere hope that Mr. Steele will continue his good work, and make it possible, by the time that he becomes a Senior, to publish an illustrated Journal of the Class A type.

Financial Brakes

It is much to our regret that we cannot publish "The Journal" in a size that would come nearer doing justice to Wofford. But financial exigencies have come into being that were unexpected, and these have forced us to reduce the size of "The Journal" considerably. To do justice to the regular con-

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tributors and to the students at large, we wish to state that almost twice this size "Journal" could be published if the printers did not require remuneration for their labor.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

"The Concept"

The February issue of "The Concept" of Converse College is distinctly above the par of the average college magazine. Both the prose and the poetry are unusually good, and there is enough of each to make a well-balanced magazine.

"Son Smith," the leading prose contribution, is a very entertaining short story, illustrating with admirable finesse the utter incorrigibility of the average six-year-old boy. The only adverse criticism we have to make is that the style used is just a bit too formal for this type of story. "The Spirit of the Mississippi," a one-act play, is exceptionally well developed. Of a weird and fantastic nature, it is, nevertheless, absorbingly interesting. The climax is very effective, and the whole play is—to use a hackneyed expression—positively thrilling. It seems that the author of the next short story, "The Reign of Blood," finds the half-million odd words in the English language inadequate for the expression of her thoughts. At any rate she coined the word "zoom." It is a good example of onomatopoeia, and personally we like the word, but we seriously question the advisability of college students coining words. This sentence, "The old church dozed through the sermon," needs revising. We have indeed heard sermons that would

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put almost anything to sleep, but one that would cause even the church to doze seems impossible. The story as a whole is rather superficial, the plot is trite and lacks sufficient development. The only redeeming feature is the writer's style, which is vigorous, original, and refreshing—this somewhat makes up for the defects. "The Path of Fame" is a good short story, more interesting than the general run of college stories. There are slight inconsistencies in the speech of the hotel-keeper who tells the story. For instance, in one place he says, "She didn't want no great fuss made over her," while a few paragraphs below the author has him quoting Latin. "Angels and the Iron Bed," the best sketch in this issue, is exceptionally good. Especially so is the dialect used in it. "Mr. Louis and the Firelight," another sketch, is rather good, though the dialect used in it is badly exaggerated. "The Justice of the Peace," though the title is inappropriate, is very good. We seriously question the legitimacy of the word "politicing."

The poetry in "The Concept" is excellent —as is usual. "Desolation" and "Madness" impressed us more than any of the other poems. "Sal's Creed" should also be mentioned, for while the thought is not original, the treatment of it is very much so. There is quite a bit of Valentine poetry in this issue, but it is of little value, being like all Valentine poetry, oversentimental.

D. L. W.

"The College of Charleston Magazine"

Except for the fact that it contains no short stories, "The College of Charleston Magazine" for February presents a well-balanced assortment of material. Its worst defect is that nearly all the contributions are entirely too short, showing such a lack of development as to give the unfavorable impression of amateurishness.

The most praiseworthy contribution in this issue is the essay entitled, "The Neo-Pantheistic Conception of God and Life." In

Collegian

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it the author takes the reader on a delightful little excursion into the realm of metaphysics. The thought is couched in language that is not too technical for the uninitiated, yet the author displays a thorough knowledge of the terminology of his field of study. The only criticism we have to make is that the essay is entirely too short to cover the subject adequately. "The Co-ed—A Controversy" seems to be a sort of debate on the pressing twentieth century question of which of the sexes is the superior. There are two articles included under this title, one evidently written by a rabid woman-hater, and the other perhaps by a militant suffragette, both articles being anonymous. The first article, "Woman—An Enigma," tries to show that man's present high conception of woman is a misfortunate illusion, that in his attempt to raise "weak woman" man has failed, and finally, that he seeks in woman "something deep and reclusive" but finds only "a light, shallow filament." The other article, "Men," is even more vituperative, the gist of it being that man is terribly conceited, and that his supposed superiority lies in his brawn alone. The attitudes of both writers seem to us rather choleric, and we believe that it would profit them to think the subject over carefully and try to come to a saner conclusion regarding the shortcomings of the respective sexes.

"Edward the Martyr," an historical play, deserves commendation. It is very interesting and reminds one just a little of some of Shakespeare's plays. Except for the denouement, which is very weak, it has a well-developed plot.

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The poetry is somewhat better, as a whole, than the prose. "Face Play" is exceptionally good. "Idle Thoughts" and "Two Moods" show much promise, both containing truly poetic ideas. The rest of the poetry is characterized by a poverty of range and of thought to the extent that some of it might be called trivial.

We disapprove of the alumni and sports departments of the magazine. Would it not be better to turn these over to the weekly paper? D. L. W.

THE ACE IS HIGH

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 257)

wuz gone that time," drawled Billy Doolittle. "But didn't he do that pretty?" he finished, as the plane swerved back toward the farther end of the field and glided down until it struck the ground and rolled along until it stopped near the middle of the green meadow.

The little group moved toward the plane to meet Tom McLeary, followed by the entire crowd as they pressed and pushed in nearer about the marvelous machine for a closer inspection.

A tall man climbed out of the plane and moved a few steps toward the approaching little group. The girl ran a few steps in advance of the others to meet him, and then suddenly stopped abashed within a few yards of him.

It was not Tom McLeary's face there beneath the aviator's cap. The face was not quite so handsome as Tom's. But his rather large mouth spread into an appealing, boy-

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ish smile as he stepped forward and extended his hand to her.

"Miss Parnell, I believe, from a description given of you. I am Lieutenant Bob Mason. Tom couldn't come and he asked that I come in his stead, so as not to have you folk too much disappointed," he said.

"Oh, just an accident that happens once in a while to us aviators. No, he was perfectly easy the last time I saw him. He wasn't in much pain," he replied to her questioning glance. "No, he wasn't in much pain," he repeated.

His smile had given way to a sympathetic expression almost amounting to sadness. The girl was clearly disappointed. The lieutenant noticed it and tried to rise to the occasion and rally her spirits. And with the help of the old Cap'n, with whom he soon became a fast friend, he succeeded extremely well.

The crowd had forgotten the barbecue dinner awaiting them in their eagerness to view closer a machine that could actually fly and "cut monkey motions" in the air. They crowded around it until no one could approach nearer, then alternated in lifting each other upon their shoulders in order that they might see above the heads of those in front.

Finally a policeman was appointed to keep away any plundering boys or others that might tamper with it, and they all moved away to the grove to enjoy the dinner and the speeches.

The great dinner of barbecue and rice was served on long tables prepared for the occasion. The rich aroma of the well-seasoned browned meat was well suited to whet the

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appetite of a group who had stood for hours waiting in the heat of the mid-day's sun. It was a good dinner, as are all country picnics. The speeches afterwards were better. Cap'n Spy was at his best, and covered himself with glory. He would have anyway, had he only said "howdy folks," for he was the idol of all those simple people.

Finally all was over and the crowd began to dissipate and scatter when darkness began to fall. The bevy of modern and antiquated Fords were finally persuaded to cough out signals of rejuvenation and all drove away, leaving the little village again in quietness.

A week passed and Lieutenant Mason was still in Half-Moon. He stated that he was repairing some engine trouble, and worked at his plane for a while each morning, but each day he found time to drop by loafer's corner and delighted those fellows there with his adventures and humor. He was a likable chap, and was already beginning to win a place in the hearts of those people.

This was only a part of the day's occupation, however. The greater part of each day he spent with Mary. He liked the girl with her gay, pleasant ways. Nor was she displeased with the good-natured boy who talked so well of Tom, who had been his "buddie" and tent companion in France, and who seemed always so sympathetic when he talked of him.

He could not keep giving engine trouble as an excuse for remaining. Already wise heads were nodding and conjectures would have it that a girl as pretty as Mary Parnell

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was a good excuse for any engine trouble. So it was Saturday night that he said to her:

"Well, Mary, I leave Monday."

"Why, I thought you were to stay until Wednesday," she replied, surprised.

"I did, but I've finished repairing that trouble now, and all is ready to sail." He paused and then continued, "I'm going to tell you tonight what I promised to tell you about that accident."

The girl became silent and listened.

"It was an accident, a terrible one, but not like I let you understand it to be. I didn't tell you a lie, but I let you believe what was not so because I thought it best in order to do as he asked me to. The accident happened a year ago in France instead of the other day, as I led you to believe. His plane fell and he knew the end had come. He begged me toward the last to let you know it in the easiest way possible. I didn't know how."

He paused again to look toward the girl, who sat looking at him without seeming to breathe.

"It was while I was trying to think of a way out of it that a letter came from you to him. I opened it that I might be able to answer it. When I read that letter I couldn't find the heart within me to tell you then. I answered your letter and signed his name, excusing the change in handwriting to this crushed finger, to keep you from suspecting the change. You answered with so much sympathy for one poor crushed finger that I found it harder than ever to write you the truth. So I continued the forgery, knowing that I would have to tell you at some time.

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Mary, I fear that I have made a fearful mess of the whole thing."

He stopped again to look questioningly at the girl. He saw her lips quiver. But she made no answer, so he continued.

"I hope you will forgive me if I have done wrong. But I tried to do it the best way. Soon I found that the fear that oppressed me at first was changing to a feeling of interest, and I began to catch myself planning and thinking as if I had known you always. I felt that he would like for it to be this way, for he often told me he wished I could know you. Then your letters were so cheering to a lonely soldier in France.

"Mary, last night you told me that I reminded you so much of Tom that you seemed to have always known me. I have played his part for one long year now. What I'm going to say is not sudden, for it has grown upon me for months while I wrote you letters and kept your photograph upon my desk in France. I wonder if you will let me play the part always, Mary?"

Monday the weather was bad. Tuesday a stay in the wing was found to be weak. It took three days to repair that, with the result that another week passed and it was Saturday again before Bob Mason sailed away from Half-Moon.

All loafer's corner went down along with Cap'n Spy, Mary, and Aunt Jerry, whom Mary had brought along to accompany her back home, to see him off.

"Remember, now. Just one month," laughed Bob as he reached for Mary's hand.

"I won't forget to look for you," she replied, blushing.

The plane made one circle over the field. The pilot saw the waving of a tiny silk handkerchief and he was gone.

"Lieutenant Mason's a fine boy, and I'm afraid he carries more away from Half-Moon than merely our good wishes," chuckled Cap'n Spy, looking toward the girl who still watched the racing plane. "Why, Aunt Jerry, look how our little girl blushes. Never did these parts afford a finer beauty, and just to think that maybe a soldier is going to win her from us."

"Now, lawsy me, Cap'n, quit botherin' the girl. You're as bad as a school boy when you ought to be gittin' old enough to be forgettin' so much of your teasin'."

"Why, goddel midey, now," exploded the old Cap'n, laughing good-naturedly, "you didn't mind, did you, Mary?"

"No," replied the girl. "In fact, Aunt Jerry, Cap'n has been especially good today, and I'm going to kiss him for it," she said, kissing the laughing old soldier upon his cheek and skipping away lightly, calling to the little old lady to follow.

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THE IMPOSSIBLE COMEDY

(A Two-act Farce)

By C. L. Eaddy

CHARACTERS

Dr. Courtney, a physician with a theory to prove.

Mary, his unruly daughter.

Jack Rollins, Mary's lover, and the object of the Doctor's hate.

Roving Sam, a black negro, with a raving appetite for whiskey.

Time—Just after sunset.

Scene—The front lawn of the doctor's home. The doctor stands alone in the center of the stage, while Jack Rollins, a young college student, is concealed behind a thick bunch of shrubbery on the left of the stage. The doctor, who seems to be worried and fatigued, begins to speak.

Dr.—We young doctors are in for it like all other men climbing to fame. Now, here I am with fame and position in reach almost, and yet the world fails to listen to a young man. They all pooh, pooh at me, and stick by the old doctors. Nevertheless, I am not satisfied with the theories put out about the death of old man Brown, and I am not going to give up. Some of them say that he died with influenza, still another that he died with pleurisy, another that he died with typhoid fever, and still another that he died with pneumonia. I disagree with all of them. I still say that he died with water on the brain. And yet there is no way for me to prove my theory unless I could get the body here and dissect it. They refused to sell me the body and buried it. It hurts a fellow to be so near fortune and success to see it snatched away from him. If I could only get that body here in my dissecting room I would show them. Ah, I have it, I shall wait here until the next likely fellow comes along, and I shall get him to go to the graveyard and dig up the body and bring it here for me . . . (a pause). It seems that I hear some one coming now.

(A negro is heard singing off-stage. Then he enters.)

Dr.—Why, hello, Jim! You're the very fellow that I was looking for. In fact, you're just in time.

Negro—Is dat so? But lemme tell you, white folks, my name's Sam and not Jim.

Dr.—All right, then, Sam. Anyway you're just in time.

Negro—Now, I ain't done nothin', is I Doc?

Dr.—No, not that I know of. But, you see, I have a job that I want you to do for me. (Here the doctor hands him a white blanket.) I'll pay you good for it.

Negro—Well, now, lemme see, of course I ain't perzackly lookin' fer a job, but if you's gonna pay me good fer it, den we might talk business.

Dr.—Oh, I'll pay you good for it all right. And now here is my proposition.

Negro (questioningly)—Your what, did you say?

Dr.—My proposition—that is to say, I will explain what I want you to do.

Negro—Uhuh! Now I comprestands.

Dr.—All right then, now listen, I want you to take this blanket— But first, do you know that old fellow Brown that died night before last, about two miles up the road?

Negro—I most substantially does, suh. Dey say as how his ghose is done come back already.

Dr.—His ghost come back! Why, there is nothing to that at all. That's impossible. But then, you're not afraid anyway, are you?

Negro—No, sir, Doc; I ain't afraid of anything what dere is.

Dr.—Good, then! But to return to my proposition, I want you to take this blanket and go down to the graveyard where he was buried—

Negro—Who? Me, Doc!

Dr.—To be sure. I want you to take this blanket and go down to the graveyard and dig up the body of old man Brown and bring it here to me, wrapped up in this blanket so that no one may know what you happen to be carrying.

Negro (throws the blanket down)—Take dat thing. It done smells lak ghostes. Now, Doc, you done spoke de wrong word, dis niggah can't talk wid you.

Dr.—But, I'll pay you—

Negro—Now, dey ain't a bit of use of you argumentin' on dat thing.

Dr.—But, I say I'll give you ten dollars to do it.

Negro—Now, Doc, dey ain't nothin', absoluten nothin' doin'. Dis niggah knows when to go prowlin' 'round a grabeyard, an' it ain't at midnight neither.

Dr.—But, Sam, I must have you to do this for me.

Negro—Man, Doc, you is done gone crazy.

Dr. (patronizingly)—Say, Sam, it's pretty dry down your way, isn't it?

Negro—I should say so. Why, it's so dry down dere dat we have to pin our postage stamps on our letters. We ain't had a smell since Mr. Volinstead passed that 'er axibition law.

Dr.—Well, I'll tell you what I'll do, I have a quart of good old Scotch whiskey that I will give you if you will do this for me.

Negro—Ain't nothin' doin'.

Dr.—Mind, it's a good one.

Negro (hesitatingly)—Is it dat good red one?

Dr.—Yes.

Negro (half concedingly)—Well, lemme see, now, we might talk business.

Dr.—All right then, take this blanket and go dig up the body, being careful that no one sees what you have, and bring it here to my dissecting room before daylight.

Negro—Doc, I'm 'bout decided dat I can't go. Dem ghoses might be down dere.

Dr.—Oh, nonsense. There are no such things as ghosts, and besides I thought that you were not afraid of anything living.

Negro—But, Doc, dem things ain't livin'.

Dr.—What's more, they don't exist. So think of that good old Scotch liquor and hurry along. You must be back before the night is gone.

Negro—When do I get the whiskey?

Dr.—Just as soon as you get back.

Negro (going off stage)—My grandpa never

would a thought I'd a done dis. (Exit negro.)

Dr.—Now that I have finally got him away I must get busy about sharpening my dissecting tools. For I must be ready to begin my dissecting by daylight tomorrow, so that I might get through before mortification sets in. . . . If I could only work in some peace without having that scallawag of a Jack Rollins forever on my mind. If he wants to thrive and do well, he had better stay away from here like I asked him to do, and leave off trying to elope with Mary. But how can I blame him much when she helps him out, the little huzzy. But I must get busy. (Exit Doctor.)

Jack Rollins (coming out from behind the bush where he has been hiding)—Whew! that was a close call. I thought I was caught. It looks like the old codger doesn't like to have me around, and I must be getting out of here before he does find me. But I promised Mary that I would meet her in the dissecting room tonight at two o'clock and we are to elope. We had no idea that the doctor would be up at work at that hour, so things are complicated somewhat. But I must meet her, or she will think that I have failed her. Here, I have it! I overheard that conversation a minute ago. I shall go down to the graveyard and manage in some way to get in that blanket when that negro is not looking, and let him carry me into the dissecting room in place of the dead body. The doctor will be down in his office, so when Mary comes we can slip away. That'll be a good one to pull on the doctor. (Exit Jack.)

ACT TWO

Time—Two o'clock at night.

Scene—A plainly furnished room with a doctor's apparatus in view. A long table is in the center of the room, and is covered with a white sheet. Negro enters, laboring under the weight of the body. He wears a frightened expression upon his face.

Negro (lays body upon table and wipes perspiration from his forehead with a large red handkerchief)—Now, I'm done tole de world, I ain't goin' after nobody elses ghoses. I ain't never seen so much ghoses in my life, an' I done feel creepy since I got him in heah.

(Enters Doctor.)

Dr.—So you got him here all right, eh Sam? Fine, then here's your whiskey.

Negro (takes the bottle and starts toward the door)—Good night, Doc.

Dr.—Wait a minute, Sam. Don't be in such a hurry. I have another job for you to do for me.

Negro—No, sir; I don't want no more of your jobs. I'se had enough work fer one night, Doc.

Dr.—But, Sam, I have got to have some one to stay here in the room the rest of the night to mind the vermin away, and I want to hire you to do it.

Negro—Now, Doc, you know I ain't gwine to stay heah and mind ghoses all night.

Dr.—Not ghosts, but vermin, such things as rats, mice, cats, and other things that might disturb the body.

Negro—No, sir; I went and digged up your

ole ghose, but when it comes to stayin' heah, locked up wid him in a room all night, why dis niggah am movin' on.

Dr.—Oh, come on and be sensible, Sam. You know nothing has bothered you so far. And besides I must be busy about sharpening my tools. Then, anyway, there are no such things as ghosts.

Negro—Man, Doc, now I know you's done gone to lyin'.

Dr.—Oh, come on, Sam, I'll give you five dollars to stay.

Negro—Nothin' doin'.

Dr.—How about ten?

Negro—I don't want no money (smelling the bottle in his hand). I'm done rich.

Dr.—See here, Sam, I'll give you another quart to stay.

Negro (interestedly)—Another red one?

Dr.—Yes.

Negro—How far away will you be?

Dr.—Just over there in my office.

Negro—Well, now lemme see, we might talk business.

Dr.—All right, you just stay here and mind the body. And, by the way, if you should happen to see that Jack Rollins hanging around here you either put him away or call me. Do you understand?

Negro—I'll shore do it, Doc.

Dr.—All right, Sam, I'll see you in the morning. Good night. (Exit Doctor, but he stops at the door to turn around and say rather solemnly.) Good night!

Negro (glancing toward body on table)—Now, you know he might a said that a different way. What did he mean anyway, sayin' that thing so creepy-like "good night, Sam?" (After a few moments of silence, during which the negro glances repeatedly towards the table and seems to become more and more frightened, the body under the blanket on the table moves. The negro makes a start for the door, yelling for the doctor at the top of his voice.)

Negro—Oh, Doc! Oh, Doc, for God's sake, come heah quick, dis ghose is done caught me.

Jack (he is in the blanket, and raises quickly up, throwing aside the covering)—Hey, Sam, come here! Come on back here, don't you know me?

Negro—Oh, Lawd, yes, I done knows a whole deuce of a lot more dan I wants to know about you. (Trying to open the door, which seems to be locked.) Oh, Doc, for de Lawd's sake, if you is comin', come now while I lives.

Jack—Oh, come, Sam, you ought to know me. I'm alive, you see. Come on here and feel me and see.

Negro—No, I'm close enough, thank you.

Jack (laughing)—Oh, come on, I'm not dead. I'm living as much as you are.

Negro—Now I know you's gone to lyin'. Don't I know who digged you up and brought you heah.

Jack—No, no, I'm Jack Rollins. I come to see Mary. You know Mary.

Negro—Mary?

Jack—Yes, Mary. You know Mary.

Negro—Who, my black Mary?

Jack—No, Mary, the doctor's daughter.

Negro—Uh huh, I knows her.

Jack—Well, I'm Jack Rollins, who comes to

see her. I was to meet her here in the dissecting room tonight, and I had to get in here some way. So I went down to the cemetery, and when you left the body down there at the corner of the road and went off to rest I rolled the body out of the blanket and got in the blanket myself. And so you brought me here instead of the body. Come on here and touch me and see.

Negro (finally touching his leg dubiously)—Why, you is alive, ain't you? But now, Mr. Jack, you better leave dis place at once, for de doctor done left word for me to put you out or call him, and I'm gonna call him.

Jack—Wait a minute first. I have something I want you to do for me.

Negro—No, you ain't. I ain't gonna have no more of you white folks' jobs.

Jack—But, see here, I want to step outside to talk with Mary for a few minutes, and I want you to take my place here in the blanket, so that if the doctor happens to come in he will not suspect anything by the body being gone. I'll be just outside, and if you need me, just call and I'll be right back.

Negro—You go on, I'm gonna call de doctor. I'se done had enough trouble wid dis ghose business already.

Jack—Hold a minute, there won't be any danger, and I'll pay you good for it.

Negro—Yes, and de doctor would come in heah while you're out and cut me to pieces for dat ghose. No, siree, you don't leave me in dis heah ghose house.

Jack—I'll give you ten dollars to stay.

Negro—Ain't nothin' doin'.

Jack—Fifteen.

Negro—Man, all you white folks is crazy.

Jack—Say, I'll give you a quart of whiskey, better than the one that you already have.

Negro—Better dan dis one?

Jack—Yes.

Negro—How far will you be?

Jack—Just outside.

Negro—Well, now lemme see, we might talk business.

Jack—All right, and now if you need me, just call "Cuckoo, I'm a bird," and I shall be right back.

Negro (gets upon the table and Jack begins to cover him up)—You'll come back now?

Jack—Sure! All you will have to do is call, "Cuckoo, I'm a bird," and I'll be right back.

Negro—It sounds all right, but somehow I believe I'm a fool for doin' it. (Exit Jack.)

(The doctor enters and looks around for the negro.)

Dr.—Now, I wonder where that black rascal went to? I guess it got too creepy in here for him, and he slipped out.

(The doctor then goes over to the table, pulls the blanket from the face, and exclaims):

Dr.—Why, I'll declare, mortification has already set in. I must dissect at once. The body has already turned black. Let me get my tools. (Doctor hastens off stage.)

Negro—Now, see what's happened. Cuckoo, I'm a bird! Cuckoo, I'm a bird! Dat Jack fellow better come back heah. Cuckoo, I'm a bird! (Just at this time

the doctor throws a saw upon the stage from the door through which he disappeared. The negro looks at it and yells.) Cuckoo, I'm a buzzard! Oh, Lawd, dat Jack fellow better come quick. Cuckoo, I'm a buzzard!

(The doctor, hearing the noise, rushes in at the door. The negro is sitting upright upon the table in the blanket.)

Dr.—What is the trouble in here? And where did you come from, you black rascal?

Negro (pleadingly—and still frightened)—Doc, for de Lawd's sake, don't cut me up. I ain't dat ghose.

Dr.—Stop that blubbering, you scoundrel. Who wants to cut you up? But where is that body?

Negro—He's done lef'.

Dr.—Done gone! How could a dead body leave?

Negro—Doc, he ain't been dead a'tall.

Dr.—What!

Negro—I swear he ain't, Doc. It wuz Mr. Jack what I brung in heah in dat blanket, and he's done lef'.

Dr.—Jack! You brought Jack Rollins in here? Why, I'll murder you, you black thief.

Negro—Doc, for de Lawd's sake, wait a minute, and I'll splain. You see, he rolled de ghose out when I wuzen't lookin' and got in hisself, so I brung him heah. He say he had to see Mary, and dey wuz goin' to 'lope, whatever dat is.

Dr.—Had to see Mary? Which way did he go? If I don't find them I'm going to chop you into hash for bungling things in such a manner, you good-for-nothing black ape. (Doctor rushes off the stage in the direction in which Jack disappeared.)

Negro—Now, just see what's happened wid dis ghose business. I tole dat fellow Jack dat I wuz a fool for doin' it. (Doctor is heard returning.) For de Lawd's sake, dere comes de doctor, and heah goes dis niggah. (Rushes headlong from stage.)

(Curtain)

ROMANCE

By Bertrand P. Ramsay

I'll forget all care
Some spring day,
When romance fills the air
And hearts are gay.

I'll keep that sacred tryst
Some spring day,
And in its early mist
Give heart away;

And on the road of truth,
That great highway,
Forsake my carefree youth—
Some spring day.

A TWO-PANTS SUIT

By Don L. West

WALKING down South Liberty Street toward his lodging place, "The Transcient House" hotel, Romeo Jenkins occupied himself by fondly fingering the lone twenty-five cent piece reposing in the right-hand pocket of his trousers. The smooth, slick, little piece of currency represented the slender thread which alone was preventing his fall into the chasm of financial insolvency. When it was gone, Romeo would be "dead broke," to use the terminology of the streets, in so far as the amount of ready cash at his command was concerned. Naturally, he cherished this remaining coin more than any ordinary "two-bit" piece, and was disposed to spend it with the most judicious care. That he would save it was highly improbable—such a policy would be contrary to Romeo's epicurean code of living. What was money for, anyway, except to spend? There was one thing certain though, Romeo was not going to spend this particular quarter for "foolishments."

Various schemes and plans as how best to make use of his remaining twenty-five cents entered Romeo's mind as he walked along. Just which one of these he might have decided on, had he not passed "Bubber" Taylor's pressing club, must remain unknown.

The sight of the ambitions sign, painted in bold, red letters, hanging out in front of "Bubber's" establishment and announcing to the world that suits were cleaned and pressed within while you wait, had the effect of bringing a halt to Romeo's homeward-bound pilgrimage. He looked down at his stylish, gray-blue trousers and perceived that they were fast approaching a state of disgraceful unkemptness. The cuffs were rather dusty as the result of trailing on the pavement at every step, Romeo's trousers being of the variety known in Spartanburg's dark-town as the "balloon tire" type; the creases had lost their keen edges, and the knees were even on the verge of becoming baggy. To Romeo, celebrated throughout the whole of dark-town as one of its most elegant and meticulous dressers, such a condition bespoke only one course of action—that of immediate renovation.

But night was coming on, and Romeo was aware that the pressing club closed at six o'clock. He took out his watch to see whether it was too late to get his wants attended to. Three minutes till six, pretty late; but "Bubber" Taylor would probably do an emergency job as an especial favor to one of his best customers, Romeo reflected, and entered the little shop.

"Is Ah too late to git my suit pressed?" he inquired of the fleshy, rotund negro who stood behind a counter, putting tags on a batch of freshly pressed clothes.

"Well, lemme see—" began Mr. Taylor vaguely.

"It's ve'y impawtant fo' me to git it done," broke in Romeo, "an' it jus' occurified to me that you wouldn't mind doin' it as a favuh, even if it is a lil' late. But Ah'se in a hurry. Is you is or is you ain't?"

"Oh, Ah kin do it awright," replied Mr.

Taylor in a conciliatory tone,"but its jus' like this. Ah'se got 'bouta half-dozen suits that's got to be delivered tonight, and the presser will have to finish with them befo' he can wait on you. Of co'se, if you don't min' waitin'—"

Romeo was not highly elated over the prospect of a prolonged delay of his progress homeward, but it was very necessary that his suit be pressed, as he wanted to wear it the next day. He would not have a chance to have the work done at any other time, since he was to leave on the early morning train for Atlanta, where the position as chauffeur for Samuel E. Black, the soda-cracker millionaire, awaited him. Consequently, there was nothing else to do but to accept the terms of the smiling "Bubber" Taylor.

"Awright," he acquiesced. "Wheahbouts at does Ah disrobe myself?"

"Jus' step in the barrel ovuh theah," directed the pressing club proprietor, pointing with a pudgy finger to the "barrel," which stood in a corner on the opposite side of the room. "When you gits ondressed, knock on the do' an' Ah'll send one of the boys fo' yo' suit."

The "barrel" proved to be a small wooden cubicle, built similar to a telephone booth except that it was larger. It was furnished with a heavy rug, a big, comfortable arm chair, an electric light, and a small table, on which lay a copy of the afternoon paper. In every detail it was admirably adapted to its purpose—that of providing a place in which customers of "Bubber" Taylor's who were having work done on their wearing apparel might wait in ease and privacy.

Romeo entered the "barrel," chuckling over an amusing suggestion which the name brought to his mind. It recalled to his memory ludicrous-looking pictures he had often seen in the "funny" papers of men who had unfortunately lost their clothing and had donned empty barrels, both ends of which were knocked out, in lieu of pants. The idea was so excruciatingly funny that Romeo could hardly refrain from giving vent to an audible outburst of laughter. "Sho' would hate to wear that kinda raiment," he soliloquized, as he deposited the quarter and a ticket to Atlanta on the table, preparatory to shedding his trousers. At the same time, he reflected that the "barrel" was appropriately christened.

Having accomplished dishabille, Romeo rapped on the door of the "barrel" as he had been instructed by "Bubber" Taylor. "Bubber" himself came in answer to the summons and took charge of Romeo's suit. As he took the bundle of clothes, he announced through the crack in the door:

"Mistuh Jenkins, Ah'se jus' 'bliged to go home now, but Ed, the boy what does the pressing will have yo' suit ready in a few minutes."

"That's puhfec'ly salisfactory," answered Romeo, as he sank back into the roomy comfort of the big arm-chair and picked up the newspaper.

In his perusal of the paper, one item especially attracted Romeo's attention. It read:

"ESCAPED CONVICT AT LARGE IN CITY.

"Reports from police headquarters state that Bill Kendrick, alias Bill Henderson, alias Bill Hydrick, negro convict, who escaped

from the State penitentiary last week is hiding in this city. Though no definite clues are in the hands of the police, it is believed that Kendrick is in concealment in the negro quarter on the southern edge of the city. Kendrick has a long standing criminal record that includes assault and battery, larceny, highway robbery, forgery, and violation of the prohibition law. He is about thirty-five years old, and, off and on, has spent more than fifteen years of his life in prison. Police state that Kendrick is a very dangerous character, and are offering a reward of $200 for his capture. An additional reward of $300 has been offered by the governor. Kendrick is described as being coal-black in color; he is six feet, four inches high, and weighs two hundred and twenty-five pounds. One of his eyes is missing, and his nose is badly disfigured as a result of his participation in a razor fight. When last seen he was wearing a battered, black felt hat, and a suit which was blue with large green stripes running up and down the cloth."

When he had finished reading, Romeo shuddered inwardly at the thought of such a terrible personage being in his neighborhood.

"Ah sho' don't craves to meet up with that boy," was his mental reaction to the news-article.

He continued to read the paper for fifteen or twenty minutes; then, waxing drowsy, he cast it aside. After a while he became cognizant of the fact that the presser had not returned his suit. Thereupon he began to make mental observations regarding the presser's alacrity—or want of it—that were extremely derogatory to that individual's reputation as an efficient operator of a steam press. All at once, a prodigious yawn interrupted Romeo's line of thought, and when he resumed it, it became a general rumination on the poor service to be had in pressing clubs. Several more huge yawns followed. Romeo leaned still farther back in his chair and closed his eyes lazily. Time passed and Romeo became drowsier and drowsier every minute.

II

How long he had slept Romeo was unable to guess, but, on awakening, he was aware that it must have been for some considerable time. All the lights were off in the pressing club, and there was not a person stirring. After a hasty mental survey of the situation, he concluded that the boy had knocked on the door of the "barrel," and receiving no answer, had left the pressed suit outside. Then after sometime had passed, the boy, thinking there was no one in the "barrel," had closed the shop and gone home. This seemed to Romeo a natural and logical explanation of the affair.

He opened the door of the "barrel" and felt around on the chair, which he knew to be just outside, for his suit. Nothing but bare wood encountered his groping fingers. The darkness being too great for him to see anything, he next began searching for an electric light. After much vain grasping at empty air and a great deal of blind stumbling over chairs and other unyielding objects, resulting in a pair of painfully bruised shins, he finally managed to capture the elusive mazda globe.

Switching on the light, Romeo stood for a moment blinking in the unaccustomed and effulgent luminousness which so suddenly dispelled the Stygian blackness of the pressing club. As soon as his eyes had adjusted themselves to the light, he began looking around for his suit, confident that the boy had left it somewhere near the "barrel." A thorough search failed to reveal any signs of the missing vestments. The boy had evidently forgotten "Bubber" Taylor's instructions and had left Romeo's suit in the back room, where the pressing was done. Romeo decided to go back there and look for it. If he failed to find his own suit, he could at least borrow something to clothe himself until he could get to his room, where he had garments galore.

The back room, where the pressing and cleaning work of "Bubber" Taylor's shop was done, was separated from the front part, where customers were waited on, by a partition running across the entire width of the small, one-story building. A door in the center of the partition gave ingress to the back room.

Romeo immediately tried to open this door, only to find it securely locked. In desperation, he then backed up as far as possible and ran headlong against the door in an effort to force the lock. The result of his impact against the sturdy door was nothing more than a bruised shoulder—the door refused to budge. Thrice more he repeated these battering-ram tactics, and still the door remained as fixed and immobile as at first. After the third trial, Romeo, recognizing his impuissance to knock a perfectly good and sound lock out of place, desisted from his assaults on the door.

Going into the "barrel," Romeo sat down in the comfortable arm-chair to regain his breath, which was coming hard and fast, as a result of his recent strenuous exertions. Noticing his watch lying on the table, he picked it up and looked at it. Then, for the first time, the calamitous import of his predicament dawned on him with the sudden ominousness of a mighty clap of thunder on a bright summer day. It was four o'clock, and his train ran at five fifty-eight. Only a little more than hour and a half remained for him to get to the station in time to catch the train to Atlanta, and yet here he was, sans coat and trousers, his nearest accessible clothing at his room a half-mile away, and without hope of invoking human assistance until "Bubber" opened up next morning. It was an unpleasant situation to be in, to say the least.

After some time, Romeo realized the utter hopelessness of his position, and slouching still further back into his chair, he emitted a long, drawn-out groan of despair whose source was the sheer, abject misery of Romeo's soul. He had worked for Mr. Black when that gentleman was the moderately well-to-do owner of a bakery in Spartanburg, and was consequently well enough acquainted with Mr. Black's disposition to know that he would not hold any position open for a "nigguh" who could not be on time. And to lose the long-sought for position as Mr. Black's chauffeur would mean to Romeo the forfeiting of the opportunity of a life-time, the blighting of his fondest dreams and am-

bitions. To be the chauffeur of a millionaire would immensely enhance his social standing, and Mr. Black paid good wages, but social prestige and a betterment of his income were not the only prizes at stake. There was a woman in the case.

Romeo knew only her first name, which was Melba. She was employed as maid in the household of Mr. Black, and had once accompanied the family on a trip to Spartanburg, on which occasion Romeo had met her. She was, unlike most of the buxom belles of Romeo's acquaintance, frail, delicate, and an exquisite caramel in color, and withal she had an inexplicable daintiness about her that was irresistible. Romeo, experienced connoisseur of negro feminine beauty though he was, became at once ensnared by this fair creature's charms, falling desperately in love with her.

He had vowed to himself that he would woo and win the beauteous Melba before she returned to Atlanta. Unfortunately, he reckoned without a knowledge of the Blacks' plans, for they left the city after a three days visit, taking Melba with them, much to the dismay of Romeo, who had not time even to begin his suit. Then had followed attempts without number to get a job in the same city where the delectable Melba resided, resulting finally in the offer made by Mr. Black.

And now it seemed that all the roseate air castles he had been building since receiving Mr. Black's letter were to be razed by the stupidity of a pressing club operator.

"Dawgonnit," he wailed disconsolately, "a pickle is 'bout the onliest thing Ah ain't in nothin' else but."

To Romeo, his fate seemed unnecessarily cruel. In dejection he sank lower and lower into the depths of the roomy arm-chair. The customary smug and self-contented lines of his face began to waver and flicker, the expression of his countenance coming to resemble that of a child who is about to whimper, yet seems undecided whether to or not. But the man in Romeo asserted itself; he gritted his teeth; forced back the welling tears of self-pity, and sat erect. After a moment, he arose and bitterly apostrophized his favorite deity, the goddess of chance.

"Lady Luck," he cried. "Wheah is you at? You ain't gwine desert me like this, is you?"

Apparently "Lady Luck" heard the fervent prayer of her stranded apostle. At any rate, there suddenly flashed into Romeo's mind, from some mysterious source, an idea that promised a speedy and relatively simple solution of his intricate problem. Why not make a dash for his room just as he was? He could make the half-mile separating him from "The Transient House" in a minute or so, most likely without detection, as there was rarely ever anyone on the streets at that time. Ordinarily, Romeo's innate sense of modesty would have acted as an inhibiting agent to the very thought of any such escapade. But now he was desperate and willing to try anything in order to get to the station in time for his train. He turned the plan over in his mind, saw that it was good, and decided to act on it at once.

Entering the "barrel," Romeo placed his watch and the twenty-five cent piece in his shirt pocket, and the ticket to Atlanta in his

hat band. This done, he left the "barrel" and approached the door in the front of the shop, opening on the street. Pulling it slightly ajar, Romeo looked up and down the dark, silent street. Not a soul was in sight, but a chilly May breeze, coming from the distant Appalachians, seemed to entwine itself about his bare legs, sending spasmodic shivers up and down them, and filling Romeo with a horror of venturing out into the night.

But bracing himself, Romeo stepped out on the sidewalk, and started off at a brisk run toward "The Transcient House." As he ran, the tail of his shirt waved and fluttered in the breeze like a flag of truce on a swiftly moving pole.

He had hardly covered half a block when, to his dismay, Romeo became aware of a car approaching from the rear. Glancing back, he realized he must hide at once, or else have the car's powerful lights focused on himself in his present embarrassing condition. Directly ahead of him was an old, deserted house, toward which Romeo propelled himself with flying steps. Bounding up on the porch, he opened the door and entered just in time to escape exposure.

As he rushed pell-mell into the hallway of the old house, Romeo's feet became entangled in some light, soft object lying on the floor that felt very much like an empty flour sack. With much effort Romeo maintained his equilibrium, and then stooped down to extricate the object from around his feet. He picked the object up, carrying it into a room off the hallway, where the light from a street lamp shone in through the windows, in order better to examine it. To his amazement and joy, Romeo discovered that his finding was a perfectly good pair of pants.

Some tramp had probably left them there, he surmised. It was certainly thoughtful of whoever did it, for Romeo had never needed pants more than he did just then.

With a paeon of thanksgiving consisting of two words, "Hot dam!" Romeo drew on the derelict trousers. They proved not to be a perfect fit, but they were infinitely preferable to Romeo's previous negligee condition. They would at least make the remainder of the journey to his room seem less like running a gauntlet.

Preparatory to leaving the room he was in, Romeo by mere chance moved very close to one of the windows where the street lamp shone in brightest. There in the improved light he discovered something that metamorphosed his joy, changing it into a sickening fear. In the full glare of the street lamp the color of the abandoned trousers stood out clearly. They were dark blue, with large green stripes running up and down the cloth—the identical color of the clothes which the paper had stated that the desperate recidivist, Bill Kendrick, was wearing when last seen. In a paroxysm of horror, Romeo was almost on the point of pulling the awe-inspiring pants off.

On more mature consideration, he reflected that it would be foolish to yield to the impulse of such a silly and groundless fear. Even if the pants were the property of the escaped criminal, Romeo had nothing to fear, for Kendrick had doubtless fled the city. If he had not, there would be no way of his discovering that Romeo Jenkins had

used his discarded trousers. And should he find it out, there was little likelihood that he would commit murder on that account. Thus reasoned Romeo until he reached the conclusion that it would be comparatively safe to wear the assumed garb of the convict to his room. Besides, anything was better than again to venture out on the street, minus pants.

Emboldened by these thoughts, Romeo left his place of temporary refuge and started again in the direction of the "Transcient House." As he stepped out of the yard of the deserted house on to the sidewalk, he became conscious of the sound of steps some distance behind him. Glancing backward, he saw a tall, heavily built negro approaching. Romeo was not desirous of company, and accordingly quickened his pace. Soon the steps behind him ceased. Curiosity prompted him to look back, and on doing so he saw that the other negro had left the sidewalk and was entering the yard of the deserted house.

A vague feeling of terror came over Romeo. What if that big, tall negro were Bill Kendrick, and suppose he were coming back for his pants? There could be no doubt but that he had seen Romeo leave the deserted house. Thoroughly frightened, Romeo again looked back. The big negro had now reached the porch, and was standing on the steps, staring in the direction of Romeo. The first impulse of the horrified Romeo on seeing this was to run, but considering that this would be the best possible way of arousing the strange negro's suspicions, he resumed his natural manner of walking, and tried to act as though he had not the slightest care to worry him.

This line of procedure seemed to allay whatever doubts the other negro may have had, for Romeo, with a sigh of relief, noticed that he ceased staring and entered the house. But Romeo's peace of mind was short lived, as in less than a minute he saw that the strange negro had left the house and was making rapid strides toward the gate. With a sinking heart, Romeo saw the cause of his fright gain the sidewalk and start in his wake with the same swift strides.

Romeo increased his rate of walking and, without looking back, was conscious that his pursuer did likewise. He continued at this cramped and painful gait of walking for what seemed an eternity, though really less than a minute, and then, the suspense becoming too terrible to bear, he broke into a panic-stricken run. His pursuer also began to run, the sound of whose fast falling footsteps filled Romeo with such terror that his own progress seemed as slow as that of the proverbial snail. Once, as they were passing under the wide circle of light cast by a street lamp, he gave a furtive glance backward at his pursuing Nemesis—a glance which confirmed his dread that that person was the "dangerous character" he had read about in the paper. He could make out clearly the criminal's disfigured nose and wicked-looking, half-closed eye. Also realizing that Kendrick was gaining on him, Romeo put on another burst of speed. To his feet he addressed an eloquent and fervid appeal:

"Feet, do yo' stuff, or this is one nigguh what's gwine be ain't!"

On and on down the long narrow street the two raced, covering block after block with a speed that was nothing less than demoniacal. Fear was the impelling agent behind Romeo's rapidity of motion, and it was quite evident that his pursuer valued his pants very highly to indulge in such strenuous exercise endeavoring to recover them. Soon Romeo was nearing the "Transient House," with Kendrick less than fifty yards behind him. In a trice they had passed it, speeding on like two runaway locomotives. Romeo was afraid to enter on contemplating what damage he might sustain before rescue could arrive, should he allow the rampant maniac in the rear to corner him.

But he might as well have turned in and risked the chance of surviving, for scarcely half a block beyond the "Transient House" disaster overtook him. In attempting to negotiate a side-street in one flying leap, he misjudged the distance; his foot struck the curbing, and he was laid sprawling on the cold cement in front of the Mount Moriah Baptist Church. Somewhat dazed by the fall, he was unable to regain his feet before his terrible pursuer was on him.

It seemed to Romeo as he lay there on his back and watched, with a horrified fascination, the huge body of Bill Kendrick catapulting itself toward him, that a hideous black cloud was descending from the sky, engulfing him. The impact of the convict's two hundred and twenty-five pounds on his own meagre one hundred and thirty rudely shattered this hazy impression, replacing it with one infinitely more concrete. He became aware of strong, sinewy arms and steel-muscled fingers feeling for his throat. Though he was too scared to fight, the instinct of self-preservation asserted itself, and Romeo began to wriggle and squirm in frenzied efforts to free himself from the clutches of his captor. Fear and the love of life added such power to his muscles that it was soon all the big criminal could do to hold him. Once, in getting a foot free, Romeo, quite accidentally, gave his adversary such a kick in the face as to almost stun Kendrick.

The blow he received in the face served only to increase the convict's rage, and he threw himself on Romeo anew, with a maniacal fury that boded destruction for the smaller man. Romeo, catching a momentary glimpse of his assailant's lone eye, saw the hate, fury, and wild rage that lurked there. In desperation, he redoubled his efforts to escape, kicking, clawing, squirming, wriggling in mad attempts to get free.

But Romeo's undeveloped muscles were incapable of holding their own against the vast brute strength of the convict. He felt himself weakening; the great, black, steel-banded fingers approached closer and closer to his throat. Soon he felt them closing around it; he experienced an awful choking sensation, a sudden nausea, and then all was darkness.

III

When Romeo came to himself late that afternoon, a dying sun was flooding the room where he lay with its golden light. For sometime he lay very still, his eyes fixed on the white ceiling overhead, wondering vaguely where he was. Presently a white-clad nurse

came into the room, and Romeo, seeing her, concluded that he was in heaven, for she certainly looked like an angel. He put a hand on one of his shoulders to see if he had any wings, and imagined that a slight protrusion of one of the bones was a burgeoning accessory to flying. Next, he began to wonder where his harp was and what kind of songs one sang in heaven.

Directly following the white-clad nurse came a natty young interne, holding a ring of keys in one hand and some clean towels in the other. Romeo watched him through slightly bleared eyes, as he moved about the room, and wondered if he were Saint Peter. He concluded that such could not be the case, for Saint Peter was reputed to have a long, white beard and to wear a flowing robe, similar to a night gown. This person had only a closely cropped mustache, and his clothes were modeled on the conventional lines prescribed for earthly male attire, except that they were very smart and almost military-looking in their flawless whiteness. No, it could not be Saint Peter. Maybe his son—it didn't matter anyway.

This train of thought was interrupted by the nurse approaching Romeo's bed. Bending over him, she saw that he was awake, and asked cheerily:

"Well, how do you feel now?"

That was a peculiar question for an angel to ask, Romeo reflected. He scrutinized the face above him. It was a beautiful face, but he perceived at once that it was very terrestrial. With an inward joy, he realized that his awakening surmise had been erroneous; that he was still among the living.

"Lawsy mussy, lady, Ah jus' don't feel," he replied in answer to the nurse's question.

"Well, hold this in your mouth a while," she instructed, producing a thermometer and inserting it under his tongue.

"There is no fever," she announced on taking the instrument again. "You'll be all right in a day or two."

Romeo received this intelligence stoically.

"Lady, does you min' infawmin' me wheahbouts Ah is at?" he inquired of the nurse as she was about to leave.

The nurse smiled.

"You're in the hospital," she said. "You were brought here early this morning after the brave fight you made against that escaped criminal. We are all proud of you, and the whole city is talking about what a hero you are. That's what you are, too—a brave hero."

Romeo looked bewildered.

"Lady, you says Ah'se a which?" he demanded.

"A hero—"

"Lady, you says words, but they don't significate nothin'. Wheahfo' you says Ah'se a hero?"

"Poor thing, you don't remember the fight you made to capture that fierce criminal," said the nurse, sympathy in her voice. "If you feel like reading, I'll bring the papers and let you read all about it."

She left the room, reappearing a few moments later with copies of the three local dailies. These she gave to Romeo, and then departed, leaving him to clear up for himself the mystery of his becoming a hero.

He opened the copy of the "Herald." The

leading headline on the front page bore this legend: "LOCAL NEGRO CAPTURES ESCAPED CONVICT." The story that followed was briefly this. Shortly before sun-rise a party of police officers were scouring the negro section lying adjacent to South Liberty Street in search of Bill Kendrick, escaped convict. A thorough and systematic combing of the neighborhood had failed to reveal any clues as to the whereabouts of the fugitive from justice, and the officers were on the point of giving up the search. Then, suddenly, as they were coming out of a dark little alley just off Liberty Street, a noise as of scuffling men, coming from in front of the Mount Moriah Baptist Church, greeted their ears. Hurrying to the scene, they found the escaped convict arising from the prostrate body of Romeo Jenkins. Kendrick, seeing that the officers had him cornered, submitted to arrest without a struggle, and was carried to the city bastile to await the coming of State officers. Romeo Jenkins, whose body bore mute evidence of the terrible struggle he had been engaged in, was carried to a hospital in an unconscious condition. Physicians attending him stated that his condition was not serious, and that he would recover in a few days. At the time that the paper went to press, the patient was still unconscious.

As to the circumstances surrounding the encounter between Romeo and the escaped convict, the paper stated that nothing definite was known. It was supposed that Romeo had met Kendrick, recognized him as the man wanted by the police, and made a valiant attempt to effect his capture single-handed. The battered condition of Kendrick after the fracas intimated that Romeo had put up a plucky fight. Police officers were generous in their praise of his heroism, and the officers who had made the arrest of Kendrick, and were thus entitled to a part of the rewards, stated that they wished the whole amount to go to Romeo, as it was he who made the capture of Kendrick possible.

As soon as he had absorbed this last piece of information, Romeo remembered with sudden pleasure of reading in the paper the day before that a total of five hundred dollars was offered for the apprehension of Kendrick. And now, according to the papers, he was to get the whole sum as a reward for being beaten up. "Hot ziggity!" he exulted to himself. "Sho' was easy money."

But soon his neck, which had been numb and hardly noticeable until now, began to make its existence painfully conspicuous. Touching it with his hand, Romeo was aware that it was greatly swollen, and on extending his explorations to his face and head, he discovered that they were covered with bumps and lacerations. Then, with a sigh, he decided that after all his part in the capture of Bill Kendrick was worth all he was going to get for it.

Early the next morning there were two distinguished visitors at the hospital to see Romeo. One of them was the chief of police and the other the mayor of the city. They were ushered into Romeo's room, and the mayor, who acted as the spokesman for the two, lost no time in stating their mission.

"Romeo Jenkins," he said, "the City of

Spartanburg is proud of and grateful to you for the service you rendered in helping capture one of the State's most notorious criminals. In attacking, single-handed, a man of such hardened and dangerous character as Kendrick, you displayed a spirit of indomitable bravery. Such heroism does not deserve to go unrewarded, and I consider it a pleasure to be able to present you a certified check for five hundred dollars as a partial compensation for your services to the city and the State. Two hundred dollars are from the police department of this city, and three hundred dollars from the governor of the State."

The mayor's tone of voice was solemn and impressive, almost funereal, and as he listened tears of self-pity began to form in Romeo's eyes. He began to believe that he was actually the hero people thought him to be. He even pictured himself deliberately walking up to the fearful Bill Kendrick and, regardless of consequences, attempting to make him a prisoner—an image which caused Romeo to experience mixed emotions of pride and self-sympathy.

When the mayor bent over and presented him with the little green check, he was able to force back the lump forming in his throat only long enough to mumble a few incoherent words of gratitude.

"Thanky, boss," he said. "Er— Ah'se ve'y—. Ah means, Ah sho' does depreciate this."

"I understand, old man," said the mayor. "Well, we must be going now. Hope you will be all right in a little while."

The chief of police, who had until now remained a silent spectator, came up, took Romeo by the hand and wished him a speedy recovery. Then he and the mayor went out, leaving behind them a grateful and happy Romeo.

IV

On a beautiful moonlit night a week later, Romeo was telling Melba, the pulchritudinous house maid at the fashionable Druid Hills home of Samuel Black, Atlanta soda-cracker millionaire—Mr. Black had held his offer open when he heard of Romeo's bravery—how he captured the fierce and orgish-appearing Bill Kendrick. It was the fifth time he had recounted the same story to the attentive Melba, but he was just as enthusiastic about it as if it were his premier effort. As for Melba, she showed no signs of approaching ennui. To her Romeo was a hero, and heroes were interesting even if they did repeat.

Romeo had just finished telling her in a very amusing manner of his predicament when he awoke to find himself in "Bubber" Taylor's pressing club with nothing to wear, and he had also related how he had come into possession of Bill Kendrick's trousers.

"An', Melba," he continued, "you know, Ah puts on them pants an' stahts off down the street. Pretty soon a big black nigguh comes up to me an' says he craves to talk with me. Well, he gits to talkin' an' tells me how wants to disguise hisself on account of another nigguh which is layin' for him down the street. He say he will swap clothes with me, an' give me twenty-five dollahs to boot. This was so sudden like that Ah kinda hes'tated a while. Then this nigguh says

he'll give me fifty dollahs to boot. That kinda 'roused my subscriptions an' Ah looks at him real hard. Well suh, Ah reckernizes that it is Bill Kendrick. Ah didn't have no pistol, but Ah makes out like my razuh is one, and points the handle at him. Then Ah says, real quiet like, 'Awright, Mistuh Kendrick, alias Hydrick, alias Henderson, yo' game is up. Raise yo' mits an' come with me. Don't try no funny stuff neither, 'cause Ah'se kinda itchy in the trigguh finger.' Ah thought Ah could work the bluff on him, but, nossuh, that niggah was jus' too plumb scairt to know what a pistol was. When Ah says that, he lit out an' jus' natchelly flowed. Ain't never seed nobody what run so fast. Ah thought Ah nevuh was gwine ketch him. That boy ran so fas' that Ah don' see how his feet kep' up with him."

"But you did ketch him, didn't you?" said Melba, by way of adding the finishing touch to the narration. "An' how much was it you got fo' doin' it?"

"Seben hund'ed an' fifty dollahs," replied Romeo pompously. "Two hund'ed from the city of Spitinbu'g, three hund'ed from the gov'nuh, an' two hund'ed an' fifty from Bill Kendrick hisself."

"What? He gives you money for ketchin' him?" asked Melba, apparently surprised.

"Not prezactly," said Romeo. "You see it was like this. The people at the hospital gives me back them pants what belonged to Bill Kendrick an' Ah wears them home. When Ah gits home, Ah puts on some clothes of my own. Then Ah gits to studyin' 'bout why that Kendrick boy wanted them wuthless pants so bad, an' Ah thinks maybe there's somethin' valuable in 'em. Sho' 'nough, when Ah searches the pockets, Ah fin's two hund'ed an' fifty dollahs. Bill ain't nevuh claimed it, so Ah'se gwine to keep it."

The time was nearly midnight, the place was the back porch steps, directly beyond which spread Mrs. Black's large flower garden. Melba and Romeo were seated close together, intensely absorbed in each other. A mild breeze wafted to their nostrils blended fragrances from the nutant flowers. From overhead a brilliant moon shed its argent rays over everything, and withal there was in the air the inexplicable spirit of romance so characteristic of early summer in the South. With such a setting, the event that followed was only the natural result of the circumstances.

The spell of the season fell heavily on Romeo. He was silent for a time. During this interval he gazed longingly at the fair Melba, felt of the portion of his anatomy under which he knew his heart to lie, and sighed tremulously, almost audibly. Finally he made bold to speak.

"Melba," he said tenderly, "Melba, 'sposin' Ah was to ketch three or fo' mo' 'scaped criminals, would you er—uh—think 'bout marryin' me?"

Melba hung her head for a moment, but for a moment only. Then she looked up into Romeo's face, and smiled sweetly.

"Honey-boy," she cooed, "Ah'll marry you if you don't nevuh catch no mo' convicts, or even less than that."

TO ONE WHO KISSED AND TOLD

By J. E. White

You charmed me with your fetching lies,
  My fears you drove away,
My scruples fled like river mists
  Before the warmth of day.

You said you'd never breathe a word,
  That none would ever know.
I, like a fool, believed you when
  You swore and pleaded so.

And so I kissed you there that night,
  Beneath the willow tree.
Though none did know what happened then,
  Save only you and me.

Yet ere another day had passed,
  'Twas on the tongues of all,
That I had kissed you by the gate,
  When last you came to call.

You thought you fooled me, but not quite.
  I knew you'd surely tell,
And though you fooled me partly then,
  Still I fooled you as well.

I told you that I ne'er had kissed,
  Would yet my first receive,
And so, not me, but you were fooled,
  Since that you still believe.

I've kissed so many I've lost count,
  The thrill it gives is old,
I guess I've kissed a score of boys,
  And all like you have told.

NOTE WITH A BUNCH OF VIOLETS

By W. Clough Wallace

Oh, Violet!
As graceful as my lady,
And fragrant as her hair,
Oh, Violet!
Who grows in woodland's shady
Depths, how came you there,
Oh, Violet?

Oh, Violet!
In royal purple drest,
Or in most fetching gray,
Oh, Violet!
When you press against her breast,
What is it that you say,
Oh, Violet?

Oh, Violet!
Nestled in emerald green
Beneath the sweeping sky,
Oh, Violet!
What do you really mean?
Please tell a lover why,
Oh, Violet!

Oh, Violet!
As delicate and pure
As the air above her,
Oh, Violet!
Take care, and do be sure
To tell her that I love her,
Oh, Violet!

THE SOUTHERN PROBLEM

By O. W. Lever

ONE OF THE PROBLEMS which confronted our grandfathers in the building of our nation is still before us. That problem is the Negro. It is a fact beyond doubt that he will always be with us—the problem is, what shall be our attitude towards him and what shall we do for him? So large a part of our civilization can not be ignored, shall we recognize them in business and social life, or shall we continue to look upon them merely as Mary, the washer-woman, and John, the plow-hand or butler?

We of the South have inherited a social prejudice against the Negro which is well founded. The reason for his being in the South to such a large extent is because the climate and early industries were better suited to his nature. In the early years of the nineteenth century we realized that we did not want the Negro. But as time went on the North meddled, as we thought, with our affairs, and we fought for the Negro and what we considered our rights. We failed to keep him a slave, but since the Negro's emancipation we have done much for him. We have been patient to a great extent with him in his becoming accustomed to freedom, we have spent millions of dollars in striving to educate him, have done more than the North can ever dream of doing—but have we done our full duty yet? If you think we have done our share in a positive way, then we should at least remove those obstacles which keep him down, and give him a chance to come up. We can give him equality before the law; we can give him better school equipment and better teachers; we can give him a chance in business; we can give him better social conditions, and still not lower our own standards. We can take Christian principles and apply them to our dealings with him, and to a large degree eliminate friction between the races and remove, by the exercise of justice, consideration and sympathetic co-operation the problems that overshadow the homes of both races.

Do we understand what the Negro problem is? The real point of the race question is, not shall we have social intermingling—under present conditions that is too unreasonable a view even for the most radical—but shall we recognize that the Negro has a soul, is a real human personality in spite of the fact that he often lives on a back alley, wears poor clothes, uses a broken language, and has a black skin. You and I both have heard people say that the Negro has no soul. They were never more mistaken. There is a question in your mind as to whether the Negro will be able to stand the test of contact with a more advanced civilization. But the real question at issue is, will the white man, with his superior training, larger opportunities, greater advancement, be able to stand the test of contact with a less fortunate race? Every race and every individual must be finally judged by its attitude toward and treatment of those who are not able to protect themselves, the inferior and the weak. Will we be able to so deal with these weaker peoples as to prove to God and to the world

that we are a people and a race of superior advancement?

We must take an attitude of fair-mindedness toward the Negro. We must change public opinion. We must see to it that he is no longer thought of as a brute, but as a human being. Because there are perhaps several thousand who may be brutish and commit crimes, it is neither fair-minded nor just to accuse the whole race of being without souls. If we are to be fair to the Negro we must recognize that there are various strata within the race, and that many are working hard to acquire culture and character.

Every day we put our health in the hands of the Negro, because he cooks our meals, washes our clothes, cleans our homes, and nurses our children. If he is clean and healthy, it is well with us; if he is unclean and diseased, woe to the white man whom he serves. Whether we sit down to dinner at home or at a hotel, it is a vital question which can not be lightly passed over: Under what sanitary conditions does the Negro who cooked this meal and the Negro who served it live? To be indifferent to the health question of the Negro is to be indifferent to the sickness and disease which may rob us of our health or the health and life of our loved ones.

It is true that the intellectual life of the Southern white man is bound down and hedged about by the ignorance of our servant and our laboring class. It is probably impossible to estimate just how much a handicap are the superstitions, the prejudices, and ignorant fears, which are poured into the lives of Southern children by the ignorant Negro. In simple self-defense, we must see to it that the Negroes are freed from at least the grosser forms of ignorance and superstition.

Nor can we escape the moral contagion of close contact with those who are morally leprous. Character is as contagious as measles. Henry Drummond said: "I become a part of every man I meet, and every man I meet becomes a part of me." Almost every child in the well-to-do Southern home is in the companionship of the nurse more than of the mother, up to the age of six, that is, during those impressionable days when character is just taking shape. Even in the less wealthy homes the child is thrown constantly into the presence of Negroes, and consequently if these servants be immoral in any sense, the child's character will be marred. A Christian Negro physician says that ninety-eight per cent. was a low estimate of the Negro men who have been immoral. Cheap whiskey, cocaine, profanity and gambling are all destroying the body and the soul of thousands. Yet I heard a supposedly intelligent man say: "Treat the Negro three times as hard as he is now being treated." Is this the spirit of Christ and the attitude that we should take?

What shall we do about such crying needs as these? Shall we close our eyes and remain in blissful ignorance? Shall we waive the whole matter and say that the race is unworthy of our attention and effort? Or shall we fairly face these problems and do our part in bringing to them a real solution? It is always easier to close our eyes to the hard

and unpleasant things of life; but is it always manly?

Have you ever visited the Negro quarters of a city? You owe to yourself to get a fuller knowledge of the conditions the Negro is living under—do not just look, but think. So long as people are huddled together in small filthy houses and unsanitary conditions, just so long will they lack pride and self-respect. How can people be moral when they are herded together like cattle without privacy or decency? If a mother, a father, three grown daughters and men boarders have to sleep in two small rooms, how can we expect anything but a lack of modesty, promiscuity, illegitimacy and sexual disease. It would be a miracle if it turned out otherwise.

We have heard no small talk about social equality. I do not believe in social intermingling, nor do the best Negroes. "But where a white man uses his larger power and influence to force a Negro girl to give up her purity, there is no question of social equality involved; the man is so infinitely below the level of the girl that he does not deserve to be mentioned in the same breath. It is a crime black as night when a man robs a white girl of her purity, even though she consents, but she is his equal in moral strength and has powers of self-protection. The Negro girl, however, has no such equal chance in the struggle; so, when a white man takes advantage of one who is socially down, who cannot protect herself, he is a fiend of the blackest die. If we expect the black man to respect our women—and he must—then we must force our white men to keep his hands off the Negro girl, whether she be pure or impure." There must be no intermingling of races.

It is just because the Negro is ignorant; just because he is having a hard battle to win industrial efficiency; just because he has not yet attained unto the full stature of moral manhood—just for these reasons should we realize our responsibility to him. It is because we of the South love our homes that we want to protect them; we must no longer remain ignorant of this question. We must make him want to better his condition and help him to do it.

FROM GREENVILLE TO CHARLOTTE

By Bertrand P. Ramsay

THERE IS something significant about a group of travelers in a day-coach at night. In the Pullman lights burn brightly; a passenger is comfortable in the spacious lounges which are his privilege; he raises his eyebrows over the top of "The Atlantic Monthly"; and finally, by a pull of the green curtains shuts himself away from the boredom of this great world. But night comes differently in the day-coach: The sun is setting. The air is stale and too warm. Every seat is taken. Rural citizens, chewing tobacco, elbow one another in the aisle. A boy vending Coco-Cola pushes his way among them. A traveling salesman snarls at the uproar from behind "The Atlanta Journal." From dim lights attached to the ceiling, a few feeble rays keep the wayfarers from journeying in absolute darkness after sunset. Instead of being annoying, children become interesting, or else they fall asleep. The car begins to rock monotonously from side to side. The rumble of the wheels ceases to be stultifying; it becomes soothing. The travelers sigh audibly and think of home. The air becomes fresher—slightly chilly. The conductor stops to chat familiarly as he passes through the car. The traveling salesman, wishing for someone to talk with, takes his sample case off the seat and places it in the rack. He smiles about invitingly. The passengers gather in groups, talking feverishly, intimately, and laughing hilariously. Night has converted the way-worn travelers into cousins at a family reunion.

A few straggling lights were beginning to dash by outside the window.

"What place is this we're coming to?" asked the man with the old-fashioned mustache of the traveling salesman.

"Greenville." The train had come to a halt. "And we're just exactly seventy-five seconds late gettin' here," continued the salesman as he handed the other a time table.

"Seventy-five seconds late at Greenville," politely repeated the old-fashioned gentleman. He ran his index finger down the list of towns. "Is Greenville in North Carolina?" he ventured.

The salesman ran his fingers around the inside of his collar, stretched his neck, and looked down upon the modest little gentleman condescendingly. "No," he finally replied, with a maximum of deliberation. "Greenville is still in South Carolina. We don't come to North Carolina till we get to Kings Mountain. But some ways Greenville is more like North Carolina. You see, they make a lot of paving roads in Greenville just as they do in North Carolina, and then they don't care so much for such nice things. In my business, it ain't ever any use to stop there. They buy cheaper makes, so I don't bother."

"It seems you gather a right smart information drumming around so much," observed the other.

"Well," he soliloquized by way of reply, "I maintain that in some respects the traveling man is the best informed man in the country. He sees more and he knows how to

judge what he sees. I was just reading in the editorials, for instance, how shiftless and immoral young men are nowadays. But it ain't according to my observation at all. There's a college boy up there. You can tell he's a college boy by the way he slicks his hair, by the letters he has on his suitcase, by the kind of pipe he's playing with, and by the magazine he's reading. Why, I've seen young men like that go out in the summer time selling things nobody else would think of—hair brushes, ladies' stockings, Bibles, kitchen pans, and the like. And they make expenses too! Now, if they can sell junk like that, just think what they would do if they had a good line like mine. Why, if I had my life to live over again, I'd go to college and I'll bet I could sell five times as much as I do. I'm not a bad salesman at that. They don't look like they're good for much, but if the train was to wreck tonight, or be held up, I'll bet that boy up there'd do something you'd never think of."

The train rumbled on. The boy with the slick hair turned a page of his magazine and dropped his empty pipe on the seat. The baby across the aisle had begun to cry. "Spartanburg," called the porter. "Spartanburg!"

The train stopped and panted for a few minutes. Then it moved on again. The baby continued crying. The bobbed-haired mother shook it in her arms. She put it on her left shoulder. Then she moved it over to the right shoulder and patted it. She laid it in her lap and joggled it with her knees. She placed it on the seat in front of her and covered it with blankets. But still the baby screamed. "Gaffney," called the porter, looking at the baby, "Gaffney!"

"What do you suppose makes the baby cry like that?" asked the man with the old-fashioned mustache of the traveling salesman.

"Well," came the reply as the train pulled out of Gaffney, "my sister had a baby once that had cholic nearly all the time. I haven't been to see her but once since she was married, but the baby cried all night that time."

A man in the seat just in front of the salesman had thrown one leg over the arm of the seat and fallen into a deep sleep. The boy with the oily hair continued turning the pages of his magazine. Everybody else, however, was concerned with the screams of the baby, if not with its pains. The modest little man with the old-fashioned mustache had offered the baby his watch in exchange for quiet. In vain. The salesman stopped chewing the end of his cigar long enough to lean across the aisle and ask, "What do you say is the matter is the matter with the little one?"

"She has the earache in the left ear."

"I'm so glad it hasn't got it in both ears," replied the salesman sympathetically, as he returned the cigar to the corner of his mouth. A grey-haired grandmother offered the bobbed-haired mother some well-intended advice. A young woman, dressed in black, held the pain-stricken infant, while its mother drank a paper cupful of water the porter brought to her. "Kings Mountain," called the porter as he left the coach. "Kings Mountain!"

The exhausted woman stepped across the aisle and shook the sleeping man as the train

left behind the few lights that represent Kings Mountain at night. "John," she said, "Wake up!"

"What say?" asked the sleepy man.

"I say I'm going to get off at the next station and get a doctor for Sarah."

"But our tickets say Washington," he remonstrated.

"You understand?" she asked, and put on her hat.

Evidently he understood. He turned to the salesman. Have you anything that might be good for earache?" he inquired.

"Nothing of the sort at all except Williams' Rapid Shave," replied the salesman as he threw the last of his cigar on the floor. The old-fashioned gentleman could find nothing except Dr. Lyon's tooth powder. The grey-haired grandmother offered aromatic spirits of ammonia. The younger woman in black had three aspirin tablets. The sleepy-eyed man brought all these to the bobbed-haired mother. She shook her head, and he took them back again. He approached the boy still reading the magazine. "Have you anything that might be good for a baby's earache?" he asked dubiously.

The boy dropped his magazine and smoothed his hair. "Why, Mamma uses warm sweet oil in the babies' ears at home. Do you suppose this would do?" He opened his suitcase, rooted around and pulled out a bottle of yellow liquid.

The sleepy-eyed man pulled the cork and held the bottle close to his nose. "It smells good," he said, and then he read on the label "Gloco." He showed it to the woman nursing the child. She nodded and he hurried out to look for the porter. Presently he returned with the bottle wrapped in a steaming towel. The porter followed him to call "Gas-tony, Gas-tony!" The train was already slowing up. The breaks whined, and the baby screamed louder than ever. But when the train stopped rocking at the station, the passengers who had gathered around, saw the baby placed flat on one of the benches. A few drops of the popular hair-dressing fell into the baby's left ear. Someone had opened the door at the end of the coach and a cold wind swept down the aisle. The woman in black placed her cape over the child on the seat. Then, while the train started rocking and rumbling again, the passengers waited. Twice more the baby screamed. Once it gasped. Then, with a long deep sigh, the baby fell into quiet slumber. The passengers looked at the baby and at each other, and smiled. The sleepy-eyed man pushed through the encircling passengers to return the bottle of Gloco. The boy had gone, and taken with him his decorated suitcase, his pipe, his magazine, and the hat that covered his slick hair.

When the porter next returned to the coach to call "Charlotte, Charlotte," the only human sound that responded to his call was the inharmonious snoring of weary passengers in a day-coach at midnight.

TEARS

By C. L. Eaddy

Drop, drop, slow tears,
And bathe those beauteous feet. . . .
Cease not wet eyes,
His mercies to entreat. . . .

—*Fletcher.*

IT IS SAID that women are ceasing to weep! I hope this is not so. In fact, I must believe that it cannot be true, for if it were, it would mean that our civilization was degenerating, that many of the sympathies and emotions of life are lost to us forever. There are worse things than tears by far. Niobe may be a depressing housemate, but an eternally dry-eyed goddess would be wholly infuriating. Tears are the founts that water the blistering wastes of our hearts in times of grief and worry, keeping them from becoming parched and hardened.

When distilled from pure passions tears, instead of disgracing us, honor us. And no one who has in him the semblance of a heart, one capable of sympathy, would dare to make light of them.

"Still in the eye remains the tear that's pure and real,
It falleth not to earth, doth not itself reveal;
No words of it in pity or in jest are said,
One only knows, and God, that it was ever shed."

No one is wholly exempt from weeping at some time in life. In every age tears have been a humanizing power. They have melted frozen pride; they have nourished the flowers of pity and charity; by their fruits of gentleness and sympathy they have made amends for the hurts from which they sprang.

No, we hope that the saying is not based upon facts. It cannot be! For the whole moral gamut of woman lies between the extremes of her weeping, from the cold, deadly tears of hate to the warm, healing tears of love. As long as she lives, through every epoch of her strange and fascinating pilgrimage, women weeps. And at the various stages how different is her weeping. It is in the twilight portions of life, youth and old age that the tears seem to fall most copiously. At these periods the flood gates are easily opened for the healing stream of tears. As she advances in her years her weeping naturally becomes less gentle.

Tears may be classed best by considering the cause from which they flow and the emotions accompanying them. Herein is the value of them to be seen.

Perhaps the least lovely of all tears are those which fall from pitiless eyes. The crocodile is their symbol; harsh and cold are they. And if women are ceasing to weep, may these be the first in order to go.

Then at the other extreme are the tears of joy—impulsive tears that spring to the eyes at the unexpected return of a loved one, a wanderer; tears that cannot be held at the sudden unlooked-for success of one held dear; tears that leap to a mother's eyes in times when her heart is made glad. "Pearls of the first water" are these. How fine it is to see them. For it is through them that the humanizing element makes itself known, and we find a new strength, a new purpose

in love because of them; but there are others.

Tears of an utterly opposite character rise in the blistered wastes of life, tears that scorch and sear with their heat, agonizing tears, wrung—even wrenched—from the the soul of the woman whose life is wrecked and broken; women's pillows know these. Darkest of all are tears of remorse, yet they fulfill a role of regeneration and reconciliation, and therefore are necessary.

Then, too, tears may be wrung from physical pain. When the body is stretched on the rack, tears are shed unconsciously. Man as an organism is made that way.

Then, lastly, there are tears of sorrow. Most softening of all are these. They are the ones which are confined to the silent places. Women's pillows know these, too. They are found in degrees ranging from those pure passionate tears springing from the lost faith in the girl's first love, through those tears of agony wrenched from the mother's heart when forced to part with that being whom she has risked even life itself for—her baby.

We have kissed a mother farewell and have loved her for those dear, tear-filled eyes, and for a voice that was broken by the same cause. We have seen another face look perhaps appealingly, perhaps helplessly, perhaps in earnest sympathy up into ours, hallowed, even made lovely with deep emotion; we have seen her eyes softened by welling tears and have loved the stronger because of them. Nor have we ever wanted them to go.

Tears have been the basis of our civilization. Without them in all the various ranges of life, from the dawn of youth to the twilight of old age, the world as we know it would not exist. Tears are necessary! Women must not cease to weep!

DESPAIR

By Bertrand P. Ramsay

I wandered to the craters of the moon
  And rested in the desolation there;
I read their every crypt and mystic rune,
  And trampled o'er their hillocks chill and bare.

I saw the exhausted form of dried-up Time;
  Most ancient winds were there without a breath;
And poetry was there without a rhyme.
  How lovely is the lonely moon in death!

I forded the silence of a frozen brook;
  I wandered through a grove of maidens' hair.
At first, a tearless morn with sobbing shook;
  Then heavy darkness came encyst by care.

THE YOUNGER GENERATION

By T. M. Nelson

TODAY the younger generation, like all younger generations that have ever been, is suffering at the hands of the old. "Alas, alas!" cry our critics, "What evil days have we fallen upon! How lamentably the world has changed since we were good little boys, wearing knickers, and giving fond heed to the words of our mothers!" Not satisfied with such general statements these, our austere elders, continue and point specifically to our unlicensed freedom, our disrepect for our parents, our frivolity, our moral decay. Sad to say, most of this complaint is all too well merited. The younger generation is indeed hurrying along the primrose path to, what many think, destruction. We indulge in shameful "petting parties;" many of us gamble, drink, scoff at the word **respect;** few of us are even nominally religious. We have turned more completely from the standards of our fathers than has any younger generation of which there is an authentic record. All this, I say is irrefutable. But, may I ask, are our shortcomings as serious as they appear to be on the surface? What signifies our restlessness, our array of striking error? Are we utterly depraved and lost, or is there something to be said in our defense? Believing that there is, I am going to attempt here very briefly, not an apology, but simply an explanation, or at least a partial explanation of the problem we present, and offer a conjecture as to what will come of it all.

In the first place, let me point out the old, old fact (which must ever be kept in mind) that change is inevitable, and that every generation objects to the innovations which its successor always inaugurates. Undoubtedly this inevitable change cannot justify many of the habits of the younger people of today (for this would be justifying immorality itself); still, our critics would do well to remember that our slang, our new manners, our new interests, in short, all except what is undeniably bad and harmful—that all this is nothing more than those new vogues and alterations which are the eternal prerogatives of youth. It is our contribution to the manners of the ages, and is in itself no more objectionable than the changes our fathers themselves wrought, much to the consternation of their fathers. Our immediate predecessors discarded the high silk hat and took to the cigarette; and we, following in their tracks, discard the chaperon and take to setting ourselves up as blase men of the world.

And surely we have some execuse for breaking with tradition, more excuse perhaps than can be offered by any other generation. This brings me to the chief point of my explanation. Ours is a particularly chaotic and altering world; and undoubtedly much in the lives of the younger people of today can be accounted for in terms of our excitable changing society. Never has there been such a changing world, or, to be more accurate, never has the world seen such rapid physical changes. For the past few decades the globe has spun so rapidly that man has become woefully dizzy. The outward physical bustle and confusion finds

echo within. Few men can keep their heads in such times. Few have settled convictions nowadays; few know what to think about anything. Within the memory of men still living, the express train has given way to the automobile, the automobile to the airplane; the radio has succeeded the telephone; pictures have been sent by wireless waves through the air; poisonous gas has entered as a hungry dragon threatening the whole human race; most of the thrones of Europe have fallen; the whole map of Europe has been changed; new religions have sprung up overnight, and old ones declined as suddenly; philosophy has tottered; many thinkers have given up in despair; in the meantime the world has danced merrily on—all this within a few brief decades. Is it any wonder that even the steadiest among us waver? Would it not be miraculous if the weakest did not? Is it not natural that the younger generation, knowing as it has nothing but this change from infancy, should enter into the spirit of it, should even more than the older folk be influenced by it? In time the world will grow accustomed to the new rate of motion, or else will slow down; in other words, man will weather this period of confusion as he has many others in the past. But in the meantime the younger generation is being victimized, and this is by no means the younger generation's fault. This is my main contention.

A third contention is that the faults, or at least many of them, often laid at the door of our younger folk really belong to the age, to the old as well as to the young. Our accusations : Frivolity, inordinate love of pleasure, disrespect for the holy—some of these sins many of the older men and women are addicted to. Our stock anecdote about the modern grandmother, who powders her nose and dons the clothes of her flapper granddaughter is something more than a joke. Fathers appear to be equally guilty along with their sons in speeding, of carrying a flask, and of being irreligious. To say the least, the older folk are doing little to stop our iniquities; many are going further and setting us the example in wickedness. The truth is, all of us—old and young, rich and poor—are the victims of our hectic age. This being so, the younger people should not be burdened with all the blame. Being younger, they will naturally fall victims more easily and surely; they will sin with more energy and freedom, but they are not alone.

To me this state of affairs seems not altogether dark and dismal; through the cloud, which at present so darkens our horizon, I see the proverbial silver lining. Sooner or later the world must settle down; we cannot go on endlessly in confusion and indecision—drifting, or rather rushing madly along, without aim or thought, or even knowledge of our course and our goal. There must be a brighter day ahead, a day which will see again that established order of ideas and ideals which has distinguished all happy eras of the past. If in the meantime people have suffered, have in some respects retrograded, they may also have profited by the experience. To have lived in such times and come through safely will be found to yield a reward. Those of the young-

er generation who are holding fast, as best they can, to ideals of morality, of honesty, of self-cultivation, of duty to themselves, to their fellows, and most of all to their God—these, I say, will have proved all the stronger for having survived.

As a last word, perhaps I ought to point out how easy it is to magnify what seems wicked or objectionable. Doubtless the world is not half so depraved, half so confused as it seems to us who love it, and would wish to see it steer always in the paths of right. All of us would gladly see reason and the will of God prevail, and in our perennial struggle for betterment youth can be counted on as always to bear its brunt of the labor and the warfare. The younger generation is by no means entirely depraved.

REVERIES OF A BATCHELOR BY SILAS TASSELFURROW

By Harold M. Patrick

Naw, sir! I ain't married 'cuz I'm gettin' 'long jes' fine,
  I ain't lookin' fer no trouble, an' don't want no gal fer mine.
'Cuz through all the countless ages all thet woman's ever done
  Is to git us men in trouble an' to laugh an' think it fun.

Now, away back in the garden, poor ole Adam had a wife,
  An' from wot the Good Book sez he must 'er led a wretched life.
Ole Eve, she wasn't satisfied till Adam took a bite,
  An' den dey both loss favor in th' Heavenly Father's sight.

An' den dere wuz Salomy, wot was dancer fer th' king;
  Boy! dey say dat gal could shimmy an' could do a wicked fling.
But thet critter wouldn't rest until she'd knocked the king coo-coo,
  An' he killed poor John th' Baptist jes' becuz she told 'im to.

An' den dere wuz der queen o' France, or wuz it Greece or Spain?
  Wot went out to der buggy in th' hardest kind o' rain;
An' she didn't have her rubbers on, so Walt, he played der goat,
  An' kivvered up der puddle wid 'is bran' new overcoat.

Ole Lord Macbeth wuz a-knockin' 'long, a-hittin' on all four,
  Till Mrs. Macbeth took a notion to be queen, or somethin' more.
An' like all der udder women she mus' do the silly thing,
  So she made her hen-pecked hubby play th' fool an' kill th' king.

Naw, sir; I ain't botherin' wid th' women: I'm gettin' long jest fine;
  I ain't lookin' fer no trouble an' don't want no gals fer mine.
All they's good fer is to git yer in a dickens of a mess,
  So take my advice an' run from anything thet wears a dress.

THE STORY OF A DOG

By Bertrand P. Ramsay

I CONSIDER SCHOOL GIRLS the most baffling of all God's creation. And I have sometimes been left speechless by one of them asking me—with the sudden, irrelevant precipitancy of her sort—some such question as, "Don't you just **love** dogs?" For the truth of the matter is that my feelings toward dogs are such that I can neither answer, "Yes; I love dogs," nor say, "No; I dislike dogs." For, like my regard for people, my affection—or the reverse of it—depends on the dog itself. Surely, for the brave and vigilant watch-dog, or for the intelligent and playful companion I have a regard worthy of a human being. But for these fashionable lap-dogs that must be nourished on certified cream and celery-fed duckling, I have no patience; and I think no vermin so abhorrent or reptile so mean as the dog which will hover around one with its head and tail lowered, and then snap at your heels when you have passed.

As I walked down the dusty road, hot with the July sun, I was just thinking of the various sorts of dogs one is likely to meet along a country road, when my attention was attracted by two scantily-clad children, playing in the shadow of a towering maple. But when I stopped to talk with them, a shaggy shepherd dog jumped from his rest and, with the hairs of his neck on end, come toward me with stiff-legged strides, barking and growling. I did not run; I did not pick up a stone. I tried to flatter the dog by calling him, "Nice doggie-woggie," "Pretty Pup." I **offered** to pat his head. I tried to reason with him: I wouldn't hurt him for anything in the world; I just wanted to talk with the children a little bit. And then, from a barefooted and excessively corpulent Dutchwoman, tied together in the middle by her apron strings, and with her arms still akimbo, came the words: "He ist deaf!"

I turned again into the highway. A little way down the road a young hound came running through a gate-way to greet me. He had the variable bark of a canine between the ages of puppy-hood and dog-hood. I spoke to him and patted the back of his head. He was a beautiful tan. His eyes, too, were a large, intelligent brown. He licked the tips of my fingers. He rubbed his nose against my trousers and jumped against my knees. Finally, with ears intent, and tail erect and wagging, he ran in circles around and around me. His eyes were so bright and brown. . . . I knocked the dust off my shoes against a stone.

Three miles down the road, two black dogs, chained within a white-washed picket fence, barked with such fervor that I paused to wonder why I should be the cause of such excitement. The brown pup was there behind me, not ten feet away. His ears quivered, as if he were in doubt as whether to expect a scolding or a welcome. Should I be cross with the pup, or should I entice him to follow? His eyes were so bright!

Without speaking to the pup, I turned my eyes straight ahead, and kept on in that direction. I could not help thinking how heart-broken some child might be when the

dog was missed. Surely I could not steal him. . . . He was such a lovable pup! But if I took rocks and drove him away, he might be lost. Could a young pup retrace his steps for three miles? Would he? He might grow hungry. Perhaps some cruel master would put a collar about his neck and chain him.

A quarter of a mile further on, the pup was still there a few feet behind me. I felt compelled then to recognize his presence. How happy he seemed when I called him close enough to be petted. He licked my fingers again and, in his paroxysm of joy, again ran his circles about me. There had come between us, two companions of the dusty road, a sense of equality. We were brothers. And, for my part, I admired him —his beautiful tan, splotched with dark sweat spots.

It was now noon. My companion's tongue was hanging, and I went out of my way to find a stream where he could drink. He showed his gratitude by sometimes scouting in the van, and at other times drawing-up in the rear. Once, as we approached a poultry farm, he hurried ahead to frighten the hens out of my way. He barked at a cow, and literally pushed a toad into the ditch at the roadside. When finally we came to a spring, I sat down and opened the lunch. I fed both of us with the same fingers. Both of us were hungry. I couldn't help thinking then how pleasant it would be to go on together; how he would grow big and strong; how at night, when I had to lie down under the open sky, we could sleep together, and he would wake me if anyone came near. We were very happy together.

As we neared a forks in the road, I saw a thin and grimy Dutch farmer and his dumpy little wife bouncing toward us in a rusty Chevrolet. The pup was behind me, I closed my eyes to protect them from the dust. I turned quickly, however, when I heard a cry from my companion. The rear wheel of the rattling Chevrolet was just passing over the small of his back. The car sped down the road like a cur who has just snapped at one's heels and is afraid and ashamed of being caught. But the pup, whining pitifully, was rubbing his chin against the part of his spine just above the hips. With his rear feet dragging helplessly, he wriggled toward me. For the fraction of a second he touched the tips of my fingers with his nose. The light had faded from his eyes. He struggled into the weeds at the edge of the road. He lay quite still. He did not whine again.

An old man was coming from the forks. I stopped him long enough to ask in my best Pennsylvania Dutch, "Vich ist der beshten vak to Deufver, euh?" . . . I must hurry; the sun would be setting before long.

THE HIGHEST PATRIOTISM

By C. C. Herbert

THE GROWTH of America into a great nation is the most rapid and the most amazing that the world has ever seen. Babylon lasted as a nation for a period of time variously estimated from two to seven thousand years. The great civilization of Egypt extended over forty-six hundred years. For fifteen centuries or more Greece was politically a potent factor, and for a much longer time Grecian culture influenced the world directly. Rome, at the zenith of its grandeur, had been growing up for ten centuries. England has been slowly working up to its present mighty position for eight centuries. And now look at the United States! Five centuries ago Columbus was not yet born. Nobody knew even of the existence of America, except the savage Indians and its Creator. The United States has been independent less than a hundred and fifty years.

Yet, today, it is by far the largest and richest of the civilized nations of the world. It is a tremedous country: three thousand miles from east to west, and two thousand miles from north to south. In it live one hundred and ten million people, the most prosperous in the world. Our country leads the world in the production of iron, copper, coal, lead, petroleum, automobiles, cotton goods, and scores of other things. Its wealth is more than three hundred twenty billion dollars.

Yes, the United States leads the world in many worthy ways. But let us look again, it also leads in a way that is tragically unworthy. The United States leads the world also in crime. America is the most lawless nation in the world.

When we contemplate our vast country with its tremendous resources and its enormous population, then consider the fact that it is only a century and a half old and that it is really an infant nation as far as age is concerned, we are somewhat perplexed. Can it be that our civilization is but a mushroom growth? Is there a possibility that our great state is really built on the sand, and that only a shove is needed to send it toppling to red ruin and chaos?

It behooves every thoughtful-minded citizen to think of this. The undercurrents in this day and time must not be allowed to flow on unheeded. It pays us to put an ear to the ground occasionally. There is a profound verse in the Psalms of David: "If the foundations be destroyed, what can the righteous do?" After the debacle comes and the foundations have been destroyed no one can do anything. The point is, that it is the duty of the righteous, the good citizens, to see to it that the foundations be not destroyed.

The foundation of a state is its observance of law and order. There is nothing to fear when the spirit and letter of the law are loved and upheld by all the people. So long as there is a wholesome respect and regard for the nation's statutes, we may sit secure and bid the calamity-howler "Begone!" But when the statement can be justly made that we live in the most lawless nation in the world it is time to take notice, and the gravest apprehensions are justified.

We are appalled when we compare the crime in America with that in other countries. Judge Talley, of New York, gives us the following figures: Over the ten-year period, from 1911 to 1921, the number of deaths from homicide per million of population in Switzerland was 2; in Holland, 3; in Norway, 8; in England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales it ranged from 4 to 9; in the United States it was 72. In England and Wales, with about half the population of America, there were 200 homidical deaths in 1923; in America, 10,000. Judge Talley says, "To put it very bluntly, no other country measurably approaches the United States in the murderous tendency of its people, and here is a situation that is even more depressing: If similar comparative statistics could be furnished with regard to crimes of burglary and robbery, our excess over other nations in the matter of murder would be insignificant, compared with our tremedous excess in crimes of this character." Just one example: In all England and Wales in 1921 there were 95 robberies; in Chicago alone the following year there were 2,417.

The saddest feature of this extremely sad situation is the apathetic attitude of the majority of the people with regard to strict enforcement of the law and the punishment of criminals. We read of the most horrible crimes with a gruesome interest. It seems that some people take the newspaper mainly for the ghastly thrills which they get each morning from reading of the atrocious crimes committed the day before. If the newssheet does not contain an account of some horrid deed we cast it aside indifferently and murmur, "No news today." This carelessness, this indifference to crime other than as a thriller, this apathy is going to mean our doom unless we overcome it.

Indifference of this kind always presaged the crumbling and downfall of the great nations of the past. America is the product of no miracle. The same immutable laws that held for Babylon and Rome hold for her. Unless the leaders of thought, the college-trained, do something about the apathy and complacency of the people concerning this alarming crime situation, our great nation will begin to decay, and the course of empire will wend its way still farther westward.

What can the college-bred and cultured people really do to remedy this situation? First, they can determine to respect and obey the laws scrupulously themselves; next, they can train their children to hold sacred the laws and lawfully constituted authority. Finally, they can employ every means in their power, the pulpit, the press, the schools and colleges to awaken and mold public opinion in favor of strict lawfulness.

America is the heir to a great responsibility and privilege: that of giving democracy to the world. Our forefathers fought on bloody fields to wrest their independence from the Royal George. The pioneers and explorers of former years bravely met and conquered the dangers of the ever-retreating frontier. Our nation was tried by fire in that most dreadful of all tests—a war of brother against brother. Last of all, America was called upon to fight imperialism and militarism, those great enemies of democracy, personified in Germany and the other Central

Powers. And nobly have the Americans acted in each of these great crises. Soldiers and sailors, lawyers and judges, diplomats and statesmen, all have labored faithfully to make America a great beacon light or freedom and democracy to the world.

Fellow Americans, this is our heritage. Was the blood spilt at Lexington and Yorktown, Bull Run and Gettysburg, Chauteau-Thierry and Belleau Wood shed in vain? It is our duty to preserve and carry on the great work for democracy so nobly performed by our forefathers.

If we allow this lawlessness and crime to spread, if we do not do our best to change our name as the most lawless nation in the world, the foundations of our civilization, these institutions, blood-bought, are going to crumble, totter and fall. Let us not think that we are so secure that nothing can shake us. Russia seemed firm and secure ten years ago.

Fellow citizens, we are called to the highest patriotism. We are summoned to live and to influence others to live in strict, loyal, and loving obedience to the laws of our land. On each of us individually descends the rich heritage, and we are to deserve it by conserving it, to be patriotic in that highest and perhaps hardest of all ways: by living actively the noble lives of good citizens.

During the Revolution, a brave and gallant young major of the American army was sent to the British camp by General Washington to get some important information. He got the information and was returning with it, when he was recognized as a spy. He was arrested, tried by court martial, and sentenced to death. In the chill of the gray dawn he was led to the scaffold to have his strong young manhood blotted out. As Nathan Hale stood there, about to surrender his life for America, he thought of her and of his hopes that she would become a great, free, democratic nation. With head erect and shining eyes, he uttered those immortal words, "I regret that I have but one life to give for my country," and so died.

Truly our hearts swell with pride when we think of such high patriotism as this. Let us dedicate ourselves and consecrate our abilities to carrying on the work begun by Hale and the other heroes of our history. We are not called upon to die as they were, but to live for our country—to live the pure, law-abiding lives of good citizens. This constitutes the highest patriotism. Let us be true to it.

If we are true to this, our great responsibility, we shall hand on to the next generation a nation great, not only in extent and population, not only commercially and industrially, not only in heritage and precedent, but great in lawfullness and good citizenship.

HOMEWARD

By E. B. Stevenson

"I sought not my home till the day's dying glory
Gave place to the rays of the bright polar star;
For fancy was cheered by traditional story,
Disclosed by the natives of dark Loch na Garr."

— *Byron.*

TOWARD THE CLOSE of one of those golden days that steal languidly over the land in autumn with their effulgence of warm sunshine, lazy breezes, and falling leaves, I came in the course of my wanderings through the woods upon a small stream. It crawled lazily from a thicket of wild vines and shrubbery into the little ampitheatre which lay before me, and proceeded with equal indolence over its sandy bed toward the trees beyond. I saw it still farther away, winding among a darksome vista of trees; and where the rays of pale sunlight pierced the banners of gray moss above, it sparkled and glittered in a mist of gilded glory.

Here white sand, with its sparse growth of grass, formed a carpet for my feet, a fresh breeze, coolness for my brow, and the whisper of a wind among the pines, music for my ear. I was fully exhausted after my tramp through the swamp in search of squirrels, and threw myself with weary abandon on a soft bed of brown needles beneath a young pine. My venture in squirrel-shooting had not been very successful; the crack of my gun had rarely disturbed the pensive silence of the woods, save to frighten some hawk from his vigil in a dead pine, or disturb a white crane in his fishing grounds along the margin of the inland lake. Weary and despondent, I began to recall the events of the day. I had entered the wood just as the first streak of dawn began to glow in the east; noon found me on the bank of the river, and it was there, beneath the moss-draped limbs of a stately cypress, that I lunched; then when the sunlight began to fade I turned homeward. After tramping over woods and fields, glowing in autumnal splendor, I reached my present retreat.

I contemplated for a few moments the beauty of this tranquil solitude. Overhead a fleet of white clouds, inlaid with tints of amethyst and gold, floated dreamily on a calm blue sea; in the trees and bushes around me insects droned and hummed; a partridge whistled plaintively in a nearby cornfield; in yonder tall pine a bright-eyed dove matched his soft coo with the whisper of a breeze among the pine needles; while from some field, hidden away in the wood, came the faint whistle of a harvester. A breeze came from the river, bringing sweet, fragrant odors from the marshy places over which it had passed. From the vicinity of a neighboring marsh a crane floped slowly away. Farther up, a squadron of wild duck were hastening toward their retreat in the "back-swamp." An army of crows moved noisily by, leaving behind a world that was silent and still—the day was dying. Suddenly a piercing song broke the silence: A bird was making her sunset salute to the fading day. A bat flitted crazily, drunkenly about; lo-

custs whirred incessantly in the growing shadows about me. And from his monastery among a clump of white oaks that populated the high sandy ridge bordering the creek came the hoot of an owl. Tree, sky and stream seemed to cast aside their vestiges of secularity, to become parts of a dreamland in which all objects became creatures of fancy with hazy, indefinite outlines.

I was marveling at the beautiful colors of the sunset, quite oblivious of the passage of time, when an alien sound drowned those made by the wild life of the wood. First, I missed the constant drumming of my locust, and noted too that the owl had ceased his solemn interrogations. I arose with some difficulty and was preparing to adjust my game bag, when a harsh sound arrested my activity. It was the thud made by hard leather heels, pierced with nails, coming in contact with wood. The noise was hollow, and reverberated with startling harshness through the quiet evening air. It lasted for some moments, recurring at such regular intervals that one seemed to gather some of its volume from those preceding it, and thus continued to collect tolls from each other until the last ended with a prodigious rumble in which each succeeding one seemed to voice a protest at its premature death. These were reduced to a series of soft crunches, which were punctuated at irregular intervals by the snapping of a dry twig or the rustle of dead leaves. The sounds suddenly ceased. For a moment only the trickle of the creek was audible. Then the iron throat of a gun growled savagely in the shadows of the oak grove.

I grabbed my gun, threw on my hat, cleared the creek with a bound, crashed through the brushwood beyond, and gained the sandy level of the road just in time to meet a short, bent figure emerge from the oak thicket.

"Got him, eh George?" I queried as he raised a fat fox squirrel for my inspection.

"He's er fine un, ain't he!" that worthy one exclaimed—his swarthy countenance, with its row of white teeth and rolling eyes, glowing proudly. I readily agreed, and fell to questioning him about the secrets of successful hunting as we walked on down the road. I may say here that George had been hunting for fifty years and was familiar with every trait of the wild life of the surrounding country. He had told his history as a hunter a score of times, but I had him repeat them again and again, finding an endless variety of color and adventure in each narrative. When he spoke of "dem days," a soft, intimate light beamed on his countenance. He spoke now of duck and turkey hunts, and of stalking the fleet deer in the dew of early morning.

"Now it wuz right heah," he said, standing beside a tall pine that stood near the road, "thet Mistah Bobie killed the big buck wid number eights, when he done fiah bofe de barrels right in 'im. He wuz so clost thet he could 'most tech thet buck whar he fell right at he foot. An' I treed a 'possum up dis tree one night an' had to smoke him out." I glanced jealously at the sleek bole of the pine and thought how pleasant it must be to ramble about the woods, meeting here and there old acquaintances of the

woodland, the sight of which brings back memories of sweet adventures that we have had.

My companion continued to talk as we proceeded: Now about the adventures of the chase, now of his work on the farm, now of his days as a slave " 'fo de wah." At times his voice sank to a murmur as if he were indeed a young picaninny again, rocking the baby to sleep; then again it rose to a higher pitch as he pictured himself racing over the plantation on one of the stable horses.

We wandered on thus for several miles. The road, with its fringe of briars and thick bushes, followed the edge of the woods. On one hand stretched the long, broad plantation fields shrouded in a blanket of smoke and dust; on the other loomed the forest with its tall, majestic trees—keeping watch like sentinels throughout the years over the scene below. The last glow of sunset had faded in the west, and where an array of beautiful colors once held sway there was only tongues of darkness. A star twinkled faintly, another and another, until the heavens blossomed with a host of lights.

We came at length to the top of a small knoll that rose abruptly from the lowlands below. It is a singularly beautiful place in summer. A verdant sward of velvet softness carpets the ground; and here and there violets raise their blue faces timidly to the sky. Festoons of yellow jasimine vines deck the tops of several young pines, and permeate the air with their fragrance. Beneath a spreading oak that stands just off the road there is a spring, with the cool water of which many have slacked their thirst during the length of a hot summer day. The appearance of the place then was also splendid in a transient, fickle way. The violets and jasmines had perished, the spring was half choked with dead leaves, and the grass was fading. Yet there was a dignity and solemnity about it all that was beautiful.

George showed a marked degree of agitation as we drew near the place. He halted and stumbled until it was passed, then pushed forward with alarming speed. When I reached his side again I inquired the cause for such haste.

"Well, boss, de fac' is I'se jes' nachlly scaid er dat place. You nebber know dat dat Cun'l Farey been buried back dere? Well, he sholy is. In fac', he ghost done walk roun' dat place all night. 'Cause Jim Allen, my bro'er-in-law, he done went troo here fur de doctor one night when Miss Ann wuz bad off, an' es he pass by summun down by de grabe hollered: 'Whar you gwine dere, nigger?' Now, Jim, he niver hearn no mo' 'cause he lef' dat place. They says that hit wuz Cun'l Farey's ghost, trying ter find de mens whut stole dat money he had bury in he grabe wid him. Coupl'er years atter de ole Cun'l die, some mens whut thought dee wuz money buried dyah got some kinda needle what would pint out de gold. An' dat needle jes' pinted to ebbything in de ground. Dee say it wuz sompen funny to see dat needle pint in de ground an' den to see dem mens dig down an' find nuttin' but a piece o' rusty iron. Dee digged an' digged, but nebber did find any money in dat place.

"When de Cun'l's son hearn 'bout it he come right home frum dat school whar he bin goin' firin' mad. De mens hearn thet he wuz comin' an' lef' 'fore he got there. He had it all fixed up ergain when ole Mistis died and wuz buried right 'side de Cun'l. An' dere dey sleep now side by side under dat big oak tree.

"No, suh, I fishes over in 'de lake,' but I'se never 'tempted ter pass dat place atter dark."

Some minutes later we parted at the swamp bridge, he going to his cabin several miles farther up the road, I going to mine set among a grove of white oaks. As I drew nearer I saw the glimmer of a light through a half-opened window, and a silent figure watching in the doorway.

Many days have passed since that memorable evening, but I still see the little glade in the wood where I rested; still hear the murmur of the creek on its march to the sea; remember the sweet, fragrant odors of the swamp; hear the whisper of the wind among the tall pines that keep constant vigil over wood and stream; and still see my dusky companion, who lives in close communion with all the wild life that haunts those sylvan scenes.

LONGING

By C. L. Eaddy

On a summer's night I stood
  Upon a lonely ocean strand,
And heard the sea wave's sullen roar,
  And tried to understand
My surging soul that ever soars
  And lifts me from a sordid land.

Came the booming ocean waves,
  With voices from the boundless deep.
From David's Locker far below—
  'Twere spirits waking from their sleep
To agonize and give lament,
  To utter thoughts they could not keep.

On this summer night I stood
  And listened to the wave's low song,
While in my soul a tumult raged
  That has held me ages long:
Vain longings that can never be,
  Which prick and ever urge me on.

PUBLIC HEALTH EDUCATION

By Don L. West

NOT LONG AGO a news article appeared in the newspapers of the country stating that a prominent Chicago millionaire had donated several millions of dollars to be used in a campaign, the purpose of which was to be the lengthening of the average span of life. There was to be nothing unusual about this campaign, no sensational methods were to be employed in carrying it out. Monkey glands, vitamins, yeast cakes, mineral water and other artificial means of rejuvenation, which in recent years have become fads with the American public, were to be tabooed. Instead of these a very sane and simple program was outlined, consisting of nothing other than educating the public, by means of pamphlets, books, advertisements and lectures, in the right ways of living and in the care that should be taken of the body. The generous act of this Chicagoan cannot be over-praised, for he has, with uncommon foresight, done more than his share toward alleviating one of the most crying needs of the American public today—that of giving some reliable kind of instruction in regard to the simple rules of health and hygiene.

Good health is desired by everyone. The health interest constitutes one of the fundamental interests of the normal person. From time immemorial this has been true. The ancient Greeks and Romans looked upon a diseased body as a crime, and sought, above all things, to attain physical perfection. Even today, despite all our tolerant views on life, we consider it immoral for a man to deliberately abuse his body. Yet how many of us, owing to ignorance of the functions and care of the body, are undermining our health, and thus squandering the most precious asset God has given us!

The very fact that the health interest is such a predominant and universal trait of mankind, has led unscrupulous men to take advantage of it for mercenary reasons. The health graft is probably the largest and most lucrative known to swindlers. Almost any kind of "cure-all" can be put before the gullible public and sold with little effort. There are wonderful healing oils, guaranteed to cure nearly everything from a flea bite to the small-pox; miraculous tablets, which if taken by an obese person, will cause him to lose his superfluous flesh, or which are equally as efficacious in adding the proper number of pounds to those under weight; salves that will relieve every ailment known to man or beast; wonder-working compounds that, if the advertisements can be trusted, will put the pep and vigor of a twenty-year-old man into the most anaemic old grouch that ever lived. These and thousands of other fake remedies are sold by the millions dollars' worth every year. Nor is this the only way in which the public interest in health is exploited.

The so-called health magazines exact a heavy revenue from the pockets of Mr. Average American. This statement is not intended to cast any reflections upon the honest and dependable health publications, which are doing a great work in furthering

the cause of good health, on the other hand, reference is made only to those cheap, lurid journals that are now flooding the mails, everyone of which depends for its existence upon catering to the sex appeal and the craving of the public for the sensational. For instance, a publication called "Physical Culture," some months ago published an article arraigning the practice of vaccination against small-pox. In it the author asserted that vaccination did no good, while on the other hand, the vaccine when taken into the blood was the potential source of a whole string of diseases, including typhoid fever, small-pox, scarlet fever and syphilis. Not very long afterwards the official organ of a nationally known medical association published an expose, showing how these yellow journal health magazines were defrauding the public. In their investigations, the men conducting the expose looked up the medical record of the author of the article denouncing vaccination. They found that he had once attended a medical school in Baltimore for only a short time, that he had no license to practice medicine, and that he had never had one. Yet the publishers of "Physical Culture" deemed his opinions on an important medical issue worthy to be placed before the public. And the public, of course, has no better sense than to believe everything it sees in print.

Good health is important for the general welfare of the individual and the nation at large—to look at the matter from another standpoint. In fact, good health is the very basis of morality. It is much easier for a healthy person to ward off temptations to commit criminal acts than it is for one whose vitality or virility is weakened by a diseased body.

Everyone admits that the United States' crime record is a disgrace to a civilized country. More crimes are committed annually in some of our large cities than occur in England and other densely populated European countries in the same length of time. Very few people connect this blot on our national honor with the health record of the nation. There may be no connection between them, but it is known that ours is the most criminal nation in the world, and the draft of 1917 disclosed the fact that the young manhood of the country is appallingly physically deficient.

What to do, as the French say, is the problem. Should we try to convert the country into a nation of doctors and health specialists? No, but this should be done: A system of public health education, similar to the one mentioned at the beginning of this article, should be mapped out. The actual work could be done by the State's universities. In fact, many of them are already conducting extension work of this kind on a small scale. The aim of this instruction should be to teach the people to pay more attention to what they eat, to dress sensibly, to care for the body and to keep it functioning properly, to exercise regularly, and to care for many other little but important details that they now neglect through ignorance or carelessness. Also the importance of periodical physical examinations should be brought to bear upon the public, for in this way many ailments can be checked before they become chronic.

JEANNE GABEAU

By Robert Marsden

THE SUN was just setting as fat old Jeanne Gabeau straightened from her hoeing in the patch on top of a little knoll that seemed to rise like a great swell in a calm summer sea. As she stiffened laboriously, she looked casually down on the half-dozen cuddled huts in the trough of the valley. Then her eyes rose to the hill opposite her—to the castle with its seven towers and seven thin, flimsy-blue cords of curling, playing, twisting smoke. Jeanne laughed—a small defiant laugh that seemed out of place in her shapeless body. Then she turned toward the sun, and her eyes reflected the brilliant crimson of it. She chuckled; her arms flew up in a gesture.

The villagers looked out across the fields at her. She appeared enormous, silhouetted against the swollen sun. "Old Mother Jeanne is pulling gold from the sun again," casually remarked one of the young men who sat in the miserable street that ran between the cowering huts. She seemed to be deploring her plight, with the gold of the sun standing out around her like the corona in an eclipse. Her arms fell to her sides, and the sun dipped out of sight with almost a sudden plunge, leaving her to stand awkwardly evident on the top of the slight rise. The cottagers had once wondered at the actions of the old woman. The vigil on the hill, the embracing, hungry gesture, the slow descent—she was beginning to come down now—became so common that they went almost unnoticed. Mother Jeanne was **so** strange, anyhow.

But folk were superstitious in those days—querilously so, too superstitious to let such actions as Mother Jeanne's go unexplained. The cottagers knew that a witch could turn into gold the glint of the sun—when it set behind clouds that looked like the curly hair of a child, and when the rays went shooting out boldly through clefts in the crimson of the foaming mists and looked like spokes of a great wheel. No one doubted that fact, and everyone knew that the method of turning the rays into gold, real gold coins, was to pull it from the sun. There were, of course, strange rhymes that were necessary to the perfection of the witching, and these were inspired at the time. There was no denying it; one of the cottagers remembered a witch down south in Dordone. She had pulled gold from the sun and hid her prize in the ground—he remembered perfectly, and had heard of the case almost direct. Someone suspected the Southern witch, and Monsieur the Marquis had investigated. A large pot of gold was found in her miserable patch, right under the castle walls. Someone said, "She found it at the rainbow's end." "No," the relator of the tale vehemently replied. "No, no, no! She pulled it from the sun." Yes. He had heard it almost direct. "Mother Jeanne," he mused a moment later, "should—be—rich—soon—by—."

When the man had spoken, one of the younger boys from the group of huddling, crumbling dwellings said that it was a lie. An impudent brat, he! but it was his place to stand by Mother Jeanne's side. She had

taken him under her wing when his mother died— of starvation, it was rumored in frightened undertones. None dared say the dread word, "Starvation!" aloud. Monsieur the Marquis here took pride in saying that only ten of his people died of want in a year, and the limit had been reached several months ago, in May. It was now September, and the lord had noticed no more deaths from starvation, but he was alarmed at the great number of extra deaths by other diseases—starvation was a disease in those days!

A few months after Pierre, the protected of Jeanne Gabeau, had so vehemently denied the charge of witchery against her, and in the same breath acquired a name—"The Right Arm," they called him—the accusing one, decided to find the true nature of the vigils on the hill after the other hovel-dwellers had crawled again into their damp houses, miserable and worn. He wondered how to find out—how to find out everything at once: exactly how she acted her part, exactly what she said. He took care not to cause her to be angry at him, for everyone in those great days knew that a witch has the power to damn one's soul to hell. Consequently, it was only after minute reckonings and observations that he decided on his course. Naturally, when making his decision, he took into consideration the phase of the moon and the birthday of his patron saint. It was to these calculations that he attributed his success, but he later thought that there must have been some mistake.

It was a strange feeling of the conqueror and the fool that burst over him as he lay concealed behind an enormous, clumsy plow that had been purposely left there for him; a friend had joined him in his efforts, and for three weeks had left his rough cultivator there in the field to reconcile Mother Jeanne to the extraordinariness of the act. And after all this plotting and prowling expectancy, he found that Mother Jeanne was only saying her Holy Marys! So sure was he that his accusation of witchery had been unfounded, that he arose immediately, coming boldly into the field of vision of Mother Jeanne's supplicating eyes. On his way back to his squalid shelter, he stumbled and fell, hurting his leg. When he reached his cheerless destination, the realization that Mother Jeanne was, after all, a witch and was displeased with him swirled through his brain. He realized that she was giving him bad luck. Witches often do that. He knew it, and brooded over it. He became sulky, and tripped often while he was plodding along thinking. There was no doubt about it; Mother Jeanne was witching him.

French Catholicism was at its lowest ebb during the eighteenth century, and practically the whole population of the country was of that sect. Consequently, they believed in the Popish teachings—believed especially strongly in that part of the Bible that tells one, "—but the seventh day shalt thou rest." As they manipulated the calendar in some adept way to figure that seven days ago, today was the seventh day, it was only to relieve the monotony that they slipped in a time here and there when work was in order. On the other hand, there was a band of Protestants (the respected—nowadays—

organization of Hugenots) that based its actions on the first part of the verse: "Six days shalt thou work."

Mother Jeanne was an exponent of the work phase. She even went so far as to believe that each day was probably only the sixth day—as it really is. When the unfortunate peasant saw her one day at work—the seventh day for all good Catholics—he was convinced even more strongly than ever before of her power at witchery. He tripped more often on that day than on others. He even collided with a tree that, he was sure, Mother Jeanne had caused to move in his way. Such a desecration of the Sabbath was entirely unbearable. The case must be reported to the lord and lady. They would see that the practice stopped, would summon her before them, would free him—poor fellow! from her curse.

He painted the tale which he told to the nobles with exaggerations as glaring to a modern listener as the colors of a setting sun. His audience was mildly interested—outwardly—and dismissed him with a casual remark as to the horror of the situation. When the hovel-dweller had returned, however, interest in the castle grew more outwardly apparent. The upper classes of France—with a painful resemblance to a mountain torrent which tears at great bowlders—took gourmond-like pleasure in taking with them in their tumultuous descent the lower classes which had supported them. Monsieur the Marquis saw his chance—realized the possibility of having the company of a rich peasant on his downward glide.

So, Mother Jeanne was brought before her lord. As was usually the case in those days, the culprit was unaware of the offense which had caused her to be examined—if trials in those times could be termed examinations. The marquis had heard that Mother Jeanne pulled gold from the sun, worked on Sunday, did innumerable little things of that kind; so he sentenced accordingly. It all ended by the marquis making a demand for ten thousand livres to repay the church for the wrong done it.

Now, Mother Jeanne was truly so rich that she was able to pay the fine. However, with the same feeling that had led her to save her money—she believed, strangely like the cottagers, that her good fortune had proceeded from the fact that she said her Holy Marys at sunset on the hill—forced her to look for a way out of her predicament. She finally decided that a bribe of five thousand livres would induce the marquis to cancel the fine. She went to him and negotiated the trade, a very good one for two out of the three concerned she thought, immediately afterward.

But Monsigneur was selfish in those days. He had an itching palm, an irresistable craving for gold. Monsieur the Marquis came to Mother Jeanne again and again. He would pay her back, of course; he never left his debts unpaid—none save hers, Mother Jeanne thought, after he had waited a year for a payment of the first loan and a refund of several she had made later in the year. She could stand the loss of her money no longer; so she decided to leave the province.

The winter of 175—was a bad one for the peasants of Southern France; the autumn

before was far from an easy one. The spirits of storms were hard at work during both these seasons. Although it was very unusual, the tail end of the equinoxial disturbances of the Bay of Biscay whipped hard upon the poor huddle-dwellers far inland. Also—strange as it was—there was lightning at this time of the year. There was heavy thundering, not like the regular roarings of the cart of a god on the roof of the universe, but more like the constantly beating waves. It was as steady and continuous as the lash of the surf.

It was on one of these black nights that Mother Jeanne disappeared. She went home to the devil. The cottagers were sure of it. They had seen an especially blinding flash and heard an unusually loud crash of thunder; then for a moment all was still, for Mother Jeanne was on the way to hell. Pierre had goon, too. Of course, this was the only natural thing to do, for he had probably helped in the dark diety's work. Although none had seen the pair depart, all were sure of the mode of the exodus. The devil had come for Mother Jeanne; she had refused to go, and he had struck her, causing the crash of lightning and roar of thunder; the witch had been overpowered for a moment, and all was still; then she had fought back, and the rumblings from the fight became fainter and fainter as the devil and witch went nearer and nearer to hell. There was only one strange incident in the whole affair. The rumblings went in the direction of Paris; they usually disappeared toward Etna, the acknowledged entrance to the lower world.

And well they might have gone toward Paris, for Mother Jeanne went that way, carrying her sack of gold and leading the protected one by a hand. Pierre trudged along and wondered, aloud, why they were departing so suddenly and on such a night. Mother Jeanne answered him automatically.

"Hurry?— Night?—"

Then she became quiet. Pierre was afraid. He cried, but old Jeanne did not notice him. He said that he was tired. Mother Jeanne was perturbed.

"Tired? Try—to make—the—next—village."

She paid him no further attention, even though he dragged along, pulling heavily on her arm. She was thinking—completing her plans for her advent into Paris.

In the chateau the next morning there was much excitement. Monsieur the Marquis was frightened; there had been a decree issued by The Church, which proclaimed that all witches should be hung upon bare suspicion, and here was Mother Jeanne—she had pulled gold from the sun, had used the Holy Marys wrongly, and, to top it off, had flown away with the devil. Everyone was excited. One little fool asked his master, "Why are you like a boiling pot of meat?" and then, without waiting for an answer, he said, "Because you are all bubbling over with excitement." The fool was hung.

It was finally decided to let the matter pass. The marquis claimed that dire calamity would fall upon the house. Another fool—who was hung beside his brother—added, "The Old Bloat will fly back and change us into swine." But Mother Jeanne

was safe now, for the reason that she had been in a precarious position before.

Eight days after the start had been made, Mother Jeanne began to tire. But she was happy, for only one day's journey separated her from Paris. She thought of laying her plan before her protege. Pierre would have to be familiar with the plan, as his work would largely make or prevent success by the regularity of his movements; so she unrolled her map for the future.

"In a day and a half we will reach Paris. When we get there you must act as my page, for I am going to play the actress. We are going to go to the theatre and I will ask for a place playing the old peasant woman, for a wandering minstrel told me that they need a person to take that part."

So she applied for the position. When the theater manager expressed his surprise that she was dressed in costume, Mother Jeanne only laughed and explained that she always applied in the role which she was to take. The play manager was pleased; he thought that he had uncovered a gem which none other had been able to recognize. He immediately drew up a contract, but when he handed it to Mother Jeanne she only sneered. "My word, my bond," she exclaimed hotly, and the stage manager was impressed—impressed with the haughty lordliness of his new actress.

In those days the plays were rehearsed only a few times before being presented. At each practice the new actress appeared in her costume, to get better the atmosphere of the playing, she explained. Everyone of the actors was surprised at the assiduity of their partner. Lady Porcher, a rather haughty lady, who had taken to the stage for project, commented on the care taken by the peasant actress. "She has noble blood in her veins to apply herself so," she thought.

On the night of the first public performance there was an unusually large audience waiting for the bell-ringer's first appearance. The fame of Jeannette Rambeau, Mother Jeanne to her old peasant friends, had spread afar. One scene especially was reputed to be extraordinary. Other actresses had failed miserably to do well in it. At the climax of the act, the noblewoman, in a flame of fury, was to tear the clothes from the back of her maid and call on the guards who stand outside her door to enter and thrash the bare back of the serf fifty times with their spears.

The action was beautiful. It was pointed out in whispers to neighbors—who returned the same message in loud commendation—that the new actress had a wonderful bearing. Her spirit seemed gone from her, "Just like my serving woman," was the usual comment. Excitement was at a high pitch when the climax neared. Lords and ladies sat back in their chairs and blew through their pursed lips in satisfaction. Young followers of the drama leaned forward and breathed deep in their throats. Then my lady whirled around and, with flashing eyes, beat on the back of her serving woman, called the guards, tore the dress far down Mother Jeanne's back, and commanded that fifty lashes be applied with spears. The beating was commenced. One lick, too hard, dislodged the pad on the servant's back and

exposed her bare skin to the actors. There just below her shoulder blade was branded in large letters the words, "Thrall of the Comte de Castle du Bleu." Mother Jeanne was exposed. The noblewoman was at first astounded at the wonderful completeness of the costume, but her mind soon took in the situation; she had been playing opposite a serf.

Lady Porcher was outraged. She called on the soldier-players to throw out the villianess. The audience was delighted with the action in the scene—and with the scenes that followed, for the lady played with fiery realness because she had been imposed upon to play opposite one below her class she was now forced to complete the action to satisfy the audience.

The whipping scene was the last in which Mother Jeanne was to appear. Immediately upon her exit, she left the theatre by a back door; Pierre accompanied her. Without explaining her actions, she hurried him to a dark district in Saint Antoine, where they entered a small wine shop. She approached a middle-aged woman who knitted carefully. "Shelter—" she began. "For a Jaque?" interrupted the knitter. "For two Jaques," Mother Jeanne explained.

The two refugees were hidden, hidden in a dark attic three stories and a half above ground, where they could catch only a small remnant of the rumble of cart wheels and an occasional carriage wheel as it passed below. For eight long weeks they stayed hidden; then they ventured out, and left Paris—left the city of dreams.

Pierre wondered why he and Mother Jeanne went toward their old home. He had explained to himself the departure from the South, and wondered why things should be changed so that a return could be made. He realized that his foster mother was considered a witch and that she would receive harsh treatment if she were apprehended. He asked, therefore, why they were going back. He had come to love the great city.

Instead of answering him direct, Mother Jeanne explained: "It is now almost time for the spring storms. We will arrive at a time like that when we left. We will wait for a night storm, and go to our old house. No one will live in it now, because I was supposedly a witch when I lived there. We will be safe afterward, too, for never does a peasant harm a protege of the devil, and they think that I am protected by the evil one."

Her statement was true as far as it went. She went with Pierre to their old home during a black night when the early spring lightning played around the horizon and the late winter rain poured in torrents over the whole face of the earth. Pierre, immediately upon his arrival, lay down on the bare ground and went to sleep. Mother Jeanne, seeing him in deep dreams, left the hovel and mounted painfully to the castle on the hill. When the guard saw her he fell dead from fright. Three guards died from the same cause during that night.

When the marquis awoke the next morning he found at his side a bag, made of thick cow hide and soaked through with water. He tried to lift the bag, but it was very heavy. He opened it; it was full of gold. He ran his fingers deep into the yellow coins

and smiled. After several satisfying digs into the bag, he hit upon a small piece of paper. Curiously, he pulled it out and read:

"FROM HELL AND MOTHER JEANNE."

Monsieur fell back in a faint. A servant found him in that condition a few moments later. Upon seeing the bag of gold and the note, the serf connected them with the illness of his master, and gathered them up to take them to the marquisse.

The wife, who had only the night before completed the reading of Shakespeare's Macbeth, was raidiant. Here was her chance to do something great for her husband. She would hang Mother Jeanne, send a single coin—there was a law that required that all money confiscated from witches be sent to the church in order that the gold might be cleansed by holy usage—and hide the rest of the money for a later need. She immediately began to carry out her plan.

The illness of the marquis was forgotten in the rush. A court was improvised, soldiers were sent for Mother Jeanne—she had been located by several trembling sentinels, who had traced the footprints leading from the dead guard of the postern gate—and everything was in readiness to commence when the marquisse suddenly remembered that the marquis was ill. She plead with him to officiate as judge, but he refused.

"Mon dieu, mon dieu! Je ne peux pas. Je ne peux pas. Toi, toi! Mon dieu, mon dieu!"

So the marquisse presided at the tribunal. Mother Jeanne was quickly convicted of witchcraft—convicted and hanged. "What of Pierre?" some one asked. "They were partners in life," sentenced the noblewoman, "and they shall be partners now."

When the Pope heard of the escape and return of the witch, he dispatched a courier who told my lord and lady that because of the escape of the witch, a thousand years must be spent in Pergatory by each of them. A thousand years! This last sentence made a total of fifteen thousand years to spend in the terrible place, where gold means nothing. It was the custom among the nobles to pay out of these terms, but Monsiegneur had grown poor of late.

An idea suddenly came into the mind of the marquisse. She had done a great thing after all! The fifteen thousand years in Pergatory could be paid off with the money she had kept from the church; so the imprisonment was cancelled. And Mother Jeanne's peasant soul probably rejoiced that her overlords were leading a happy **life**—by virtue of her gold—for she knew that the money would do them little good in **death.**

OLD WALT

By C. L. Eaddy

OLD WALT was on one of his rampages on this particular June morning. These were becoming common with him of late years; he made no attempt at concealing his wrath either, when he was once angry. Anyone within a considerable radius of him could usually tell whether Old Walt was angry or not by his bellowing stentorian voice as he swore uproariously by everything above and below, or by the lack of bellowing, which signified peace.

On this particular morning, however, Old Walt was unusually loud in his execrations as he worried with a long-headed, flop-eared mule of the tomb-stone gray variety, which insisted upon biting all the largest hills of corn, or stepping upon the ones it did not bite when turning at the end of the rows. The sun was unmercifully hot as it beamed brightly down from its now almost vertical position, causing the damp earth to send up oppressive, shimmering little waves of heat that made one faint and irritable, even when there was not a pesky, dumb mule to further try one's patience. All these causes tended to put Old Walt in one of his worst moods.

Old Walt, contrary to his misleading name, was not old. Scarcely more than thirty years had he known, yet his hair was prematurely grey about the temples, and his sun-browned face wore an expression that spoke of great worry and inward meditation. Tiny crow-feet at the corners of his eyes accentuated the expression of dogged determination and will, helping to increase the look of cynicism that was gradually growing into the lines of his face. Old Walt, instead of being his name, was merely a title by which he was dubbed by the villagers of Half-Moon; he had gained this name almost from the day he came into town two years before, with a long whip cracking imperative commands to a team of jaded horses toiling along with a great wagon load of furniture and household supplies. The reason for the name was perhaps owing to the great contrast between the big man of thirty-five and his wife—a delicate girl just in the twenties—with a pensively beautiful face and charming, quiet ways.

A strange couple they made according to the view of the folk in this simple country village. Nevertheless, the two were soon accepted as a matter of course, and gossip and speculation about the queer couple was abated.

The girl-bride worshipped Old Walt, and it was she who seemed to be the one steadying influence in his rather cyncial, calloused life. At no time did Old Walt ever get too angry when he went off on one of his rampages, but that the appearance of this fragile girl seemed to calm and soothe him so that he almost immediately became a different person under her influence. Just the sight of her seemed to have a quieting appeal and tended to calm him not unlike music will calm a lion roaring at night in its cage.

Old Walt was rather outspoken and withal

rather brusk and blunt with it. Even when the minister came up in the midst of one of his rampages one day he was not non-plussed. He was pouring out a volley of oaths at the mule, which he held by the bits with one hand, while he applied a doubled plough trace to the side of the flinching animal, as the beast sideled around in a circle, with Old Walt as the pivotal center.

"Why, Brother Manning! You should not beat your mule like that, and should not use the name of the Lord in vain," the minister had pleaded in his best tone of clerical remonstrance.

"Not beat this mule?" roared Old Walt between panting breaths, as he mopped his florid face with a blue bandanna handkerchief. "Not beat the damned fool when she won't walk up on the top of these cotton beds? Why, I'll kill her if she don't get straight," he finished, as he fastened the traces again to the cotton planter, still angry and red-faced.

And Old Walt was capable of doing what he had threatened, for he was a physical giant. Few men who knew him cared to incite his anger. They all knew the strength of those broad shoulders and great muscular arms. So he generally had his way. For this same reason the minister had said no more about the flogging, for which anyone of his other church members would have received a lengthy lecture upon kindness to dumb animals and so forth.

Old Walt was not always in this state of feelings. He quite often forgot to be angry; and when he did people who knew him loved to have him around. That he was a "fine man" was the general opinion about the village. Indeed, for all his short-comings Old Walt was known by all as the "best neighbor we got." Many were the nights he had left his bed at midnight and had gone gladly for miles through the cold to remain up all during the night to doctor a neighbor's sick horse or cow. Never was he too weary but that he would saddle his horse and go galloping for miles through freezing weather to summon a doctor when some neighbor's wife lay balancing, as it were, between life and eternity. Nor did anyone ever go hungry if this strange man knew it. He would divide to his last penny with a friend, with that overflowing generosity that characterizes the strong.

"By dam, my barn is full and you're welcome to it, Jim—John, Bill, or whatnot. The Lord gives me plenty and you shant starve," he would say.

And whatever he told you was from his heart, whether it be praise, advice, or a piece of his indignant wrath. This, in short, is a summation of Old Walt, who had bought a small farm near the edge of the little village of Half-Moon.

As he came to a halt at the end of the corn rows, not far from the house, and stood there mopping beads of perspiration from his hot, florid face, he muttered imprecations under his breath at the gray mule, which had just bit the healthiest stalk of corn at the end of the row, and now stood flinching and looking back expecting to feel the slashing of the rope plow-lines for the offense. I said he muttered imprecations under his breath, for he had spied the slight figure of his girl-

wife, coming slowly along the path which led through the field from the house to where he was working.

He dropped his lines and leaned upon the handles of his plow, while he watched her as she picked her way along the path through the tall corn. As he watched her a change came over his entire manner. The angry frown gave way to an expression of almost boyish pride, and something akin to gentleness at the approach of the slender girl.

"I came to bring you some water," she smiled, handing him a jar of clear, cool water on which the moisture had condensed in sparkling, jewel-like crystals.

He took the jar, turned it to his mouth and drank long, slow draughts of the cool water. The girl stood watching him until he had finished.

"Walter, you're so hot. Can't you quit now? It's getting too warm out here," she asked with an expression of worry.

"No. I want to finish this here field of corn before I go to the house. I may get in late, so you need not hurry dinner today," he answered, while he poured the few drops of water that remained in the jar upon his bare ankles and watched them trace little furroughs through the dirt that was on his feet.

"Walter, I wish you didn't have to work so hard. You're working yourself to death here on this farm, and when you make anything you give it away to someone who has not made much."

"But they needed it, Mary. I couldn't see them go hungry when I had corn," he replied.

"Yet, they never repay you," the girl continued.

"They forget about that, Mary. They're just human beings," he answered moodily. "Maybe, though, I won't lose anything in the long run. Anyway, I couldn't sleep if I hadn't done it."

He picked up his lines as if ready to go.

"But you're killing yourself, Walter. Each year you are showing the strain more and more. Why can't you work less, and we could do on less and be happier—like we were when we were first married? You're working so hard that you can't enjoy life."

"Nothing is too hard when I'm working for you, Mary. And, besides this farm must be paid for before we can have a home that we can claim for our own. Its hard on you, little girl, but some day maybe times will be better."

"It isn't upon me, but its upon you that the hardship falls. I wish your brother Joseph hadn't treated you as he did. Then you wouldn't have to work so hard," the girl continued wistfully.

Suddenly at the mention of the name Joseph, the smiled disappeared from the face of Old Walt and his muscles grew tense. His face became dark, almost terrible with passionate anger as he muttered between his teeth:

"The black scoundrel, may the devil take him! But I thought I had asked you never to mention his name to me any more. I don't want to hear of the low-lived—"

"Walter," pleaded the girl, placing her hand gently upon his great rough one, where it was clenched upon the plow-handle, "you

must remember he is your brother, and more—your twin brother."

"I know. If he hadn't been I would have choked the last spark of life out of him gladly that last night."

"Don't talk that way, Walter, please. It's over with and cannot be helped. So, let's try to forget and forgive him. Perhaps he was not all bad after all—I believe he went to Paris to study medicine later, didn't he?" she asked.

"Yes. I'd be afraid to let him doctor a dog of mine though, for fear he would poison him."

Old Walt said this last bitterly. The two were silent a few moments before he continued.

"I don't know what we could do, Mary, if one of us got sick. Its hard enough to make ends meet now."

"There, you've started to worrying again. Don't let's cross the bridge before we get to it. So, there," she said smiling, and then caught his face between her hands and tiptoed to kiss him.

Then she turned and started toward the house. She had taken but a few steps down the corn rows when she turned again and said softly:

"Walter, please don't stay too long out in this heat. And don't get angry and worried any more. You must not be well, for I have heard you worrying more than usual this morning with that mule."

There was a world of gentle reproach and sadness in her voice as she said these last words, and they struck to the heart of the big man, who was leaning there against his plow. He knew that he was growing more and more rough as each year passed. Still, how could one help it when there were so many things to worry one on this little farm. It was so hard at times to make ends meet; nor had he ever been able to give Mary the little fineries that he had always planned to. Then, there was that debt on the farm coming due soon, and it seemed so enormously big. But worse than all, there was that hurt on the inside somewhere that rankled and gnawed at his soul unceasingly—the one left by a brother, and more, a twin brother, who had been almost a part of him, so close had been their friendship and love for each other. All this flashed through the mind of the big fellow while he stood watching the retreating white figure, until the girl disappeared behind the edge of the green corn.

It was only when he could see her no longer that he turned to pick up his lines where they had fallen. But he did not go at once. He stood for a moment, seemingly lost in thought, then raised his eyes and prayed—prayed the first prayer that had passed Old Walt's lips for years.

"Oh, God, I ask only that I may live to see the day when I can find him, when I can choke him until that evil tongue lolls out of his mouth and he admits the lie with his last breath."

That was all. His voice was still trembling with the passion of that prayer when he gave the command to the mule to begin. His face had again taken on its habitual worried expression.

It was on a still June afternoon a year later that Old Walt sat upon the front steps

of his house, holding in his arms a tiny bundle wrapped in a blue-flowered blanket. All was still and painfully quiet about the place. There was a mingled expression of both pride and joy upon his face as he handled his charge awkwardly, and said in a low tone laughingly:

"We're going to be partners, aren't we, old pal? Nobody can come between us, eh?"

At this moment a little grey lady, with a motherly, wrinkled face, appeared at the door.

"Now, lawsy me, look how you're holdin' him. His little back ain't strong yet, and you must be careful not to hurt him," she fussed in her motherly way.

"Why, Pard is a regular boy already. I won't hurt him. Would I, old scout? But, how is Mary?" he asked with concern.

The old lady shook her head doubtfully.

"She wants you," she said. "The doctor told me to come take the baby and let you go in there."

When Old Walt walked into that dimly lighted room, a pale, thin little face turned toward him and smiled wanly in reply to his troubled look of inquiry. He went over to the bed and bent to kiss the white forehead tenderly.

"I want to sit up a while, Walter. And I want you to hold me and let me talk to you," she said.

The big man sat down on the edge of the bed and arranged the pillows as gently as a mother could have done. He then lifted her tenderly into his arms and held her while she rested.

"Walter," she began, "I feel today that something terrible is going to happen. I have a strange foreboding that something is going to separate us."

"You're just tired," he assured her. "Tomorrow you'll be better."

"No, it isn't that. I haven't felt this way before. If anything does happen you'll take care of him, won't you, Walter?"

She looked up into his eyes as she asked this and he pressed her hand reassuringly.

"Don't talk that way, dear. Nothing will happen. We are both going to care for him."

A wan little smile of joy flitted across her face at his words. But she was not through.

"We've been happy together, Walter. You've always been so tender with me. Yet you have always worried about your brother so much. And you have allowed it to cause you to grow rough and old before your time. I'm not accusing you, but I've worried about it of late. If anything does happen promise me that you won't swear any more, won't you?" The girl was pleading now.

Something within the man tugged and ached at the realization of the girl-wife's words. How changed he had become during those five years since they had been married. He was young then, but now he was old and calloused. Only five years ago he had been hailed among the young people back in his home town as a gay fellow; now he was called Old Walt by all the village. And thus his mind drifted back over the years when he and his brother Joseph were boys together, sharing each other's sorrows and joys. Then the two grew to be young men, and Mary had to come to their town to live. Both of

them had gone to see her, but Walter was her preference. Joseph was jealous, and the two brothers quarreled. Then, when their father lay on his death-bed, Joseph told him a lie, accusing Walter of a black deed. Walter could not prove his innocence and had to flee from the law. With his faith shattered and his heart broken at his brother's deed, he left his home branded as a criminal in the sight of his people. His father disinherited him. Only Mary had remained true to him, and they had slipped away together.

"You've had a reason," she said. "But I want you to try to forget. You owe it to our boy."

He promised and she fell soon into a fitful sleep, from which she was not to awake to know him again. The scorching fever that had held her so long was too strong for the delicate form, and her mind was overbalanced.

"It was the fever," explained the doctor. "Perhaps she will be all right later if we can take care of her and take her to a great physician in Philadelphia whom I know," he said, trying to console the heart-broken man.

It was on another June evening two years later that Old Walt sat in his room and tousled a chubby, laughing, golden-haired boy, who was just beginning to talk a few words. Near him in a great easy chair sat his girl-wife, pale and wan. She reclined in the chair and gazed listlessly into the dusky twilight through the open window. Once she moved ever so lightly, yet the big man became suddenly attentive. In reply to his inquiry, if there was not something he might do for her, he received only a vacant, wistful smile void of recognition.

Old Walt had changed. He was a different man from the one who had quarreled with a gray mule on a June morning two years ago. The great sorrow that had come into his life had seemed to be a purging influence that had burnt out all the dross to leave only the pure gold. Those two years he had spent in work—how hard he had worked, with the invalid wife and the little boy to care for. Besides, there was the farm that he could not leave. But work was easy now, where it had been so hard and grinding before. Now he was working for a purpose—working for Mary and for little "Pard," that was what he called the little fellow. His whole being became wrapped up in the two, and he lived only for them during those two hard years. He had never gone on another of his rampages after that June evening two years before when he held Mary in his arms and promised. His boy was to know only the best in him.

"And we're going to get enough money soon so we can take Mamma to the big doctor, ain't we, Pard?" he confided in little Walter, Junior, one day.

And so now life had a definite goal in view. For a long time he had been heart-broken, and the sight of his invalid wife as she sat listlessly in her chair throughout the day seemed to overburden him with grief. It was only in the consolation of the doctor's words, giving him hope that there was a chance if he could take her to the great physician in Philadelphia, and in the joy of caring for his curly-headed little boy, that he

found relief. So this afternoon as he tousled the laughing little fellow's hair he said:

"Pard, old chap, we're going to take Mamma to the big doctor next month and let him make her well. Then she will know you and me again. We've had a hard time without Mamma, haven't we, Pard? And won't we be happy?"

The little fellow laughed with glee, as if he realized what the big man had said to him, and the father hugged him close to his breast, while tears filled his eyes and coursed down his rugged cheek, dropping upon the curly head against his breast.

It was while he was still holding him close that a knock sounded upon the door, and a man dressed with immaculate neatness entered at the bidding of Old Walt.

At the sight of the man, Old Walt let the little fellow slide from his arms to the floor as he arose from his chair. His face became set and pale.

"You!" he said in a terrible voice. "Why are **you** here now? I thought I told you never to come into my sight again."

Old Walt was trembling in every muscle as if some awful ague possessed him. His face was white and fierce with anger. His eyes were smouldering points of fire. The stranger, who stood where he had stopped just inside the door, showed no signs of emotion but for the paleness of his face.

"But I'm your brother and I had to come," answered the stranger.

"As if you had not worked havoc enough already. Get out of my house at once, you devilsh brute! Hurry! before I am tempted to choke the last spark of life out of you. Hurry! Don't tempt me any more."

The voice of Old Walt had taken on all its roughness again which had been absent for two years as he said these last words, and made a threatening step toward the man.

A shrill scream from behind caused him to turn to see the slender, girlish form standing beside her chair. She made a step toward him and crumpled to the floor in a faint.

The big man lifted her gently in his arms and placed her on a couch in the corner. The stranger stepped forward to assist him.

"Don't touch her," commanded Old Walt fiercely. "You robbed me of my money. You drove us away from our home. And now you've been the cause of robbing me of her."

"Walter," replied the stranger calmly, "don't be too hard on me. God knows that I have suffered enough during these years already. I have paid dearly for my sin, and have lived in hell during all these years. I would have come to you sooner, but I didn't know where you went when you left five years ago. I got a letter from your physician the other day—we were classmates in the medical college, you know—telling me of the strange case that he had in his charge, little dreaming that you were my brother. But he gave me her name and I knew it was her, and that I would find you too. I have come to beg forgiveness from you and from her. And I want to help you nurse her back to life and health. I have been studying in France, and it was to me that your physician wanted to send her. Walter, I was young five years ago. I loved her, too, and it made

me mad, my pride blinded me when I was beaten. It was in a fit of passion that I took advantage of you. But I have suffered, suffered much, brother. Won't you forgive me and let me help you nurse her back to life again and thus partly make amends for the hurt that I've done?"

He had grown impassioned with his pleading and the deep note of sadness in his voice told that he was speaking the truth.

So during the weeks following the two brothers joined hands once more and went together to nurse the girl that both had loved as boys. The improvement was rapid. Under the skilled hands of the great physician the delicate mind began to grow in strength.

"You know the shock that I gave when I came in that first night helped," explained Joseph one day.

On an evening two months later the four walked out together to the apple orchard near the yard. Joseph, the physician, carried little "Pard" in his arms, while Old Walt walked slowly along with his arm about the waist of the frail girl by his side. This was her first day to leave the house, and she was still weak.

"You look so fresh," commented Joseph to the girl.

"She will soon be strong again, now," laughed Old Walt, smiling down at her.

"And, just think, for the first time in two years," she said. "It has been a long time and I have missed so much in not knowing little "Pard" and Walter for all these months. But it is worth it all to have things end as they have. It seems as though some unseen hand had shaped the destinies of each of us to cause it to end like this. And just see how Walter has changed, Joseph. Why, he is ten years younger than he was when I went to sleep in his arms two years ago."

She smiled up at the big man by her side, and he pressed her closer in reply.

———o———

HARK! THE SPRING

By W. Clough Wallace

Hark! The Spring, with April's showers
From the vestibule of March winds,
Has peppered the earth's gayest flowers
Of varied hue and many blends;
Has deftly twined the honey-suckle
About old fences and porches;
Has awaked the brooklet's chuckle,
Long stilled by Winter's encroaches.

Hark! The Spring is here, with budding trees,
Huge rain-drops, and morning dew;
With chippering birds and hummings bees,
And fluffy clouds in bluest blue.
Beneath the heaven the greenest grasses
Poke their blades from out the soil,
And seem to call us from our classes,
Away from books and from toil.

THE ROSE BY THE ROAD

By J. C. Bailey

A little rose grew by the side of the road,
  By the side of the hot, dusty way;
To a bit of turf in the dry parched earth,
  It clung there day by day.

The people that passed on the hot, dusty road
  Went hurrying each one to his goal;
And no one cared how the little rose fared—
  If it died from the heat or cold.

At times it grew weary and almost gave up,
  For it seemed that it bloomed in vain;
But its heart was cheered by a friendly bird,
  And the kiss of the dew and rain.

One day there came a weary, old man,
  And sat by the side of the road.
His back was bent, his strength was spent,
  For he carried a heavy load.

He saw the rose by the side of the road,
  And he bowed his weary, old head;
In a gentle tone to the rose there alone,
  In almost a whisper he said:

"Little rose, little rose, God put you here
  To cheer weary souls like me,
To strive to bloom though pushed for room,
  The best little rose to be."

So the little red rose by the side of the road,
  By the side of the hot, dusty way,
Was happy at last, for it had found a task,
  And deep in its heart did say:

"Dear God, dear God, if you put me here
  To cheer those on life's road,
I'll do my part with all my heart
  To lighten the heaviest load."

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EDITORIALS

The Senior's Fortune is Told

As Seniors at Wofford College our days are numbered; but we have at least one advantage over the underclassmen, after one has spent four years at college it is comparatively easy to "tell his fortune." Our friends can usually tell our fortunes better than we can because we are too often totally blind to our virtues and our vices. The only requisite for one person to read the fortune of another is that the one has really know the other for at least four years. In nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of a thousand one's future life has been determined during the four years of one's college life. This does not mean that a high scholastic record at college has already made success for one in the future, because such a record while at college does not even mean a college success. If one's success in the world was always determined by one's high scholastic standing at college, there would be many more successes in the world than there are at

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present. The key to a boy's future lies not in what the world sees him do, but in the so-called little things that are known only to his friends and to himself. We could gain the most accurate insight into our future lives from our friends if these friends would give their unbiased opinion of our every-day worth and conduct. Has your demeanor changed appreciably during your four years at college? If it has not it may be termed a fixed habit, and it is almost as unalterable as are your footprints that were made in soft cement four years ago.

Have you been faithless to your seemingly small duties during the four years at college? If you have, then I see remorse overtake you somewhere out there in the world.

Have you neglected to meet your financial obligations during the four years at college? If you have, then I see an outcast and a financial failure over there in the world.

Have your examination papers been indicative of nothing original with you except your handwriting for these four years? If they have, then I see a ruptured home and a dejected prison inmate.

Have you been forgetful of your mother's happiness, and have you let that forgetfulness stop your periodical letters of love to her for four years? If you have, then there awaits no large degree of love and happiness for the girl whom you worship now.

These foregoing predictions are rather pesimistic; but we must not forget that the opposite of these predictions are fully as optimistic as these are pesimistic. To the present Senior class, which has but one more month in college, these thoughts may be as

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a thorn in the flesh; but to the underclassmen they are invaluable if they are profited by.

Junior, Sophomore, Freshman, we are leaving; those things that we have persistently done or failed to do during our four years here have made deep ruts in our lives—ruts are generally followed when once made. Convert the small obligations here on the campus into real opportunities and thereby deepen ruts in your life that will terminate in future success. It is entirely left with the person himself whether the ruts in his life lead up or down, to darkness or to day.

A Test of Intelligence

This question often arises: "Is the boy who makes the highest grades, whether through hard work or by sheer intellect, necessarily the most intelligent boy?" It has not been long since I heard a boy of unusual intellectual ability make the following statement in speaking of a boy whose ability was very mediocre: "He hasn't any sign of intelligence." The boy was not speaking in any boastful manner, but making a very trite assertion about a particular boy, who had been the target for many similar assertions. I kept on the alert to hear what I could concerning these two boys; the outcome of my investigations was no surprise to me when I learned that the boy who had been labeled "crazy," proved to be far more intelligent than the one who did much in labeling him as such.

Both of these aforementioned boys were in a crowd, they were confronted by the same temptation. Both had been given the same lectures in the ethics class; both had heard the same lectures on the "scientific evils of alcohol." In short, both had the same opportunities to learn, and one was reputed to learn much more easily than the other; yet the one who "had no sign of intelligence" stood as firm as Gibraltar during the storm of temptation. The boy of recognized brilliancy fell with the first breeze of the approaching storm, and the boy who "had no sign of intelligence" was forced, by the

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bonds of friendship, to be a physical support for his "brilliant" but weaker brother. Which of the two is the most intellectual?

This question has been definitely answered in my mind. It may possibly be a different type of intelligence; but is an intelligence that lifts one over the vulgar and degrading chasm, that places one safely on the other side with an unspotted life and a stronger determination, an intelligence to be classed below a "brilliant" intellect that supinely rests while the body is being weakened in preparation for a premature death? True success has often been attained without the exceptional attribute of mental brilliancy, but true success has never been attained without the attribute of moral brilliancy.

The boy is mentally warped who radiates intellect through his eyes and with his tongue, yet who falls in absolute defeat before the first gentle zepher of temptation. It has been proved that those persons who are spineless and responsive to their animal desires are either morons or imbeciles. Morality is an unattainable goal for witless men or nincompoops. It is a goal that can be reached by no other road than intellect. He who is truly moral is truly intellectual! Let our standard of intellect be more than the classroom display of brilliancy. Let it include the all-important intellectual conduct of one who has been subjected to the alluring sirensongs of the world, and who is still able to hear beyond the light, carefree strain the notes of a funeral dirge, for he has a truly superb intellect.

Innovations

Some changes and substitutions are to be

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much desired, others are neither good nor bad, and still others are entirely undesirable and detrimental to progress.

There seems to be a growing tendency within some of our colleges to make an innovation of the last mentioned type. Several colleges are publishing each month magazines of humor, very cheap and uncouth humor at that. These humorous publications have forced the literary magazines out of the colleges that have accepted them. This is no more than one would expect: A clown and a philosopher will not remain in the same room for a great length of time, one must leave in order to make life endurable for the other. It is almost as absurb an innovation to convert a public library into a vaudeville stage as it is to change a college literary magazine into a magazine of cheap, and too often, obscene humor. A college literary magazine properly edited is conducive to thought and precision, which closely parallels the classroom work; a light would-be humorous magazine is conducive to questionable, or at best weightless, frivolity, which closely parallels our associations and conversations at the corner store.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

"The Furman Echo"

The March number of the "Furman Echo" is decidedly the best issue of this magazine that we have had the pleasure of reading this year. Not only is there a well-balanced amount of material, but the quality of the contributions is much better than usual.

"The Salvation," the only story appear-

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ing in the "Echo," is a very interesting piece of work. It lacks the snap and pep that modern critics consider so essential to the short story, and is told in a rambling manner that savors of tales of the early eighteenth century that preceded the present-day trend toward technical perfection in the writing of short stories. Fortunately contributors to college publications do not write for money, and may, if they choose, ignore the iron-bound rules of technique and produce something different. Its uniqueness is indeed one of the pleasing features of this story.

"The Stroke of the Hour," a one-act play, is intended to be a farce, and as such deserves more of praise than censure. The plot is exceedingly trite, centering around the endeavor of one "Reginald Van Suydam," a scion of one of New York's oldest families," and the sweet young thing with whom he is in love to elope after the cruel papa has forbidden their marriage. The old, threadbare theme of mistaken identity is brought in by having Muggs, "late of Sing Sing," and the maid in the home of Reginald's fiancee to rob the house at the same time that the two lovers had planned the elopement. A general mix-up results, and when the elopers find each other they hear the "cruel papa" coming, and only through the assistance of the butler, "a necessary appendage in plays dealing with the **beau monde,**" they escape being caught. The curtain falls as the butler is calling the police station. The author displays a skill in the handling of dialogue that makes the play interesting despite the fact that the plot ante-dates Shakespeare.

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We are glad to see the two critical essays that appear in this number of "The Echo," as literary criticism, which is an ever-increasing important branch of twentieth century literature, is sadly neglected in many college publications. "William Gilmore Sims: A Southern Literary Star," indicates a great deal of research on the part of its author, and is a very informative essay. However, the style, which is slow, ponderous, sometimes even clumsy and in spots a trifle pompous, detracts considerably from the good qualities of the essay. "The Song of Roland," another essay, is an excellent example of good literary research work. With critical deftness the author has delineated the most important facts of the French Cycle of Romance. The essay is written in a simple direct way that is interesting and easy to read.

There are three poems in this issue of "The Echo," all of which are good, although the themes of "Fantasy" and "A Winter Night" are not very original. The most noteworthy poem is entitled "A Carolina Dusk

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Dream," which is a reminiscent soliloquy of June sunsets in Carolina. In it the author succeeds in impressing a very definite mood upon the mind of the reader, and this, we believe, is an indication of real poetry.

D. L. W.

The Criterion

It is made quite evident by the March issue of "The Criterion" that it is not only a "young man's fancy that lightly turns to thoughts of love" in the spring. Such titles as the following corroborate the foregoing statement: "George Washington as a Lover," "Why," "Love at First Sight," "Ideal Love."

The essay, "George Washington as a Lover," although classed among the ammunition of Cupid, is such in name only. It is very well written and an essay that shows detailed investigation on the part of the author. This type of essay should find space in our college literary magazines more frequently. The verse, "Why?" is a direct result of the "songs of the birds" and the "green grasses," which all go to make up spring. The rhythm is good, but the over-sentimental thought is puerile to the very root. What was said of "George Washington as a Lover" may be also said of "The Origin of Valentine Day," with the one exception that the latter was not treated so fully and carefully. "And So It Is" is a short story, with emphasis on the adjective **short.** The plot on which the author had to construct a story is good, but the story itself is little more than a series of statements without color or background. "Phyllis's Dream" is treated a little more fully, and more closely follows the technique of the

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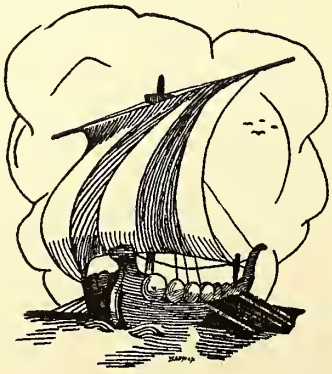
short story, but with a rather trite and shallow plot. The verse "Spring is Here" may be best described as a characteristic piece of college verse on the time-worn subject. It is a gay, aerial verse from a gay and happy soul. "Ideal Love" is one of the best articles in this issue. It gives very concisely (most too concisely) the varied conceptions of love that our famous poets had. The verse, "Chance," is decidedly the best verse; and one that has its share in thought-weight. The rhythm could be improved upon, but the verse is good enough to veneer that fault—we predict that a valuable "Criterion" contributor will come out of the present Freshman class. The space that has been devoted to cross-word puzzle, jokes, and "Clubs" would doubtless find more suitable ground for their growth in the weekly paper, thereby giving space for the further development of short stories.

W. K. W.



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